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THE

COMEDIES

OF

PLAUTUS

Titus Maccius

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE, WITH NOTES,

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

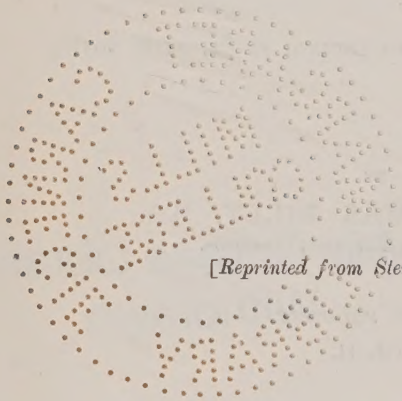
CONTAINING THE

AMPHITRYON, RUDENS, MERCATOR, CISTELLARIA, TRUCULENTUS, PERSA, CASINA, PŒNULUS, EPIDICUS, MOSTELLARIA, AND FRAGMENTS.

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS

1895



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PREFACE.

In the Translation of the Plays contained in the present volume, the text of Fleckeisen has been adopted for the Amphitryon and the Rudens, and that of Weise (as given in the Tauchnitz Edition) for the others. In the supposed interpolations of the Amphitryon and Mercator, Schmieder has been followed.

The previous English translations of the author are few in number. A part of the Menæchmi (translated, it is supposed, by William Warner) was published in 1595; to which reference will be found at page 372 of Vol. I. In the latter part of the seventeenth century Echard translated the Amphitryon, Rudens, and Epidicus. Thornton remarks that "his style is coarse and indelicate; when he aims at being familiar, he is commonly low and vulgar." In 1747, Cooke, the Translator of Terence, published a version of the Amphitryon, which Thornton speaks of as apparently intended "merely for the use of learners."

Of Thornton's translation of Plautus as a poetical work, it is impossible to speak in other than terms of admiration; but from the circumstance of its being in blank verse, it is not sufficiently close to convey to the English reader an accurate idea of the peculiar style of the author.

A professed translation of seven of the Comedies of Plautus was published by the Rev. G. S. Cotter in 1827, but in it he avowedly omits a large portion of the text, and a still larger portion without the least intimation.

In the present translation, particular attention has been given to the difficult and obscure passages, and it may not be presumptuous to hope that the Notes will be found of value to the classical student.

It is hardly necessary to remind the Reader that the asterisks in the text denote where portions of the original are lost.

H. T. R.

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AMPHITRYON;
OR, JUPITER IN DISGUISE.

Dramatis Personæ

JUPITER, who personates Amphitryon.
MERCURY, who personates Sosia.
AMPHITRYON, the Theban General.
SOSIA, the servant of Amphitryon.
BLEPHARO, the Pilot of Amphitryon's Ship.
AN ACTOR.

ALCMENA, wife of Amphitryon.
BROMIA, } attendants of Alcmena.
THESSALA, }

Scene.—Thebes before the house of AMPHITRYON.

THE SUBJECT

CREON, King of Thebes, being at war with the Teleboans or Taphians, under the command of Pterelas, sends an army against them. This is commanded by Amphitryon, who leaves his wife Alcmena pregnant at his departure from Thebes. During his absence from home, Jupiter, assuming his form, and Mercury that of his servant Sosia, present themselves to Alcmena, as though just returned from the expedition against the Taphians. By means of this stratagem, Jupiter is admitted to the embraces of Alcmena. While Mercury is keeping watch at the door of Amphitryon's house, Sosia, who has just arrived at Thebes with Amphitryon, makes his appearance for the purpose of announcing to Alcmena his master's return. Mercury, pretending that he himself is the real Sosia, and that the other is an impostor, drives him away from the door. He goes back to his master, who returns with him to the house, and on meeting Alcmena, she denies his assertion that he has but that moment returned from the expedition, and now presents himself to her for the first time since his return. On this, Amphitryon charges her with infidelity, and goes away to the harbour to find a witness who may persuade Alcmena of the truth of his assertions. When he returns, he is first driven away from the house by Mercury, and is afterwards accused by Jupiter of attempting to personate Amphitryon, which person Jupiter asserts himself to be. The dispute is referred to Blepharo, the pilot of Amphitryon, who, after making minute enquiries into the matter, professes himself utterly unable to decide between them. In the Fifth Act, at the moment in which Alcmena is delivered of Hercules and Iphiclus, a violent peal of thunder is heard, and Amphitryon swoons with the shock. Bromia, the attendant of Alcmena, comes out of the house, and having raised Amphitryon from the ground, on his recovery informs him of the delivery of Alcmena. At this juncture, Jupiter descends in his own character, and reveals the mystery to Amphitryon, who then becomes reconciled with his wife.

AMPHITRYON;
OR, JUPITER IN DISGUISE.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

JUPITER, being captivated by love (*Amore*) for Alcmena, has changed (*Mutavit*) himself into the form of her husband, while Amphitryon is fighting for (*Pro*) his country with the foe; in the form (*Habitu*) of Sosia, Mercury acts as his servant. He (*Is*) imposes upon the master and the servant, on their arrival. Amphitryon commences a quarrel (*Turbas*) with his wife; and *Jupiter and Amphitryon* seize (*Raptant*) one another as adulterers. Blepharo, chosen as umpire, is not able to determine which of the two (*Uter*[1]) is Amphitryon. *At last* they understand all (*Omnem*) the matter; *and* she brings forth twins.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MERCURY.

As, in purchasing and selling your merchandize[2], you are desirous to render me propitious to your bargains, and that I should assist you in all things; and as both in foreign countries and at home, you desire me to turn to the best advantage the business and the accounts of you all, and that with fair and ample profit, without end, I should crown the ventures both which you have begun, and which you shall begin; and as you wish me to delight you and all yours with joyous news[3]—these tidings will I bring, that I may announce them

[1] This Acrostic is adapted to the word Amphitruo, the old Latin form of the name.

[2] *Merchandize*)—Ver. 1. "Mercimoniis." Mercury was the God of trading and merchandize, and was said to have received his name from the Latin word "merx." See the tradesman's prayer to him in the Fasti of Ovid, B. v., l. 682.

[3] *With joyous news*)—Ver. 8. Mercury was the messenger of the Gods, and, therefore, the patron of messengers; and, if we may so say, the God of News.

to you, things which in especial are for your common interest (for already do you know, indeed, that it has been given and assigned to me by the other Divinities, to preside over news and profit): as you would wish me to favour *and* promote these things, that lasting gain may ever be forthcoming for you, so shall you give silence for this play, and so shall you be fair and upright judges here, *all of you*. Now, by whose command, and for what reason I am come, I'll tell you, and at the same time, myself, I will disclose my name. By the command of Jupiter I am come; my name is Mercury[1]. My father has sent me hither to you to entreat, although, what should as his commands be enjoined on you, he knew that you would do, inasmuch as he knew full well that you venerate and fear himself, as is befitting Jupiter. But, certainly, he bade me ask this of you with entreaty, in gentle tones, *and* in bland accents. For, in fact, this Jupiter, by whose command I am come, dreads a mishap[2] not less than any one of you. Born of a mortal mother, a mortal sire, it is not reasonable to be surprised if he has apprehensions for himself. And I too, as well, who am the son of Jupiter, through my relationship to my father, stand in dread of ill. Therefore, *in peace* am I come to you, and peace do I bring. I wish a thing to be asked of you that's reasonable and feasible; for, reasonable things *to ask of* the reasonable, a reasonable mediator have I been sent. For from the reasonable it is not right to ask things unreasonable; whereas from the unreasonable to ask things reasonable, is *sheer* folly, since these unrighteous persons are ignorant of what is right, and observe it not. Now *then*, all lend your attention here to the things which I shall say. What we wish, you ought to wish *as well*: both I and my father have well deserved of you and of your state. But why should I mention how in Tragedies I have seen others, *such as* Neptune, Valour, Victory, Mars, Bellona, making mention of the good services which they had done you? Of all these benefits, the ruler of the Deities, my sire, was the founder. But this has

[1] *My name is Mercury*)—Ver. 19. There seems hardly any reason why he should disclose his name, after having, by an enumeration of his attributes, informed the Audience who he is.

[2] *A mishap*)—Ver. 27. "Malum." This word probably signifies here the corporal punishment which was inflicted on the slaves. It has been already remarked that the actors were mostly slaves, and punishment ensued on their displeasing the Audience.

never been the habit of my father, to throw in your teeth what good he has done unto the good. He thinks that this is gratefully returned by you to him, and that he bestows these blessings on you deservedly, which he does bestow. Now, the matter which I came here to ask, I'll first premise, after that I'll tell the subject of this Tragedy. Why have you contracted your brows? *Is it* because I said that this would be a Tragedy? I am a God, *and* I'll change it. This same, if you wish it, from a Tragedy I'll make to be a Comedy, with all the lines the same. Whether would ye it were so, or not? But I'm too foolish; as though I didn't know, who am a God, that you *so* wish it; upon this subject I understand what your feelings are. I'll make this to be a mixture—a Tragi-comedy[1]. For me to make it entirely to be a Comedy, where Kings and Gods appear, I do not deem right. What then? Since here the servant has a part as well, just as I said, I'll make it to be a Tragi-comedy. Now Jupiter has ordered me to beg this of you, that the inspectors[2] should go among each of the seats throughout the whole theatre[3], amid the spectators, that, if they should see any suborned applauders of any *actor*, there should in the theatre be taken away from them the pledge of their coats, as a security *for their good behaviour*. But if any should solicit the palm *of victory* for the actors, *or* if for any artist, whether by written letters, or whether any person himself should solicit *personally*, or whether by messenger; or if the Ædiles, too, should unfairly adjudge to any one *the reward;* Jupiter has commanded the law to be the same as if he had sought by solicitation an appointment for himself or for

[1] *A Tragi-comedy*)—Ver. 59. "Tragico-comœdia." This is said to be the only occasion in which Tragi-comedy is mentioned by any of the ancient authors. Plautus does not, however, use the term in the sense which we apply to it. Gods being generally introduced into Tragedy alone, but here taking part in a Comedy he thinks it may be fairly called a Tragi-comedy, or a Comedy with the characters of Tragedy. This play is thought by some to have been borrowed from the writings of Epicharmus, the Sicilian dramatist.

[2] *The inspectors*)—Ver. 65. To the actor who was considered to give the most satisfaction to the Audience, it was customary for the Ædiles to present a reward, which they were bound to do without partiality. Officers, called "conquisitores," were consequently employed to go about the "cavea," or part of the theatre where the Audience sat, to see that there were no persons likely to have been hired for the purpose of applauding a particular actor.

[3] *Whole theatre*)—Ver. 66. "Cavea." Literally, "the seats" or "benches" where the Audience sat.

another. By valour has he declared that you exist as victors, not by canvassing or unfair dealing. Why any the less should there be the same principle for the player, which there is for the greatest man? By merit, not by favourers, ought we to seek our ends. He who does aright has ever favourers enough, if there is honesty in them in whose disposal this matter[1] rests. This, too, he directed me likewise in his injunctions, that there should be inspectors over the players; that, he who should have procured suborned persons to applaud himself, or he who should have contrived for another to give less satisfaction, from the same they might strip off his dress and leather[2] *mask*. I don't wish you to be surprised, for what reason Jupiter now concerns himself about actors. Don't be surprised, Jupiter himself is about to take part in this play. Why are you wondering at this? As though, indeed, a new thing were now mentioned, that Jupiter takes to the calling of a player. But a year since[3], when here on the stage the actors invoked Jupiter, he came; he aided them. Besides, surely in Tragedy he has a place. This play, I say, Jupiter himself will take a part in this day, and I together with him. Now do you give attention while I shall relate to you the subject of this Comedy.

This city is Thebes; in that house there (*pointing*), Amphitryon[4] dwells, born at Argos, of an Argive sire; whose

[1] *This matter*)—Ver. 80. The award of the prize.

[2] *Leather*)—Ver. 85. "Corium." It is a matter of doubt whether this word means the "persona," or "leather mask" worn by the actors, or the actor's own hide or skin, which would suffer on his being flogged.

[3] *A year since*)—Ver. 91. It is conjectured that he is here dealing a hit at some Poet who had recently introduced Jupiter on the stage, perhaps in an awkward manner or at an untimely moment—not as taking part himself in the piece, but at the prayer of some one of the characters. Horace reprehends a similar practice in his time: "Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus;" meaning, that a Deity may only be introduced when the circumstances are such as to warrant his interference.

[4] *Amphitryon*)—Ver. 98. Perseus was the son of Jupiter and Danaë. By Andromeda, he was the father of Alcæus, Sthenelus, Nestor, and Electryon. Alcæus was the father of Amphitryon, while Electryon was the father of Alcmena, by Lysidice, the daughter of Pelops. Amphitryon, having accidentally slain Electryon, fled with his daughter Alcmena, who had been betrothed to him, to the court of Creon, King of Thebes. The brother of Alcmena having been slain by the Teleboans or Taphians, who inhabited certain islands on the coast of Acarnania, Amphitryon undertook an expedition against them, at the head of the forces of Creon.

wife is Alcmena, daughter of Electryon. This Amphitryon is now the general of the *Theban* troops; for between the Teleboans and the Theban people there is war. He, before he departed hence for the expedition, left his wife Alcmena pregnant. But I believe that you already know how my father is *disposed* how free in these affairs he has been, and how great a lover of many a woman, if any *object* once has captivated him. Unknown to her husband, he began to love Alcmena, and took temporary possession of her person for himself, and made her pregnant, too, by his embrace. Now, that more fully you may understand the matter with respect to Alcmena, she is pregnant by both; both by her husband and by supreme Jupiter And my father is now lying here (*he points to the house*) in-doors with her; and for this reason is this night made longer, while he is taking this pleasure with her whom he desires. But he has so disguised himself, as though he were Amphitryon. Now, that you may not be surprised at this dress of mine, inasmuch as I have come out here this way in servile garb, an ancient and an antique circumstance, *made* new, will I relate to you, by reason of which I have come to you attired in *this* new fashion; for lo! my father Jupiter, now in the house, changes himself into the likeness of Amphitryon, and all the servants who see him think it is he, so shifting in his shape does he render himself when *he* chooses. I have taken on myself the form of the servant Sosia, who has gone hence together with Amphitryon on the expedition, that I may be able to serve my father in his amour, and that the servants may not be enquiring who I am, when they see me here frequenting oft the house. Now, as they will suppose me a servant and their fellow-servant, not any one will enquire who I am, or why I'm come. My father, now in-doors, is gratifying his inclination, *and* is embracing her of whom he is especially enamoured. What has been done there at the army, my father is *now* relating to Alcmena. She, who *really* is with a paramour, thinks that he is her own husband. There, my father is now relating how he has routed the legions of the enemy; how he has been enriched with abundant gifts. Those gifts which there were given to Amphitryon, we have carried off; what he pleases, my father easily performs. Now will Amphitryon come hither this day from the army, his servant too, whose form I am bearing. Now, that you may be able the more easily to distinguish

between us, I always shall carry these little wings here (*pointing*) upon my broad-brimmed cap; then besides, for my father there will be a golden tuft beneath his cap; that mark will not be upon Amphitryon. These marks no one of these domestics will be able to see; but you will see them. But yonder is Sosia, the servant of Amphitryon; he is now coming yonder from the harbour, with a lantern. I will now drive him, as he arrives, away from the house. Attend, it will be worth the while of you spectators, for Jupiter and Mercury to perform here the actors' part.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Sosia, *with a Lantern.*

Sos. (*to himself*). What other person is there more bold than I, or who more stout of heart, who know the humours of young men[1], *and* who am walking at this hour of night alone? What shall I do, if now the officers of the watch[2] should thrust me into prison. To-morrow shall I be dealt out from there[3], *just as though* from a store-closet, for a whipping; nor will it be allowed me to plead my cause, nor will there be a bit of aid from my master; nor will there be a person but that they will imagine, all of them, that I am deserving. *And* so will eight sturdy fellows be thumping on wretched me just like an anvil; in this way, just come from foreign parts, I shall be received with hospitality by the public. The inconsiderateness of my master compels me to this, who has packed me off from the harbour at this time of night whether I would or no. Couldn't he as well have sent me here by daylight? For this reason, is servitude to a man of high station a greater hardship;

[1] *Of young men*)—Ver. 154. He alludes to the broils of the night, occasioned by the vagaries of wild and dissolute young men—perhaps not much unlike the Mohawks, whose outrageous pranks are mentioned in the Spectator and Swift's Journal to Stella.

[2] *Officers of the watch*)—Ver. 155. Literally, the "Tresviri." As usual, though the Scene is laid in Greece, Roman usages are introduced by Plautus. The officers here mentioned were called "nocturni Tresviri." It was their province to take up all suspicious characters found abroad during the night. They were attended, probably, by lictors, or subordinate officers, who are here referred to as 'homines octo validi," "eight sturdy fellows."

[3] *Dealt out from there*)—Ver. 156. He compares the gaol, or place of confinement, to a store-closet, and means to say, that as food is brought thence to be dressed, so shall he be brought from the gaol to be dressed, in the way of having his back lashed.

for this reason is the servant of a wealthy man the more wretched: both night and day, without ceasing, there is enough, and more than enough *of work* for him; for doing or for saying occasion is *ever* arising, so that you can't be at rest. The master, abounding in servants[1], and free from labour *himself*, thinks that whatever he happens to choose, can be done; he thinks that just, *and* reckons not what the labour is; nor will he *ever* consider whether he commands a thing that's reasonable or unreasonable. Wherefore, in servitude many hardships do befall us; in pain this burden must be borne and endured.

MERC. (*to the* AUDIENCE). 'Twere with better reason for me to complain of servitude after this fashion; I, who to-day was free, *and* whom my father is now employing as a slave: this fellow is complaining, who was born a slave.

SOS. (*to himself*). Really I am a rascal beyond a doubt; for only this moment it has suggested itself to me, that on my arrival I should give thanks, and address the Gods for their kindnesses *vouchsafed*. For surely, by my troth, if they were *only* desirous to give me a return according to my deserts, they would commission some person on my arrival soundly to box my ears, since those kindnesses which they have done me I have held as worthless and of no value.

MERC. (*apart*). He does what people are not generally in the habit of doing, in knowing what his deserts are.

SOS. (*to himself*). What I never expected, nor any one else of my townsmen, to befall him, that same has come to pass, for us to come home safe and sound. Victorious, the enemy conquered, the troops are returning home, *this* very mighty war brought to an end, and the enemy slain. A city that has caused many a bitter death for the Theban people, that same has been conquered by the strength and valour of our soldiers, and taken by storm, under the command and conduct of my master Amphitryon in especial. With booty, territory, and glory[2], too, has he loaded his fellow-citizens, and for Creon, King of Thebes, has he firmly fixed his sway. From the harbour he has sent me before him to his house

[1] *Abounding in servants*)—Ver. 170. "Dives operis." Literally, "rich in labour," abounding in slaves to labour for him.

[2] *And glory*)—Ver. 193. "Adoreâ." This was literally the allowance or largess of corn which was distributed to troops after a victory; hence it figuratively signifies "honor" or "glory."

that I may bear these tidings to his wife, how he has promoted the public good by his guidance, conduct, *and* command. This now will I consider, in what manner I shall address her, when I've arrived there. If I tell a falsehood, I shall be doing as I am accustomed after my usual wont; for when they were fighting with all their might, then with all my might I ran away. But still I shall pretend as though I was present, and I'll tell her what I heard. But in what manner and with what expressions it is right for me to tell my story, I still wish first to consider here with myself. (*He assumes an attitude of thought.*) In these terms will I give this narrative. "In the first place, when we arrived there, when first we made land, Amphitryon immediately made choice of the powerful men among the chieftains. Those he despatched on the embassy, *and* bade them tell his mind to the Teleboans; that if without constraint and without warfare they should be ready to deliver up what was plundered and the plunderers, *and* if *they should be ready* to restore what they had carried off, he would immediately conduct the army homewards, that the Greeks would depart from their territory, *and* that he would grant peace and quietness to them: but if they should be otherwise disposed, and not concede the things which he demanded, he, in consequence, would attack their city with extreme violence and with his men. When *the embassadors* had repeated these things, which Amphitryon had enjoined, in order to the Teleboans, being men stout of heart, relying on their valour, and confident in their prowess, they rebuked our embassadors very rudely. They answered that they were able in warfare to protect themselves and theirs, and that at once they must lead the army with all haste out of their territories. When the embassadors brought back this message, straightway Amphitryon drew out all his army from the encampment; on the other side, the Teleboans led forth their legions from the town, furnished with most gorgeous arms. After they had gone forth on either side in full array, the soldiers were marshalled, the ranks were formed. We, after our manner and usage, drew up our legions; the enemy, too, drew up their legions facing us. Then either general went forth into the mid-space beyond the throng of the ranks, *and* they parleyed together. It was agreed between them, that, which ever side should be conquered in that battle, they should surrender up their city, lands, altars, hearths, and themselves

After that was done, the trumpets on either side gave the signal; the earth re-echoed, they raised a shout on either side. Each general, both upon this side and on that, offered vows to Jupiter, *and* then encouraged his troops. Each man according to his ability does that which each one can and has the strength *to do;* he smites with his falchion; the weapons crash; the welkin bellows with the uproar of the men; of breaths and pantings a cloud is formed; men fall by wounds inflicted by men. At length, as we desired, our troops conquered; the foe fell in numbers; ours, on the other hand, pressed on; firm in our strength, we were victorious. But still not one betook himself to flight, nor *yet* gave way at his post, but standing there[1] he waged the combat. Sooner than quit the spot, they parted with their lives; each, as he stood, lay *there* and kept his rank *in death*. When my master Amphitryon saw this, at once he ordered the cavalry on the right to charge. The cavalry obeyed directly; from the right wing, with a tremendous shout, with brisk onset they rushed on; *and* rightfully did they slaughter and trample down the impious forces of the foe."

Merc. (*apart*). Not even one word of these has he yet uttered correctly; for I was there in the battle personally, and my father too, when it was fought.

Sos. (*continuing*). "The enemy betook themselves to flight. Then was *new* spirit added to our men, the Teleboans flying, with darts were their bodies filled, and Amphitryon himself, with his own hand, struck off the head of Pterelas their king. This battle was being fought there even from the morning till the evening. This do I the better remember for this reason; because on that day I went without my breakfast. But night at last, by its interposing, cut short this combat. The next day, the chiefs came weeping from the city to us at the camp. With covered hands[2], they entreated us to pardon their offences; and they all sur-

[1] *Standing there*)—Ver. 239. This seems to be the true meaning of "statim" in this passage.

[2] *With covered hands*)—Ver. 257. He alludes here to the carrying of the "velamenta," which were branches of olive, surrounded with bandages of wool, and held in the hands of those who sued for mercy or pardon. The wool covered the hand, and was emblematical of peace, the hand being thereby rendered powerless to effect mischief.

rendered up themselves, and all things divine and human, their city and their children, into the possession and unto the disposal of the Theban people. Lastly, by reason of his valour, a golden goblet was presented to my master Amphitryon, from which king Pterelas[1] had been used to drink." These things I'll thus tell my mistress. I'll now proceed to obey my master's order and to betake me home. (*He moves.*)

Merc. (*apart*). Heyday! he's about to come this way; I'll go meet him; and I'll not permit this fellow at any time to-day to approach this house. Since I have his form upon myself, I'm resolved to play the fellow off. And indeed, since I have taken upon me his figure and his station, it is right for me likewise to have actions and manners like to his. Therefore it befits me to be artful, crafty, very cunning, and by his own weapon, artfulness, to drive him from the door. But what means this? He is looking up at the sky. I'll watch what scheme he's about.

Sos. (*looking up at the sky*). Upon my faith, for sure, if there is aught besides that I believe, or know for certain, I do believe that this night the God of Night[2] has gone to sleep drunk; for neither does the Wain move itself in any direction in the sky, nor does the Moon bestir herself anywhere from where she first arose; nor does Orion[3], or the Evening Star[4], or the Pleiades, set. In

[1] *King Pterelas*)—Ver. 261. Pterela, or Pterelas, was the son of Hippothoë, the cousin of Amphitryon and Alemena. He had a daughter named Cymetho, or Cometho, and his fate was said to depend upon the preservation of a certain lock of his hair. Cymetho, smitten with love for Amphitryon, or, according to some accounts, for Cephalus, his associate in the enterprise, cut off the fatal lock, and, like Scylla, betrayed her father, who was afterwards slain by Amphitryon.

[2] *God of Night*)—Ver. 272. "Nocturnus" is generally supposed here to mean the "God of Night," though some Commentators have fancied that by it the Evening Star is signified.

[3] *Nor does Orion*)—Ver. 275. "Jugula" means either the three stars composing the girdle of Orion or the Constellation Orion itself. It also was the name of two stars in the Constellation Cancer, or the Crab, which were also called "Aselli," or "the Little Asses." The plural, "Jugulæ," is more generally used. "Septentriones" was a name of the "Ursa Major," or "Greater Bear," also called by us "Charles's Wain." It received its name from "septem," "seven," and "terriones," "oxen that ploughed the earth," from its fancied resemblance to a string of oxen.

[4] *The Evening Star*)—Ver. 275. "Vesperugo" is a name of Hesperus, or the Evening Star; while the Constellation of the Pleiades was sometimes known by the name of "Vergiliæ."

such a fashion are the stars standing stock-still, and the night is yielding not a jot to the day.

MERC. (*apart*). Go on, Night, as you've begun, *and* pay obedience to my father. In best style[1], the best of services are you performing for the best of beings; in giving this, you reap a fair return.

SOS. (*to himself*). I do not think that I have ever seen a longer night than this, except one of like fashion, which live-long *night* I was hanging up, having been *first* whipped. Even that as well, by my troth, does this one by far exceed in its length. I' faith, I really do believe that the Sun's asleep, and is thoroughly drenched. It's a wonder *to me* if he hasn't indulged himself a little too much at dinner.

MERC. (*apart*). Do you really say so, you scoundrel? Do you think that the Gods are like yourself? I' faith, you hang-dog, I'll entertain you for these speeches and misdeeds of yours; only come this way, will you, *and* you'll find your ruin.

SOS. (*to himself*). Where are those wenchers, who unwillingly lie a-bed alone? A rare night this for making the best of what was a bad bargain at first[2].

MERC. (*apart*). My father then, according to this fellow's words, is doing rightly and wisely, who in his amorousness, indulging his passion, is lying in the embraces of Alcmena.

SOS. (*to himself*). I'll go tell Alcmena, as my master ordered me. (*Advancing, he discovers* MERCURY.) But who is this fellow that I see before the house at this time of night? I don't like it.

MERC. (*aside*). There is not *in existence* another such cowardly fellow as this.

SOS. (*aside*). *Now*, when I think of it, this fellow wishes to take my mantle off once more[3].

MERC. (*aside*). The fellow's afraid; I'll have some sport with him.

SOS. (*aside*). I'm quite undone, my teeth are chattering. For sure, on my arrival, he is about to receive me with the

[1] *In best style*)—Ver. 278. "Optumo optume optumam operam." There is a clumsy attempt at wit in this alliteration.

[2] *Bad bargain at first*)—Ver. 288. This line has been a little modified in the translation.

[3] *Take my mantle off once more*)—Ver. 294. "Detexere." This term was properly applied to the act of taking cloth, when woven, from off the loom. Sosia here uses it in the sense of stripping himself of it.

hospitality of his fist. He's a merciful person, I suppose; now, because my master has obliged me to keep awake, with his fists just now he'll be making me go to sleep. I'm most confoundedly undone. Troth now, prithee, *look*, how big and how strong he is.

Merc. (*aside*). I'll talk at him aloud, he shall hear what I say. Therefore indeed, in a still greater degree, shall he conceive fears within himself. (*In a loud voice, holding up his fists.*) Come, fists, it's a long time now since you found provision for my stomach; it seems to have taken place quite a long time ago, when yesterday you laid four men asleep, *stript* naked.

Sos. (*aside*). I'm dreadfully afraid lest I should be changing my name here, and become a Quintus[1] instead of a Sosia. He declares that he has laid four men asleep; I fear lest I should be adding to that number.

Merc. (*throwing about his arms*). Well, now then for it. This is the way I intend.

Sos. (*aside*). He is girded tight; for sure, he's getting himself ready.

Merc. He shan't get off without getting a thrashing.

Sos. (*aside*). What person, *I wonder?* Merc. Beyond a doubt, whatever person comes this way, he shall eat my fists.

Sos. (*aside*). Get out with you, I don't wish to eat at this time of night; I've lately dined. Therefore do you, if you are wise, bestow your dinner on those who are hungry.

Merc. The weight of this fist is no poor one.

Sos. (*aside*). I'm done for; he is poising his fists.

Merc. What if I were to touch him, stroking him down[2], so that he may go to sleep?

Sos. (*aside*). You would be proving my salvation; for I've been watching most confoundedly these three nights running[3].

[1] *A Quintus*)—Ver. 305. This is a poor attempt at wit. Mercury tells his fists that they thrashed four men into a lethargy yesterday; on which Sosia, in his apprehension, says that in that case he shall have to change his own name to "Quintus;" which signified "the fifth," and was also in use as a name among the Romans; implying thereby that he shall be the fifth to be so mauled.

[2] *Stroking him down*)—Ver. 313. He probably alludes to the soporific power of his "caduceus," or "wand."

[3] *Three nights running*)—Ver. 314. He alludes to the length of the night, which was prolonged by Jupiter for the purpose of his intrigue. According to other writers, it was on the occasion when Hercules was begotten, seven months before this period, that three nights were made into one.

MERC. My hand refuses to learn to strike his cheek; it cannot do a disgraceful action. *Hand of mine*, of a changed form must he become whom you smite with *this* fist.

SOS. (*aside*). This fellow will be furbishing me up, and be moulding my face anew.

MERC. (*to his fist*). The man that you hit full, his face must *surely* be boned.

SOS. (*aside*). It's a wonder if this fellow isn't thinking of boning me just like a lamprey. Away with a fellow that bones people! If he sees me, I'm a dead man.

MERC. Some fellow is stinking to his destruction.

SOS. (*aside*). Woe to me! Is it I that stink?

MERC. And he cannot be very far off; but he has been a long way off from here.

SOS. (*aside*). This person's a wizard[1].

MERC. My fists are longing.

SOS. (*aside*). If you are going to exercise them upon me, I beg that you'll first cool them down against the wall.

MERC. A voice has come flying to my ears.

SOS. (*aside*). Unlucky fellow, for sure, was I, who didn't clip its wings. I've got a voice with wings, *it seems*.

MERC. This fellow is demanding of me for himself a heavy punishment for his beast's back[2].

SOS. (*aside*). As for me, I've got no beast's back.

MERC. He must be well loaded with my fists.

SOS. (*aside*). I' faith, I'm fatigued, coming from board ship, when I was brought hither; even now I'm sea-sick. Without a burden, I can hardly creep along, *so* don't think that with a load I can go.

MERC. Why, surely, somebody[3] is speaking here.

SOS. (*aside*). I'm all right, he doesn't see me; he thinks it's "Somebody" speaking: Sosia is certainly my name.

MERC. But here, from the right-hand side, the voice, as it seems, strikes upon my ear.

[1] *This person's a wizard*)—Ver. 323. We must remember that this is supposed to take place in the dark; and Sosia says that the man must surely be a wizard to guess that another person is so near him, and that he has been abroad till just now.

[2] *His beast's back*)—Ver. 327. "Jumento suo." Literally, "on his beast of burden."

[3] *Somebody*)—Ver. 331. "Nescio quis." Literally, "I know not who." For the sake of the joke, he pretends to think that this is the name of some one mentioned by Mercury; and says that as he is not that person, he is all right.

Sos. (*aside*). I'm afraid that I shall be getting a thrashing here this day, in place of my voice, that's striking him. (*Moves.*)

Merc. Here he is—he's coming towards me, most opportunely.

Sos. (*aside*). I'm terrified—I'm numbed all over. Upon my faith, I don't know where in the world I now am, if any one should ask me; and to my misfortune, I cannot move myself for fright. It's all up with me; the orders of his master and Sosia are lost together. But I'm determined boldly to address this fellow to his face, so that I may be able to appear valiant to him; that he may keep his hands off me (*Advances towards the door.*)

Merc. (*accosting him*). Where are you going, you that are carrying Vulcan enclosed in your horn[1]?

Sos. Why do you make that enquiry, you who are boning men's heads with your fists?

Merc. Are you slave or free man?

Sos. Just as it suits my inclination.

Merc. Do you really say so? Sos. I really do say so.

Merc. Whip-scoundrel[2]! Sos. Now you are telling a lie.

Merc. But I'll soon make you own that I'm telling the truth. Sos. What necessity is there for it?

Merc. Can I know whence you have set out, whose you are, or why you are come?

Sos. (*pointing*). This way I'm going, *and* I'm the servant of my master. Are you any the wiser now?

Merc. I'll this day make you be holding that foul tongue of yours.

Sos. You can't; it is kept pure[3] and becomingly.

Merc. Do you persist in chattering? What business now have you at this house? (*Points to the house.*)

[1] *Vulcan enclosed in your horn*)—Ver. 341. "Volcanum in cornu." Literally, "Vulcan in your horn;" alluding to the horn lantern which Sosia is carrying.

[2] *Whip-scoundrel*)—Ver. 344. "Verbero." This word, as a substantive, properly means a bad slave, who had been whipped—"a rascal" or "scoundrel." As a verb, it means "I beat." Sosia chooses, for the sake of the quibble, to take it in the latter sense, and tells Mercury that he lies; meaning to say that he (Mercury) is not beating him (Sosia).

[3] *It is kept pure*)—Ver. 348. It is generally supposed that in these words an indelicate allusion is intended; but it is not so universally agreed on what its nature is.

Sos. Aye, and what *business* have you?

Merc. King Creon always sets a watch every night.

Sos. He does right; because we were abroad, he has been protecting our house. But however, do go in now, *and* say that some of the family servants have arrived.

Merc. How far you are one of the family servants I don't know. *But* unless you are off from here this instant, family servant as you are, I'll make you to be received in no familiar style.

Sos. Here, I say, I live, and of these people I am the servant.

Merc. But do you understand how it is? Unless you are off, I'll make you to be exalted[1] this day.

Sos. In what way, pray? Merc. You shall be carried off, you shan't walk away, if I take up a stick.

Sos. But I declare that I am one of the domestics of this family.

Merc. Consider, will you, how soon you want a drubbing, unless you are off from here this instant.

Sos. Do you want, as I arrive from foreign parts, to drive me from my home?

Merc. Is this your home? Sos. It is so, I say.

Merc. Who is your master, then?

Sos. Amphitryon, who is now the general of the Theban forces, to whom Alcmena is married.

Merc. How say you? What's your name?

Sos. The Thebans call me Sosia, the son of my father Davus.

Merc. Assuredly, at your peril have you come here this day, with your trumped-up lies, your patched-up knaveries, you essence of effrontery.

Sos. Why no, it's rather with garments patched-up that I'm arrived here, not with knaveries.

Merc. Why, you are lying again; you come with your feet, surely, *and* not with your garments.

Sos. Yes, certainly. Merc. Then certainly take that for your lie. (*He strikes him.*)

Sos. By my troth, I certainly don't wish for it of course.

Merc. But by my faith, you certainly *shall have it* of course,

[1] *To be exalted*)—Ver. 357. He probably means by this, that he will beat him to such a degree that he will be obliged to be carried off, either dead or unable to move a limb—"elevated" on the shoulders of other men.

whether you wish or not: for, in fact, this is certainly my determination, *and* it is not at your own option. (*He strikes him.*)

Sos. Mercy, I entreat of you.

Merc. Do you dare to say that you are Sosia, when I myself am he? (*Strikes him.*)

Sos. (*crying at the top of his voice*). I'm being murdered.

Merc. Why, you are crying out for a trifle as yet, compared with what it will be. Whose are you now?

Sos. Your own; for with your fists you have laid hands on me[1]. Help, help, citizens of Thebes. (Mercury *striking him.*)

Merc. *What*, still bawling, you scoundrel? Speak—what have you come for? Sos. For there to be somebody for you to belabour with your fists.

Merc. Whose are you?

Sos. Amphitryon's Sosia, I tell you.

Merc. For this reason then you shall be beaten the more, because you prate *thus* idly; I am Sosia, not you.

Sos. (*aside*). I wish the Gods would have it so, that you were he in preference, and that I were thrashing you.

Merc. *What*, muttering still? (*Strikes him*).

Sos. I'll hold my tongue then.

Merc. Who is your master? Sos. Whoever you like.

Merc. How then? What's your name now?

Sos. Nothing but what you shall command.

Merc. You said that you were Amphitryon's Sosia.

Sos. I made a mistake; but this I meant to say, that I was Amphitryon's associate[2].

Merc. Why, I was sure that we had no servant *called* Sosia except myself. Your senses are forsaking you.

Sos. I wish that those fists of yours had done so.

Merc. I am that Sosia, whom you were just now telling me that you are.

Sos. I pray that I may be allowed to discourse with you in quietness, so as not to be beaten. Merc. Well then, let there be a truce for a short time, if you want to say anything.

[1] *Laid hands on me*)—Ver. 375. "Usufecisti." "Usufacere" was a term used in law, to signify the taking possession of a thing by the laying of hands thereon. This, Sosia means to say, Mercury has most effectually done.

[2] *Associate*)—Ver. 384. This poor pun is founded on the similarity of sound between Sosia and "socius," a "companion" or "associate."

Sos. I'll not speak unless peace is concluded, since you are the stronger with your fists.

Merc. If you wish *to say* anything, speak; I'll not hurt you. Sos. Am I to trust in your word?

Merc. *Yes*, in my *word*. Sos. What, if you deceive me?

Merc. *Why*, then may Mercury be angry with Sosia[1].

Sos. *Then* give attention: now I'm at liberty to say in freedom anything I please. I am Sosia, servant of Amphitryon.

Merc. What, again? (*Offering to strike him.*)

Sos. I have concluded the peace, ratified the treaty—I speak the truth.

Merc. Take that, *then*. (*He strikes him.*)

Sos. As you please, *and* what you please, *pray* do, since you are the stronger with your fists. But whatever you shall do, still, upon my faith, I really shall not be silent about that.

Merc. So long as you live, you shall never make me to be any other than Sosia at this moment.

Sos. I' faith, you certainly shall never make me to be any other person than my own self; and besides myself we have no other servant of the name of Sosia—*myself*, who went hence on the expedition together with Amphitryon.

Merc. This fellow is not in his senses.

Sos. The malady that you impute to me, you have that same yourself. How, the plague, am I not Sosia, the servant of Amphitryon? Has not our ship, which brought me, arrived here this night from the Persian port[2]? Has not my master sent me here? Am I not now standing before our house? Have I not a lantern in my hand? Am I not talking? Am I not wide awake? Has not this fellow been thumping me with his fists? By my troth[3], he has been doing *so*; for even

[1] *Angry with Sosia*)—Ver. 392. There is something comical in the absurdity of this oath. Mercury, personating Sosia, says that if he breaks it, the result must be that Mercury (*i. e.*, himself) will be angry with Sosia, the person in whose favour he is pretending to take the oath.

[2] *The Persian port*)—Ver. 404. Plautus is here guilty of an anachronism; for the "Portus Persicus," which was on the coast of Eubœa, was so called from the Persian fleet lying there on the occasion of the expedition to Greece, many ages after the time of Amphitryon.

[3] *By my troth*)—Ver. 408. "Hercle." Literally, "by Hercules." Hypercritical Commentators have observed, that Plautus is guilty in this Play of a grammatical anachronism, in putting the expletive, "Hercle," in the mouths of persons at a time when Hercules is supposed to be yet unborn. They might with

now, to my pain, my cheeks are tingling. Why, then, do I hesitate? Or why don't I go in-doors into our house? (*He makes towards the door.*)

Merc. (*stepping between*). How—your house?

Sos. Indeed it really is so.

Merc. Why, all that you have been saying just now, you have trumped up; I surely am Amphitryon's Sosia. For in the night this ship of ours weighed anchor from the Persian port, and where king Pterelas reigned, the city we took by storm, and the legions of the Teleboans in fighting we took by arms, and Amphitryon himself cut off the head of king Pterelas in battle.

Sos. (*aside*). I do not trust my own self, when I hear him affirm these things; certainly, he really does relate exactly the things that were done there. (*Aloud.*) But how say you? What *spoil* from the Teleboans was made a present to Amphitryon?

Merc. A golden goblet, from which king Pterelas used to drink.

Sos. (*aside*). He has said *the truth*. Where now is this goblet?

Merc 'Tis in a casket, sealed with the seal of Amphitryon. Sos. Tell me, what is the seal?

Merc. The Sun rising with his chariot. Why are you on the catch for me, you villain?

Sos. (*aside*). He has overpowered me with his proofs. I must look out for another name. I don't know from whence he witnessed these things. I'll now entrap him finely; for what I did alone by myself, and *when* not another person was present in the tent, that, he certainly will never be able this day to tell me. (*Aloud.*) If you are Sosia, when the armies were fighting most vigorously, what were you doing in the tent? If you tell me *that*, I'm vanquished.

Merc. There was a cask of wine; from it I filled an earthen pot[1].

as much justice accuse him of anachronism in putting the Roman language into the mouths of persons at a time when that language did not as yet exist. He merely professes to embody the sentiments of persons in bygone days in such language as may render them the most easily intelligible to a Roman audience.

[1] *An earthen pot*)—Ver. 429. "Hirneam." "Hirnea" was an earthen vessel for holding wine. It was said to receive its name from the Greek word ὄρνις "a bird," because it originally bore the figure of a bird.

Sos. (*aside*). He has got upon the track. Merc. That I drew full of pure wine, just as it was born from the mother *grape.*

Sos. (*aside*). It's a wonder if this fellow wasn't lying hid inside of that earthen pot. It is the fact, that there I did drink an earthen pot full of wine.

Merc. Well—do I now convince you by my proofs that you are not Sosia? Sos. Do you deny that I am?

Merc. Why should I not deny it, who am he myself?

Sos. By Jupiter I swear that I am he, and that I do not say false.

Merc. But by Mercury, I swear that Jupiter does not believe you; for I am sure that he will rather credit me without an oath than you with an oath.

Sos. Who am I, at all events, if I am not Sosia? I ask you *that.*

Merc. When I choose not to be Sosia, then do you be Sosia; now, since I am he, you'll get a thrashing, if you are not off hence, you fellow without a name.

Sos. (*aside*). Upon my faith, for sure, when I examine him and recollect my own figure, just in such manner as I am (I've often looked in a glass[1]), he is exactly like me. He has the broad-brimmed hat and clothing just the same; he is as like me as I am myself. His leg, foot, stature, shorn head, eyes, nose, even his lips, cheeks, chin, beard, neck—the whole of him. What need is there of words? If his back is marked with scars, than this likeness there is nothing more like. But when I reflect, really, I surely am the same

[1] *Looked in a glass*)—Ver. 442. He seems to speak of looking in a mirror as something uncommon for a slave to do. Probably the expense of them did not allow of their being used by slaves. The "specula," or "looking-glasses," of the ancients, were usually made of metal, either a composition of tin and copper or of silver; but in later times, alloy was mixed with the silver. Pliny mentions the obsidian stone, or, as it is now called, Icelandic agate, as being used for this purpose. He also says that mirrors were made in the glass-houses of Sidon, which consisted of glass plates with leaves of metal at the back. These were probably of an inferior character. Those of copper and tin were made chiefly at Brundisium. The white metal formed from this mixture soon becoming dim, a sponge, with powdered pumice-stone, was usually fastened to the mirrors made of that composition. They were generally small, of round or oval shape, and having a handle. The female slaves usually held them while their mistresses were performing the duties of the toilet. Sometimes they were fastened to the walls, and they were occasionally of the length of a person's body, like the cheval glasses of our day

person that I always was. My master I know, I know our house; I am quite in my wits and senses. I'm not going to obey this fellow in what he says; I'll knock at the door. (*Goes towards the door.*)

MERC. Whither are you betaking yourself? SOS. Home.

MERC. If now you were to ascend the chariot of Jove and fly away from here, then you could hardly be able to escape destruction.

SOS. Mayn't I be allowed to deliver the message to my mistress that my master ordered me *to give?*

MERC. If you want to deliver any message to your own *mistress;* this *mistress* of mine I shall not allow you to approach. But if you provoke me, you'll be just now taking hence your loins broken.

SOS. In preference, I'll be off. (*Aside.*) Immortal Gods, I do beseech your mercy. Where did I lose myself? Where have I been transformed? Where have I parted with my figure? Or have I left myself behind there, if perchance I have forgotten it? For really this person has possession of all my figure, such as it formerly was. While living, that is done for me, which no one will ever do for me when dead[1]. I'll go to the harbour, and I'll tell my master these things as they have happened—unless even he as well shall not know me, which may Jupiter grant, so that this day, bald, with shaven crown, I may assume the cap *of freedom*[2]. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MERCURY, *alone.*

MERC. Well and prosperously has this affair gone on for me; from the door have I removed the greatest obstacle, so that it may be allowed my father to embrace her in security. When now he shall have reached his master, Amphitryon

[1] *When dead*)—Ver. 458. It is generally thought that he is punning here upon the word "imago," and alludes to the practice of carrying the "imagines," or "waxen images" of their ancestors, in the funeral processions of the Patricians—an honor, he says, that will never befall him when he is dead. Douza, however, thinks that he is playing upon the expression "ludos facere," which has the double meaning of "to impose upon" a person, or "to give a spectacle" of gladiators after the death of a person of Patrician rank; and that he means to say that the act "ludos faciendi" is being applied to him (in the first sense) while alive, a thing that (in the second sense) will never befall him when dead.

[2] *Cap of freedom*)—Ver. 462. When a slave was made free, after his manumission his head was shaved, and a cap put upon it in the Temple of Feronia, the Goddess of Freed-men.

there, he will say that the servant Sosia has repulsed himself from the door here; and then the other will suppose that he is telling him a lie, and will not believe that he has come here as he had ordered him. Both of them and the whole household of Amphitryon I will fill with mistakes and distraction, even until my father shall have had full enjoyment of her whom he loves; then at last all shall know what has been done. In the end Jupiter shall restore Alcmena to the former affection of her husband. For Amphitryon will just now be beginning a quarrel with his wife, and will be accusing her of incontinence: then will my father change for her this strife into tranquillity. Now, inasmuch as yet I've said but little about Alcmena, this day will she bring forth two sons, twins; the one will be born in the tenth month after he was begotten, the other in the seventh month[1]; of these the one is the son of Amphitryon[2], the other of Jupiter. But of the younger son the father is the superior, of the elder the inferior. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Now do you comprehend this how it is? But for the sake of the honor[3] of this Alcmena, my father will take care that it shall happen at one birth, so that in one travail she may complete her double pangs, and not be laid under suspicion of unchastity, and that the clandestine connexion may remain concealed. Although, as I have said just now, Amphitryon shall still know all the matter *in the end*. What then? No one surely will impute it to Alcmena as a disgrace; for it does not seem that a God is acting justly to permit his own offences and his own faultiness to fall upon a mortal. I'll cut short my talk: the door makes a noise. See, the counterfeit Amphitryon is coming out of doors, and together with him Alcmena, the wife that he has taken the loan of.

[1] *In the seventh month*)—Ver. 482. It is difficult to imagine how a critic can suppose that the duration of this Play is intended to be seven months, merely because, according to the ancient story, Hercules was born seven months after the intercourse of Jupiter with Alcmena. Heinsius and Vossius, however, were of this extraordinary opinion. They probably did not reflect that Plautus, for the sake of finding material for his Play, supposed the same intercourse to have been repeated on the same night on which Hercules was born.

[2] *Son of Amphitryon*)—Ver. 483. Iphiclus was the son of Amphitryon.

Of the honor)—Ver. 486. "Honoris." Madame Dacier has observed, that the tenderness of Jupiter extended only to her health, and not to her "reputation," as the word "honoris" would seem to imply. "Honoris gratiâ" may however, simply mean "for her own sake."

SCENE III.—*Enter* JUPITER *and* ALCMENA, *from the house.*

JUP. Kindly fare you well, Alcmena; take care, as you are doing, of our common interest, and pray be sparing of yourself; you see that now your months are completed. It's necessary for me to go away from here; but *the offspring* that shall be born do you bring up[1].

ALC. What business is this, my husband, since you thus suddenly leave your home?

JUP. By my troth, *'tis not* that I am wearied of you or of my home; but when the chief commander is not with the army, that is sooner done which ought not to be done than that which needs to be done.

MERC. (*aside*). This is a very clever counterfeit, who really is my own father. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Do you observe him, how blandly he smoothes the lady over.

ALC. I' faith, I find by experience how much you value your wife. JUP. If there is no one among women whom I love so much, are you satisfied?

MERC. (*aside*). Verily, upon my faith, if *Juno only* knew that you were giving your attention to such matters, I'd warrant that you'd rather be[2] Amphitryon than Jupiter.

ALC. I would rather that I should find it so by experience, than that it should be told me. You leave me before the spot in the bed where you have been lying has well grown warm. Yesterday, in the middle of the night, you came, *and* now you are going away. Is this your pleasure?

MERC. (*aside*). I'll approach, and address her, and play

[1] *Do you bring up*)—Ver. 506. "Tollito." It was a custom among the ancients for the new-born child to be laid on the ground, upon which it was taken up by the father, or such other person as intended to stand in the place of a parent to it. If it was not taken up, it was disowned, and left to starve. For this reason Jupiter makes this request of Alcmena.

[2] *You'd rather be*)—Ver. 510-511. "Edepol næ illa si istis rebus ne sciat operam dare, Ego faxim ted Amphitryonem malis esse quam Jovem." This passage has been differently rendered by Richter. He says that "illa," "she," refers to Alcmena, and not to Juno, as has been generally imagined, and that Mercury says these words aside, and, turning to the Audience, remarks, that if he were only to tell Alcmena that Jupiter is not the real Amphitryon, he would wish himself the real one, in preference to being Jupiter, and losing the lady. The translation in the text seems, however, to convey the real meaning of the passage. Probably, when using the word "illa," as applying to Juno, he slily points upwards to the heavens.

second fiddle to my father. (*He approaches* ALCMENA.) Never, upon my faith, do I believe that any mortal did so distractedly love his wife as he distractedly dotes upon you.

JUP. Scoundrel!—don't I know you *of old?* Won't you be off out of my sight? What business have you in this matter, whip-knave? or *why* your muttering? Whom this very instant, with this walking-stick, I'll—— (*Shakes his stick over his head.*)

ALC. Oh don't. JUP. Only make a whisper.

MERC. (*aside*). My first attempt at playing second fiddle had almost come to an unfortunate conclusion.

JUP. But as to what you say, my wife, you ought not to be angry with me. I came away privately from the army: these moments I stole for you, that you the first might know from me the first, how I had managed the common interests. All this have I related to you. If I had not loved you very much, I should not have done *so.*

MERC. (*aside*). Isn't he doing just as I said? In her alarm, he is smoothing her down.

JUP. That the army then mayn't find it out, I must return there privately, lest they should say that I have preferred my wife before the common interests.

ALC. By your departure you set your wife in tears.

JUP. Be quiet; don't spoil your eyes: I'll return very shortly. ALC. That "very shortly" is a long time.

JUP. I do not with pleasure leave you here, or go away from you.

ALC. I am sensible of it; for, the night that you have come to me, on the same you go away. (*She embraces him.*)

JUP. Why do you hold me? It is time *to go:* I wish to depart from the city before it dawns. Now, Alcmena, this goblet which has been given me there on account of my valour, from which king Pterelas used to drink, *he* whom I slew with my own hand, *the same* I present to you. (*Presents to her the goblet.*)

ALC. (*taking the goblet*). You do as you are wont *in* other things. By heavens, *it is* a noble gift; like him who gave the gift.

MERC. Aye, a noble gift; just like her to whom it has been given as a gift.

JUP. What, still going on? Can't I, you scoundrel, make an end of you?

ALC. Amphitryon, there's a dear, don't be angry[1] with Sosia on my account.

JUP. Just as you wish I'll do.

MERC. (*aside*). From his intriguing, how very savage he does become!

JUP. Do you wish for anything else? ALC. That when I am absent you will love me—me, who am yours, though absent.

MERC. Let's go, Amphitryon; it's already dawning.

JUP. Go you first, Sosia. (*Exit* MERCURY.) I'll follow this instant. (*To* ALCMENA.) Is there anything you wish?

ALC. Yes; that you'll come back speedily.

JUP. I will; and sooner than you expect will I be here, therefore be of good heart. (ALCMENA *goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV.—JUPITER, *alone.*

JUP. Now Night, thou who hast tarried for me, I permit thee to give place to Day, that thou mayst shine upon mortals with a bright and brilliant light. And Night, as much as on this last thou wast too long, so much the shorter will I make the Day to be, that a Day of equal disparity may succeed the Night. I'll go and follow Mercury. (*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter AMPHITRYON *and* SOSIA, *at the end of the stage.*

AMPH. Come, do you follow after me.

SOS. I'm following; I'm following close after you.

AMPH. I think that you are the veriest rogue——

SOS. But for what reason?

AMPH. Because that which neither is, nor *ever* was, nor will be, you declare to me.

SOS. Look at that; you are now acting according to your usual fashion, to be putting no trust in your servants.

AMPH. Why is it so? For what reason? Surely now, by the powers, I'll cut out that villanous tongue of yours, you villain.

SOS. I am yours; do each thing just as it is agreable and *as* it pleases you. Still you never can, by any method, hinder me from saying these things just as they took place here.

[1] *Don't be angry*)—Ver. 540. It has been justly remarked that the amiable and interesting character of Alcmena is not unlike that of Desdemona, in Shakspeare's Othello.

Amph. You consummate villain, do you dare tell me this, that you are now at home, who are here present?

Sos. I speak the truth. Amph. A mishap shall the Gods send upon you, and I this day will send it *as well*.

Sos. That's in your power, for I am your property.

Amph. Do you dare, you whip-scoundrel, to play your tricks with me, your master? Do you dare affirm that which no person ever yet before this has seen, and which cannot possibly happen, for the same man to be in two places together at the same time?

Sos. Undoubtedly, such as I say is the fact.

Amph. May Jupiter confound you!

Sos. What evil, master, have I been deemed deserving of in your service? Amph. Do you ask me, you rogue, who are even making sport of me?

Sos. With reason might you curse me, if it had not so happened. But I tell no lie, and I speak as the thing *really* did happen.

Amph. This fellow's drunk, as I imagine.

Sos. What, I? Amph. *Yes*—you there.

Sos. I wish I were so.

Amph. You are wishing for that which is fact; where have you been drinking? Sos. Nowhere, indeed.

Amph. What is this, that is the matter with the fellow?

Sos. Really I have told you ten times over. I am both at home now, I say (do you mark me?), and I, Sosia, am with you likewise. Don't I appear, master, to have told you quite distinctly, *and* quite circumstantially, that this is so.

Amph. Avaunt, get away with you from me.

Sos. What's the matter?

Amph. A pestilence possesses you.

Sos. But why do you say so to me? I really am quite well and in perfect health, Amphitryon.

Amph. But I'll make you this very day, just as you have deserved, not to be quite so well, and to be miserable instead of your perfect health, if I return home. Follow me, you who in this fashion are making sport of your master with your crack-brained talk; you, who, since you have neglected to perform what your master ordered, are now come even of your own accord to laugh at your master. Things which neither can happen, and which no one ever yet heard of in

talk, you are telling of, you villain; on your back I'll take care and make those lies to tell this very day.

Sos. Amphitryon, this is the most wretched of wretchedness to a good servant, who is telling the truth to his master, if that same truth is overpowered by violence.

AMPH. Discuss it with me by proofs. Why, how the plague can such a thing happen, for you now to be both here and at home? That I want to be told.

Sos. I really am both here and there; this any person has a right to wonder at; nor, Amphitryon, does this seem more strange to you than to myself.

AMPH. In what way?

Sos. In no degree, I say, is this more strange to you than to myself; nor, so may the Deities love me, did I at first credit Sosia—me myself, until that Sosia, I myself, made me to believe me myself. In order did he relate everything, as each thing came to pass, when we sojourned with the enemy; *and* then besides, he has carried off my figure together with my name. Not even is milk more like to milk than is that I *myself* like to me *myself*. For when some time since, before daybreak, you sent me from the harbour home before you——

AMPH. What then?

Sos. I had been standing a long time at the door before I had got there.

AMPH. Plague on it, what nonsense! Are you quite in your senses? Sos. I'm just as you see me.

AMPH. Some mischief, I know not what, has befallen this fellow from an evil hand[1] since he left me.

Sos. I confess it; for I have been most shockingly bruised with his fists.

AMPH. Who has been beating you?

Sos. I myself, who am now at home, *beat* me myself.

AMPH. Take you care *to say* nothing but what I shall ask you. Now, do you answer me. First of all, who this Sosia is, of that I want to be informed.

Sos. He is your servant.

[1] *An evil hand*)—Ver. 605. "Malâ manu." In this line these words relate to sorcery or enchantment, probably through spells, in which the hand was employed. Sosia takes the opportunity of punning, by understanding the words in their literal sense. "Evil hand," indeed, he says, "when I have been almost mauled to death with fists."

Amph. Really I have even more than I desire by your own one self. Never, too, since I was born, had I a servant Sosia besides yourself.

Sos. But now, Amphitryon, I say *this;* I'll make you, I say, on your arrival, meet with another Sosia at home, a servant of yours, besides myself, a son of Davus, the same father with myself, of figure and age as well just like myself. What need is there of words? This Sosia of yours is become twofold.

Amph. You talk of things extremely wonderful. But did you see my wife? Sos. Nay, but it was never allowed me to go in-doors into the house.

Amph. Who hindered you? Sos. This Sosia, whom I was just now telling of, he who thumped me.

Amph. Who is this Sosia? Sos. Myself, I say; how often must it be told you?

Amph. But how say you? Have you been sleeping the while? Sos. Not the slightest in the world.

Amph. Then, perhaps, you might perchance have seen some Sosia in your dreams.

Sos. I am not in the habit of performing the orders of my master in a sleepy fashion. Awake I saw *him*, awake I now see you, awake I am talking, awake did he, a little while since, thump me about with his fists.

Amph. What person *did so?* Sos. Sosia, that I *myself,*—he, I say. Prithee, don't you understand?

Amph. How, the plague, can any one possibly understand? You are jabbering such nonsense.

Sos. But you'll know him shortly.

Amph. Whom? Sos. You'll know this servant Sosia.

Amph. Follow me this way, then; for it is necessary for me first to enquire into this. But take care that all the things that I ordered are now brought from the ship.

Sos. I am both mindful and diligent that what you order shall be performed; together with the wine, I have not drunk up your commands.

Amph. May the Gods grant, that, in the event, what you have said may prove untrue. (*They stand apart.*)

Scene II.—*Enter* Alcmena, *from the house, attended by* Thessala.

Alc. Is not the proportion of pleasures in life and in

passing our existence short in comparison with what is disagreable? So it is allotted to each man in life; so has it pleased the Gods that Sorrow should attend on Pleasure as her companion; but if aught of good befalls us, more of trouble and of ill forthwith attends us. For this do I now feel by experience at home and in relation to myself, to whom delight has been imparted for a very short time, while I had the opportunity of seeing my husband for but one night; and now has he suddenly gone away hence from me before the dawn. Deserted do I now seem to myself, because he is absent from here, *he* whom before all I love. More of grief have I felt from the departure of my husband, than of pleasure from his arrival. But this, at least, makes me happy, that he has conquered the foe, and has returned home loaded with glory. Let him be absent, if only with fame acquired he betakes himself home. I shall bear and ever endure his absence with mind resolved and steadfast; if only this reward is granted me, that my husband shall be hailed the conqueror in the warfare, sufficient for myself will I deem it. Valour is the best reward; valour assuredly surpasses all things: liberty, safety, life, property and parents, country too, and children, *by it* are defended *and* preserved. Valour comprises everything in itself: all blessings attend him in whose possession is valour.

AMPH. (*apart*). By my troth, I do believe that I shall come much wished for by my wife, who loves me, *and* whom, in return, I love: especially, our enterprise crowned with success, the enemy vanquished, whom no one had supposed to be able to be conquered: these, under my conduct and command, at the first meeting, have we vanquished; but I know for sure that I shall come to her much wished for.

SOS. (*aside*). Well, *and* don't you think that I shall come much wished for to my mistress?

AMPHITRYON *advances, at a distance, with* SOSIA.

ALC. (*to herself*). Surely, this is my husband.

AMPH. (*to* SOSIA). Do you follow me this way.

ALC. (*to herself*). But why has he returned, when just now he said that he was in haste? Is he purposely trying me, and is he desirous to make proof of this, how much I regret his departure? By my faith, against no inclination of mine has he betaken himself home.

Sos. Amphitryon, it were better for us to return to the ship. AMPH. For what reason?

Sos. Because there's no person at home to give us a breakfast on our arrival.

AMPH. How comes that now into your mind?

Sos. Why, because we have come too late.

AMPH. How so? Sos. Because I see Alcmena standing before the house, with her stomach-full[1] *already*.

AMPH. I left her pregnant here when I went away.

Sos. Alas, to my sorrow, I'm undone!

AMPH. What's the matter with you? Sos. I have come home just in good time to fetch the water[2] in the tenth month after *that*, according as I understand you to compute the reckoning.

AMPH. Be of good heart. Sos. Do you know of how good heart I am? By my troth, do you never after this day entrust to me aught that is sacred, if I don't draw up all the life of that well, if I do *but* make a beginning.

AMPH. Do you only follow me this way. I'll appoint another person for that business; don't you fear.

ALC. (*advancing*). I think that I shall now be doing my duty more, if I go to meet him. (*They meet.*)

AMPH. With joy, Amphitryon greets his longed-for wife—*her*, whom of all women in Thebes her husband deems by far the most excellent, and whom so much the Theban citizens truthfully extol as virtuous. Have you fared well all along? Do I arrive much wished for *by you?*

Sos. (*aside*). I never saw one more so; for she greets her own husband not a bit more than a dog.

AMPH. When I see you pregnant, and *so* gracefully burdened, I am delighted.

ALC. Prithee, in the name of all that's good, why, for the sake of mockery, do you thus salute and address me, as though you hadn't lately seen me—as though now, for the first time, you were betaking yourself homeward here from the enemy? For now you are addressing me just as though you were seeing me after a long time.

[1] *Stomach-full*)—Ver. 667. He is guilty of a vulgar pun on the word "saturam," which may either mean "having a full stomach" or "being pregnant."

[2] *To fetch the water*)—Ver. 669. He alludes to the practice among the ancients of bathing immediately after childbirth, and says that he himself, as the servant, will have to fetch the buckets of water

AMPH. Why, really for my part, I have not seen you at all this day until now.

ALC. Why do you deny it? AMPH. Because I have learned to speak the truth.

ALC. He does not do right, who unlearns the same that he has learned. Are you making trial what feelings I possess? But why are you returning hither so soon? Has an ill omen delayed you, or does the weather keep you back, *you* who have not gone away to your troops, as you were lately speaking of?

AMPH. Lately? How long since was this "lately?"

ALC. You are trying me; but very lately, just now.

AMPH. Prithee, how can that possibly be as you say?—"but very lately, just now."

ALC. Why, what do you imagine? That I, on the other hand, shall trifle with you who are playing with me, in saying that you are now come for the first time, *you* who but just now went away from here?

AMPH. Surely she is talking deliriously.

SOS. Stop a little while, until she has slept out *this* one sleep.

AMPH. Is she not dreaming with her eyes open?

ALC. Upon my faith, for my part I really am awake, and awake I am relating that which has happened; for, but lately, before daybreak, I saw both him (*pointing at* SOSIA) and yourself.

AMPH. In what place?

ALC. Here, in the house where you yourself dwell.

AMPH. It never was the fact.

SOS. Will you not hold your peace? What if the vessel brought us here from the harbour in our sleep?

AMPH. Are you, too, going to back her as well?

SOS. (*aside to* AMPHITRYON). What do you wish to be done? Don't you know, if you wish to oppose a raving Bacchanal, from a mad woman you'll render her more mad—she'll strike the oftener[1]; if you humour her, after one blow you may overcome her?

AMPH. But, by my troth, this thing is resolved upon, somehow to rate her who this day has been unwilling to greet me on my arrival home.

[1] *Strike the oftener*)—Ver. 704. This is said in allusion to the blows with the thyrsus, which the frantic female votaries of Bacchus inflicted upon all persons that they met.

Sos. You'll *only* be irritating hornets.

Amph. You hold your tongue. Alcmena, I wish to ask you one thing. Alc. Ask me anything you please.

Amph. Is it frenzy that has come upon you, or does pride overcome you?

Alc. How comes it into your mind, my husband, to ask me that?

Amph. Because formerly you used to greet me on my arrival, *and* to address me in such manner as those women who are virtuous are wont their husbands. On my arrival home I've found that you have got rid of that custom.

Alc. By my faith, indeed, I assuredly did both greet you yesterday, upon your arrival, at that very instant, and at the same time I enquired if you had continued in health all along, my husband, and I took your hand and gave you a kiss.

Sos. What, did you welcome him yesterday?

Alc. And you too, as well, Sosia.

Sos. Amphitryon, I did hope that she was about to bring you forth a son; but she isn't gone with child.

Amph. What then? Sos. With madness.

Alc. Really I am in my senses, and I pray the Gods that in safety I may bring forth a son; but (*to* Sosia) hap-ill shall you be having, if he does his duty: for those ominous words, omen-maker, you shall catch what befits you.

Sos. Why really an apple[1] ought to be given to the lady thus pregnant, that there may be something for her to gnaw if she should begin to faint.

Amph. Did you see me here yesterday?

Alc. I *did*, I say, if you wish it to be ten times repeated.

Amph. In your sleep, perhaps?

Alc. No—I, awake, *saw you* awake. Amph. Woe to me!

Sos. What's the matter with you?

[1] *An apple*)—Ver. 723. There is a pun here upon the similarity of the two words "malum," "evil," and "malum," an "apple," in which latter sense Sosia chooses to take the expression of Alcmena. The version of the pun used in the text is borrowed from Thornton's Translation. In a Note, he wonders "why an apple (or any fruit) should be given to a pregnant woman." Sosia seems to explain the reason, in saying that if she feels faint, she will have something to gnaw. It is not improbable that tension of the muscles may in some degree counteract a tendency to faint. This wretched pun is repeated in l. 1032

AMPH. My wife is mad. SOS. She's attacked with black bile; nothing so soon turns people mad.

AMPH. When, madam, did you first find yourself affected?

ALC. Why really, upon my faith, I'm well, and in my senses.

AMPH. Why, then, do you say that you saw me yesterday, *whereas* we were brought into harbour *but* last night? There did I dine, and there did I rest the livelong night on board ship, nor have I set my foot even here into the house, since, with the army, I set out hence against the Teleboan foe, and since we conquered them.

ALC. On the contrary, you dined with me, and you slept with me.

AMPH. How so? ALC. I'm telling the truth.

AMPH. On my honor, not in this matter, really; about other *matters* I don't know. ALC. At the very break of dawn you went away to your troops.

AMPH. By what means *could I?*

SOS. She says right, according as she remembers; she's telling you her dream. But, madam, after you arose, you ought to have sacrificed to Jove, the disposer of prodigies[1], either with a salt cake or with frankincense.

ALC. A mischief on your head!

SOS. That's your own business, if you take due care.

ALC. Now again this fellow is talking rudely to me, and that without punishment.

AMPH. (*to* SOSIA). You hold your tongue. (*To* ALCMENA.) Do you tell me *now*—did I go away hence from you at daybreak?

ALC. Who then but your own self recounted to me how the battle went there? AMPH. And do you know that as well?

ALC. Why, I heard it from your own self, how you had taken a very large city, and how you yourself had slain king Pterelas.

AMPH. What, did I tell you this?

ALC. You yourself, this Sosia standing by as well.

AMPH. (*to* SOSIA). Have you heard me telling about this to-day? SOS. Where should I have heard you?

[1] *Disposer of prodigies*)—Ver. 739. See the Miles Gloriosus, l. 394, and the Note to the passage.

Amph. Ask her. Sos. In my presence, indeed, it never took place, that I know of.

Alc. It would be a wonder[1] if he didn't contradict you.

Amph. Sosia, come here and look at me.

Sos. (*looks at him*). I am looking at you.

Amph. I wish you to tell the truth, *and* I don't want you to humour me. Have you heard me this day say to her these things which she affirms?

Sos. Prithee now, by my troth, are you, too, mad as well, when you ask me this, *me*, who, for my part, my own self now behold her in company with you for the first time?

Amph. How now, madam? Do you hear him?

Alc. I do, indeed, and telling an untruth.

Amph. Do you believe neither him nor my own self, your husband?

Alc. *No;* for this reason it is, because I most readily believe myself, and I am sure that these things took place just as I relate them.

Amph. Do you say that I came yesterday?

Alc. Do you deny that you went away from here to-day?

Amph. I really do deny it, and I declare that I have now come home to you for the first time.

Alc. Prithee, will you deny this too, that you to-day made me a present of a golden goblet, with which you said that you had been presented?

Amph. By heavens, I neither gave it nor told you *so:* but I had so intended, and do so now, to present you with that goblet. But who told you this?

Alc. Why, I heard it from yourself, and I received the goblet from your own hand. (*She moves as if going.*)

Amph. Stay, stay, I entreat you. Sosia, I marvel much how she knows that I was presented there with *this* golden goblet, unless you have lately met her and told her all this.

Sos. Upon my faith, I have never told her, nor have I ever beheld her except with yourself.

Amph. What is the matter[2] with this person?

Alc. Should you like the goblet to be produced?

Amph. I should like it to be produced.

[1] *It would be a wonder*)—Ver. 750. She says this ironically.

[2] *What is the matter*)—Ver. 769. It is disputed among the Commentators to which character these words belong, Amphitryon or Alcmena

ALC. Be it *so*. Do you go, Thessala, *and* bring from indoors the goblet, with which my husband presented me today. (THESSALA *goes into the house, and* AMPHITRYON *and* SOSIA *walk on one side.*)

AMPH. Sosia, do you step this way. Really, I do wonder extremely at this beyond the other wondrous matters, if she has got this goblet.

SOS. And do you believe it, when it's carried in this casket, sealed with your own seal. (*He shows the casket.*)

AMPH. Is the seal whole? SOS. Examine it.

AMPH. (*examining it*). All right, it's just as I sealed it up.

SOS. Prithee, why don't you order her to be purified[1] as a frantic person? AMPH. By my troth, somehow there's need for it, for, i' faith, she's certainly filled with sprites.

THESSALA *returns with the goblet, and gives it to* ALCMENA.

ALC. What need is there of talking? See, here's the goblet; here it is. AMPH. Give it me.

ALC. Come, now then, look here, if you please, you who deny what is fact, *and* whom I shall now clearly convict in this case. Isn't this the goblet with which you were presented there?

AMPH. Supreme Jupiter! what do I behold? Surely this is that goblet. Sosia, I'm utterly confounded.

SOS. Upon my faith, either this woman is a most consummate juggler, or the goblet must be in here (*pointing to the casket*). AMPH. Come, then, open this casket.

SOS. Why should I open it? It is securely sealed. The thing is cleverly contrived; you have brought forth another Amphitryon, I have brought forth another Sosia; now if the goblet has brought forth a goblet, we have all produced our doubles.

AMPH. I'm determined to open and examine it.

SOS. Look, please, how the seal is, that you may not hereafter throw the blame on me.

AMPH. Now do open it. For she certainly is desirous to drive us mad with her talking.

[1] *To be purified*)—Ver. 776. "Circumferri." Literally, "to be carried round her." Those who were "cerriti," "tormented with the wrath of Ceres," or, in other words, "possessed by evil spirits," were exorcised by persons walking round them with sulphur and burning torches; whence the present expression.

Alc. Whence then came this which was made a present to me, but from yourself?

Amph. It's necessary for me to enquire into this.

Sos. (*opening the casket*). Jupiter, O Jupiter!

Amph. What is the matter with you?

Sos. There's no goblet here in the casket.

Amph. What do I hear. Sos. That which is the truth.

Amph. But at your peril now, if it does not make its appearance.

Alc. (*showing it*). Why, it does make its appearance.

Amph. Who then gave it you?

Alc. The person that's asking me the question.

Sos. (*to* Amphitryon). You are on the catch for me, inasmuch as you yourself have secretly run before me hither from the ship by another road, and have taken the goblet away from here and given it to her, *and* afterwards you have secretly sealed it up again.

Amph. Ah me! and are you too helping her frenzy as well? (*To* Alcmena.) Do you say that we arrived here yesterday? Alc. I do say so, and on your arrival you instantly greeted me, and I you, and I gave you a kiss.

Sos. (*aside*). That beginning now about the kiss doesn't please me.

Amph. Go on telling it. Alc. *Then* you bathed.

Amph. What, after I bathed?

Alc. You took your place *at table.*

Sos. Bravo, capital! Now make further enquiry.

Amph. (*to* Sosia). Don't you interrupt. (*To* Alcmena). Go on telling me. Alc. The dinner was served; you dined with me; I reclined together with you *at the repast.*

Amph. *What*, on the same couch? Alc. On the same.

Sos. Oh dear, I don't like this banquet.

Amph. Now do let her give her proofs. (*To* Alcmena.) What, after we had dined?

Alc. You said that you were inclined to go to sleep; the table was removed; thence we went to bed.

Amph. Where did you lie?

Alc. In the chamber, in the same bed together with yourself. Amph. You have proved my undoing.

Sos. What's the matter with you?

Amph. This very moment has she sent me to my grave.

Alc. How so, pray? Amph. Don't address me.

Sos. What's the matter with you?

Amph. To my sorrow I'm undone, since, in my absence from here, dishonor has befallen her chastity.

Alc. In heaven's name, my lord, why, I beseech you, do I hear this from you? Amph. I, your lord? False one, don't call me by a false name.

Sos. (*aside*). 'Tis an odd matter[1] this, if indeed he has been made into my lady from my lord.

Alc. What have I done, by reason of which these expressions are uttered to me?

Amph. You yourself proclaim your own doings; do you enquire of me in what you have offended?

Alc. In what have I offended you, if I have been with you to whom I am married?

Amph. You, been with me? What is there of greater effrontery than this impudent woman? At least, if you were wanting in modesty of your own, you might have borrowed it.

Alc. That criminality which you lay to my charge befits not my family. If you try to catch me in incontinence, you cannot convict me.

Amph. Immortal Gods! do you at least know me, Sosia?

Sos. Pretty well.

Amph. Did I not dine yesterday on board ship in the Persian Port?

Alc. I have witnesses as well, who can confirm that which I say.

Sos. I don't know what to say to this matter, unless, perchance, there is another Amphitryon, who, perhaps, though you yourself are absent, takes care of your business, *and* who, in your absence, performs your duties here. For about that counterfeit Sosia it is very surprising. Certainly, about this Amphitryon, now, it is another matter still more surprising.

Amph. Some magician, I know not who, is bewildering this woman.

Alc. By the realms of the supreme Sovereign I swear,

[1] *'Tis an odd matter*)—Ver. 814. Thornton says, on this passage, "The ambiguity of Sosia's pun in this place depends on the double signification of 'vir, which means 'a man' and 'a husband.'" Poor as it is, it answers very well in the English word "lord."

and by Juno, the matron *Goddess*, whom for me to fear and venerate it is most especially fitting, that no mortal being[1] except yourself alone has ever touched my person in contact with his so as to render me unchaste.

Amph. I could wish that that was **true.**

Alc. I speak the truth, but in vain, since you will not believe me.

Amph. You are a woman; you swear at random.

Alc. She who has not done wrong, her it befits to be bold *and* to speak confidently and positively in her own behalf.

Amph. *That's* very boldly *said.*

Alc. Just as befits a virtuous woman.

Amph. Say you so? By *your own* words you prove it.

Alc. That which is called a dowry, I do not deem the same my dowry; but chastity, and modesty, and subdued desires, fear of the Gods, and love of my parents, and concord with my kindred; to be obedient to yourself, and bounteous to the good, ready to aid the upright.

Sos. Surely, by my troth, if she tells the truth in this, she's perfect to the very ideal[2].

Amph. Really I am so bewildered, that I don't know myself who I am.

Sos. Surely you are Amphitryon; take you care, please, that you don't peradventure lose yourself; people are changing in such a fashion since we came from abroad.

Amph. Madam, I'm resolved not to omit having this matter enquired into.

Alc. I' faith, you'll do *so* quite to my satisfaction.

Amph. How say you? Answer me; what if I bring your own kinsman, Naucrates, hither from the ship, who, together with me, has been brought on board the same ship; and if he denies that that has happened which you say has happened, what is proper to be done to you? Do you allege any reason why I should not at your cost dissolve[3] this *our* marriage?

[1] *No mortal being*)—Ver. 833. Unknowingly, Alcmena has a salvo here for the untruth, which, unconsciously, she would be otherwise telling; Jupiter not being a mortal.

[2] *To the very ideal*)—Ver. 843. "Examussim." Literally, "by the rule;" a term applied to carpenter's work.

[3] *At your cost dissolve*)—Ver. 852. "Mulctem matrimonio." He alludes to the custom among the Romans of the husband retaining the marriage-portion of the wife, when she was divorced for adultery. If they separated for any other reason, her portion was returned to her.

Alc. If I have done wrong, there is no reason.

Amph. Agreed. Do you, Sosia, take these[1] people in-doors. I'll bring Naucrates hither with me from the ship. (*Exit.*

Sos. (*going close to* Alcmena). Now then, there's no one *here* except ourselves; tell me the truth seriously, is there any Sosia in-doors who is like myself?

Alc. Won't you hence away from me, fit servant for your master? Sos. If you command me, I'm off[2]. (*Goes into the house.*)

Alc. (*to herself*). By heavens, it is a very wondrous proceeding, how it has pleased this husband of mine thus to accuse me falsely of a crime so foul. Whatever it is, I shall now learn it from my kinsman Naucrates. (*Goes into the house.*)

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Jupiter.

Jup. I am that Amphitryon, whose servant Sosia is the same that becomes Mercury when there is occasion—*I*, who dwell in the highest story[3], who sometimes, when it pleases me, become Jupiter. But, hither soon as ever I turn my steps, I become Amphitryon that moment, and I change my garb. Now hither am I come for the sake of a compliment to you, that I may not leave this Comedy incomplete. I've come as well to bring assistance to Alcmena, whom, guiltless *woman*, her husband Amphitryon is accusing of dishonor. For what I myself have brought about, if that undeservedly should fall as an injury upon her in her innocence, it would be my blame. Now, as I have already begun, I'll again pretend that I am Amphitryon, and this day will I introduce extreme confusion into this household. Then afterwards, at last, I'll cause the matter to be disclosed, and to Alcmena timely aid will I bring, and will cause that at one birth she shall bring

[1] *Take these*)—Ver. 854. "Hos." It is not known to what this word is intended to apply; but it may possibly refer to some captives which he has brought with him, the fruits of his conquest.

[2] *I'm off*)—Ver. 857. We may suppose him to say so with peculiar alacrity, as "abeo," the word used by Alcmena, was the formal word used on the manumission of a slave.

[3] *The highest story*)—Ver. 863. "Cænaculo." "Cænaculum" was a name given to garrets, or upper rooms, which were let out as lodgings to the poorer classes. The word here conveys a double sense, either as signifying the elevated habitation of the heavenly Jove, or the humble lodging of the poor actor

forth, without pangs[1], both *the child* with which she is pregnant by her husband and that with which she is pregnant by myself. I have ordered Mercury forthwith to follow me, if I should wish to give him any commands. Now will I accost her. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* ALCMENA, *from the house.*

ALC. I cannot remain in the house. That I should be thus accused by my husband of dishonor, incontinence, *and* disgrace! he cries aloud that things which have been done, have really not been done; *and* of things which have not been done, and of which I have not been guilty, he accuses me, and supposes that I shall treat it with indifference. By heavens, I will not do so, nor will I allow myself to be falsely charged with dishonor; but rather I'll either leave him, or make him give satisfaction and swear as well[2] that he wishes unsaid the things which he has alleged against me in my innocence.

JUP. (*apart*). This must be done by me, which she requires to be done, if I wish for her to receive me into her company as loving her: since that which I have done, that same conduct has proved to the detriment of Amphitryon, and *since* my love has already created trouble for him who is *really* guiltless, why now his wrath and his resentment towards her shall fall on me that am not accused.

ALC. And lo! I see him, who just now was accusing wretched me of incontinence *and* dishonor.

JUP. (*advancing*). Wife, I would discourse with you. (*She turns from him.*) Why turn yourself away?

ALC. Such is my disposition; I always hate to look upon my enemies.

JUP. Heyday! enemies indeed[3]! ALC. It is so, I speak the

who is performing the part. Perhaps our cant term, "sky-parlour," which is sometimes applied to a garret, would be the happiest translation here of the word.

[1] *Without pangs*)—Ver. 879. "Sine doloribus." Plautus has been censured here for inconsistency, as at the close of the Play he appears to represent Alcmena as enduring the pangs of childbirth; but it is to be remembered that is only the account given by Bromia, and, according to what was her impression, on hearing Alcmena invoke the Deities.

[2] *Swear as well*)—Ver. 889. It was considered a sufficient atonement, if the accuser took an oath that his accusation was wrongful; and his oath was considered to wipe off the injury.

[3] *Enemies indeed*)—Ver. 901. "Inimicos." Gronovius tells us that "inimicus" was a term in law by which the husband was denoted after divorce

truth; unless you are going to allege that this is falsely said as well.

Jup. (*offering to embrace her*). You are too angry.

Alc. (*repulsing him*). Can't you keep your hands off? For surely if you were wise, or quite in your senses, with her, whom you deem and pronounce to be unchaste, you would neither hold discourse, in mirth or in seriousness, unless, *indeed,* you are more foolish than the most foolish.

Jup. If I did say *so*, not a bit the more are you so, nor do I think you so, and therefore have I returned hither that I might excuse myself to you. For never has anything proved more grievous to my feelings than when I heard that you were angry with me. "Why did you charge me?" you will say. I'll tell you; by my troth, not that I deemed you to be unchaste; but I was trying your feelings, what you would do, and in what manner you would bring *yourself* to bear it. Really, I said these things to you just now in jest, for the sake of the joke. Do but ask Sosia this.

Alc. But why don't you bring here my kinsman, Naucrates, whom you said just now that you would bring as a witness that you had not come here?

Jup. If anything was said in joke, it isn't right for you to take it in earnest.

Alc. I know how much this has pained me at heart.

Jup. Prithee, Alcmena (*taking her hand*), by your right hand I do entreat you, grant me pardon; forgive me, don't be angry.

Alc. By my virtue have I rendered these accusations vain. Since then I eschew conduct that's unchaste, I would wish to avoid imputations of unchastity. Fare you well, keep your own[1] property to yourself, return *me* mine. Do you order any *maids to be* my attendants?

Jup. Are you in your senses? Alc. If you don't order them, let me *go alone;* chastity shall I take as my attendant. (*Going.*)

Jup. Stay—at your desire, I'll give my oath that I believe my wife[2] to be chaste. If in that I deceive you, then, thee,

if so, the expression might be supposed to strike with peculiar harshness on a husband's ear.

[1] *Keep your own*)—Ver. 928. This was the formula used on separation by mutual consent, when the wife's portion was returned to her, as a matter of course.

[2] *Believe my wife*)—Ver 932. Madame Dacier suggests that Jupiter is here

supreme Jupiter, do I entreat that thou wilt ever be angered against[1] Amphitryon.

Alc. Oh! rather may he prove propitious.

Jup. I trust that it will be *so;* for before you have I taken a truthful oath. Now then, you are not angry?

Alc. I am not. Jup. You act properly. For in the life of mortals many things of this nature come to pass; *and now* they take their pleasures, again they meet with hardships. Quarrels intervene, again do they become reconciled. But if perchance any quarrels of this nature happen between them, when again they have become reconciled, twofold more loving are they between themselves than *they were* before.

Alc. At the first you ought to have been careful not to say *so;* but if you excuse yourself to me for the same, it must be put up with.

Jup. But bid the sacred vessels to be got ready for me, that I may fulfil all those vows which I made when with the army, in case I should return safe home.

Alc. I'll take care of that. Jup. (*To a* Servant). Call out Sosia hither. Let him fetch Blepharo, the pilot that was on board my ship, to breakfast with us. (*Aside.*) He shall be fooled this day[2] so as to go without his breakfast, while I shall drag Amphitryon hence by the throat.

Alc. (*aside*). It's surprising what he can be arranging alone in secrecy with himself. But the door opens; Sosia's coming out.

Scene III.—*Enter* Sosia, *from the house.*

Sos. Amphitryon, I'm here; if any way you have need of me, command me; your commands I will obey.

Jup. Very opportunely are you come.

Sos. Has peace been made then between you two? But since I see you in good humour, I'm delighted, and it is a

equivocating, and that he is covertly resorting to a salvo, by alluding to the chastity of Juno, his heavenly consort. He is so full of quibbles and subterfuges, that it is not unlikely to be intentional, although Dacier has been ridiculed by Gueudeville and Thornton for the notion.

[1] *Ever be angered against*)—Ver. 934. This oath is similar in its absurdity to that of Mercury, in l. 392. Jupiter, personating Amphitryon, says, that if he himself breaks his oath, then may he himself always prove hostile to Amphitryon.

[2] *Be fooled this day*)—Ver. 952. Jupiter says this for the information of the Audience, and to raise their expectations of the fun that is to follow.

pleasure to myself. And so does it seem becoming for a trusty servant to conduct himself; just as his superiors are, so should he be likewise; by their countenances he should fashion his own countenance; if his superiors are grave, let him be grave; if they rejoice, let him be merry. But come, answer me; have you *two* now come to a reconciliation?

Jup. You are laughing at me, who know *full well* that these things were just now said by me in joke.

Sos. In joke did you say it? For my part, I supposed *that it was said* seriously and in truthfulness.

Jup. Still, I've made my excuses; *and* peace has been made.

Sos. 'Tis very good. Jup. I shall *now* perform the sacrifice in-doors, and the vows which I have made.

Sos. *So* I suppose. Jup. Do you invite hither, in my name, Blepharo, the pilot, from the ship, so that when the sacrifice has been performed, he may breakfast with me.

Sos. I shall be here again, while you'll be thinking that I'm there.

Jup. Return here directly. (*Exit* Sosia.) Alc. Do you wish for anything else, but that I should go in-doors now, that the things that are requisite may be got ready?

Jup. Go then, and take care that everything is prepared as soon as possible. Alc. Why, come in-doors whenever you please; I'll take care that there shall not be any delay.

Jup. You say well, and just as befits an attentive wife. (Alcmena *goes into the house.*)

Scene IV.—Jupiter, *alone.*

Jup. Now both of these, both servant and mistress, are, the pair of them, deceived, in taking me to be Amphitryon; egregiously do they err. Now, you immortal Sosia, take you care and be at hand for me. You hear what I say, although you are not present here. Take care that you contrive to drive away Amphitryon, on his arrival just now, by some means or other, from the house. I wish him to be cajoled, while with this borrowed wife I now indulge myself. Please, take care that this is attended to just in such way as you know that I desire, and that you assist me while to myself I am offering sacrifice[1]. (*Goes into* Amphitryon's *house.*)

[1] *I am offering sacrifice*).—Ver 983. There is a cessation of action here, and

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Mercury, *running, at the end of the stage.*

Merc. Stand by and make room all *of you,* get you out of the way. And let not any person now be so presumptuous as to stand before me in the road. For surely, why, by my troth, should I, a God, be any less allowed to threaten the public, if it does not get out of my way, than a slave in Comedies[1]? He is bringing news that the ship is safe, or else the approach of some angry old blade; *whereas* I am obeying the bidding of Jove, *and* by his command do I now hie me. For this reason, it is more fitting to get out of the road and to make room for me. My father calls me, I am following him, to his orders *so* given am I obedient. As it befits a son to be dutiful to his father, just so am I to my father; in his amours I play second fiddle to him, I encourage him, assist him, advise him, rejoice *with him.* If anything is pleasing to my father, that pleasure is an extremely great one for myself. Is he amorously disposed? He is wise; he does right, inasmuch as he follows his inclination; a thing that all men ought to do, so long as it is done in a proper manner. Now, my father wishes Amphitryon to be cajoled; I'll take care, Spectators, that he shall be rarely cajoled, while you look on. I'll place a chaplet on my head, *and* pretend that I am drunk. And up there (*pointing to the top of the house*) will I get; from that spot, at the top of the house, I'll cleverly drive *this* person off when he comes hither: I'll take care that, sober, he shall be drenched. Afterwards, his own servant Sosia will pre-

Echard and Thornton rightly make the next Scene commence another Act. The interval is filled up with Amphitryon searching for Naucrates, Sosia for Blepharo, and Jupiter and Alcmena performing the sacrifice.

[1] *Slave in Comedies*) — Ver. 987. In reference to this passage, Thornton says, "It is remarkable that this circumstance, which appears to be here ridiculed, is introduced in no less than three of our author's Plays. In the Mercator, Acanthio runs to his master Charinus, to tell him that his mistress Pasicompsa has been seen in the ship by his father Demipho; in the Stichus, Dinacium (Pinacium), a slave, informs his mistress Panegyris (Philumena) that her husband has put into port on his return from Asia; and in the Mostellaria, Tranio brings information of the unexpected coming of Theuropides, an old gentleman. Terence has censured the like practice, in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor."

sently be suffering the punishment for it; he'll be accusing him of doing, this day, the things which I myself have done what's that to me? It's proper for me to be obedient to my father; it's right to be subservient to his pleasure. But see! here is Amphitryon; he's coming. Now shall he be rarely fooled, if, indeed, (*to the* AUDIENCE) you are willing, by listening, to lend your attention. I'll go in-doors, *and* assume a garb[1] that more becomes me; then I'll go up upon the roof, that I may drive him off from hence. (*Goes into the house, and fastens the door.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* AMPHITRYON.

AMPH. (*to himself*). Nauerates, whom I wanted to find, was not on board ship; neither at home nor in the city do I meet with any one that has seen him; for through all the streets have I crawled, the wrestling-rings and the perfumers' shops, to the market, too, and in the shambles, the school for exercise, and the Forum, the doctors' shops, the barbers' shops, *and* among all the sacred buildings. I'm wearied out with seeking him, *and yet* I nowhere meet with Nauerates. Now I'll go home, and from my wife will I continue to make enquiry into this matter, who the person was, by the side of whom she submitted her body to dishonor. For it were better that I was dead, than that I this day should leave this enquiry incomplete. (*Goes up to the door.*) But the house is closed. A pretty thing indeed! This is done just like the other things have been done: I'll knock at the door. (*Knocks.*) Open this *door;* ho there! is there anybody here? Is any one going to open this door?

SCENE III.—MERCURY *appears on the top of the house, with a chaplet on his head, pretending to be drunk.*

MERC. Who's that at the door? AMPH. 'Tis I.

MERC. Who's "'tis I?" AMPH. 'Tis I that say so.

MERC. For sure, Jupiter and all the Deities are angered with you who are banging at the door this way.

AMPH. In what manner? MERC. In this manner, that without a doubt you must be spending a wretched life.

[1] *Assume a garb*)—Ver. 1007. He perhaps means not only the chaplet worn by the reveller on his head, but the garb of a slave also.

Amph. Sosia. Merc. Well; I'm Sosia, unless you think that I've forgotten myself. What do you want now?

Amph. What, you rascal, and do you even ask me that, what it is I want?

Merc. I do *so* ask you; you blockhead, you've almost broken the hinges from off the door. Did you fancy that doors were supplied us at the public charge? Why are you looking up at me, you stupid? What do you want now for yourself, or what fellow are you?

Amph. You whip-scoundrel, do you even ask me who I am, you hell of elm-saplings[1]? I' faith, this day I'll make you burn with *smarts of* the scourge for these speeches *of yours*.

Merc. You surely must have formerly been a spendthrift in your young days.

Amph. How so? Merc. Because in your old age you come begging a hap-ill[2] of me *for yourself*.

Amph. Slave! for your own torture do you give vent to these expressions this day.

Merc. Now I'm performing a sacrifice to you.

Amph. How? Merc. Why, because I devote you to ill-luck[3] *with this libation.* (*Throws water on him.*) * * * * * * * * * * * *

[Amph. What, you, devote me[4], you villain? If the Gods have not this day taken away my *usual* form, I'll take care that you shall be laden with bull's hide *thongs*, you victim of

[1] *Hell of elm-saplings*)—Ver. 1029. "Ulmorum Acheruns." According to Taubmann, this means, "whose back devours as many elm-rods as Acheron does souls."

[2] *A hap-ill*)—Ver. 1032. See the Note to l. 723.

[3] *Devote you to ill-luck*)—Ver. 1034. "Macto infortunio." "Macto," which properly signified "to amplify," was especially applied to the act of sacrificing, by way of giving something. Mercury here says in sport, that he makes Amphitryon an offering of—a jug of water, or perhaps a tile, it is not known for certain which; but it is generally supposed that in some part of this Scene, as originally written, he does throw water at him.

[4] *You, devote me*)—Ver. 1035. This line commences the portion that is supposed by many of the Commentators not to have been written by Plautus, it not being found in most of the MSS. By those, however, who deny it to have been his composition, it is generally thought to have been composed by an ancient writer, and not to be at all deficient in humour and genuine Comic spirit. Gueudeville and Echard speak in high terms of it; and the learned Schmieder is unwilling to believe that it is not the composition of Plautus.

Saturn[1]. So surely will I devote you to the cross and to torture. Come out of doors, you whip-knave.

MERC. You shadowy ghost—you, frighten me with *your* threats? If you don't betake yourself off from here this instant, if you knock once more, if the door makes a noise with your little finger *even*, I'll break your head with this tile, so that with your teeth you may sputter out your tongue.

AMPH. What, rascal, would you be for driving me away from my own house? What, *would you hinder me* from knocking at my own door? I'll this instant tear it from off all its hinges.

MERC. Do you persist? AMPH. I do persist.

MERC. Take that, *then*. (*Throws a tile at him.*)

AMPH. Scoundrel! at your master? If I lay hands upon you this day, I'll bring you to that pitch of misery, that you shall be miserable for evermore.

MERC. *Surely*, you must have been playing the Bacchanal[2], old gentleman.

AMPH. Why so? MERC. Inasmuch as you take me to be your slave.

AMPH. What? I—take you? MERC. Plague upon you! I know no master but Amphitryon.

AMPH. (*to himself*). Have I lost my form? It's strange that Sosia shouldn't know me. I'll make trial. (*Calling out*). How now! Tell me who I appear *to be?* Am I not really Amphitryon?

MERC. Amphitryon? Are you in your senses? Has it not been told you before, old fellow, that you have been playing the Bacchanal, to be asking another person who you are? Get away, I recommend you, don't be troublesome while Amphitryon, who has just come back from the enemy, is indulging himself with *the company of* his wife.

AMPH. What wife? MERC. Alcmena.

AMPH. What man? MERC. How often do you want it told? Amphitryon, my master;—don't be troublesome.

[1] *Victim of Saturn*)—Ver. 1037. Taubmann remarks that there is here an allusion to those slaves which the Carthaginians were in the habit of purchasing in order to sacrifice them, in place of their children, to Saturn—a rite borrowed from the same source as the passing of children through fire to Moloch, as practised by the Phœnicians.

[2] *Playing the Bacchanal*)—Ver. 1046. "Bacchanal exercuisse." "To keep the festival of Bacchus," where frantic conduct and acts of outrageous madness were prevalent. See the Notes to the First Act of the Bacchides.

AMPH. Who's he sleeping with? MERC. Take care that you don't meet with some mishap in trifling with me this way.

AMPH. Prithee, do tell me, my *dear* Sosia.

MERC. More civilly *said*—with Alcmena.

AMPH. In the same chamber?

MERC. Yes, as I fancy, he is sleeping with her side by side.

AMPH. Alas!—wretch that I am!

MERC. (*to the* AUDIENCE). It *really* is a gain which he imagines to be a misfortune. For to lend one's wife to another is just as though you were to let out barren land to be ploughed.

AMPH. Sosia! MERC. What, the plague, about Sosia?

AMPH. Don't you know me, you whip-scoundrel?

MERC. I know that you are a troublesome fellow, who have no need to go buy[1] a lawsuit. AMPH. Still once more—am I not your master Amphitryon?

MERC. You are Bacchus *himself*[2], *and* not Amphitryon. How often do you want to be told? Any times more? My *master* Amphitryon, in the same chamber, is holding Alcmena in his embraces. If you persist, I'll produce him here, and not without your great discomfiture.

AMPH. I wish him to be fetched. (*Aside.*) I pray that this day, in return for my services, I may not lose house, wife, *and* household, together with my figure.

MERC. Well, I'll fetch him; but, in the meantime, do you mind about the door, please. (*Aside.*) I suppose that by this he has brought the sacrifice that he was intending, as far as the banquet[3]. (*Aloud.*) If you are troublesome, you shan't escape without my making a sacrifice of you. (*He retires into the house.*)

AMPH. Ye Gods, by my trust in you, what madness is distracting my household? What wondrous things have I seen since I arrived from abroad! Why, it's true, *surely*, what was once heard tell of, how that men of Attica

[1] *No need to go buy*)—Ver. 1063. He seems to mean that a "litigium," or "lawsuit," is already prepared for him, in daring to personate Amphitryon.

[2] *Bacchus himself*)—Ver. 1064. He means that, from his frantic conduct he must surely be, not a Bacchanalian, but Bacchus himself.

[3] *As the banquet*)—Ver. 1071. It is supposed that he here has a double meaning, and implies that he supposes that by this time Jupiter has satisfied his vehement desire. It has been previously remarked, that after sacrifices a feast was made of the portions that were left.

were transformed in Arcadia[1], and remained as savage wild beasts, and were not ever afterwards known unto their parents.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* BLEPHARO *and* SOSIA, *at a distance.*

BLEPH. What's this, Sosia? Great marvels are these that you are telling of. Do you say that you found another Sosia at home exactly like yourself?

SOS. I do say *so*—but, hark you, since I *have produced* a Sosia, Amphitryon an Amphitryon, how do you know whether you, perchance, may not be producing another Blepharo? O that the Gods would grant that you as well, belaboured with fists, and with your teeth knocked out, going without your breakfast, might credit this. For I, that other Sosia, *that is to say*, who am yonder, has mauled me in a dreadful manner.

BLEPH. Really, it is wonderful; but it's as well to mend our pace; for, as I perceive, Amphitryon is waiting for us, and my empty stomach is grumbling.

AMPH. (*apart*).——And why do I mention foreign legends? More wondrous things they relate *to have happened* among our Theban race[2] in former days; that mighty searcher for Europa, attacking the monster sprung from Mars, suddenly produced his enemies from the serpent-seed; and in that battle fought, brother pressed on brother with lance and helm; the Epirote land, too, beheld the author of our race, together with the daughter of Venus[3], gliding as serpents. From on high supreme Jove thus willed it; thus destiny directs. All the noblest of our country, in return for their bright achievements, are pursued with direful woes. This fatality is pressing hard on me—*still* I could endure disasters so great, and submit to woes hardly to be endured——

SOS. Blepharo. BLEPH. What's the matter?

SOS. I don't know; I suspect something wrong.

[1] *In Arcadia*)—Ver. 1075. He alludes to a story among the ancients, that certain people of Arcadia were transformed for a certain time into wolves: they were called "Lycanthropi," or "Wolf-men." Pliny the Elder mentions them in his Eighth Book.

[2] *Our Theban race*)—Ver. 1085. He alludes to the story of Cadmus being sent by Agenor in search of Europa, and sowing the Dragon's teeth, from which arose a crop of armed men. See the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. 3, l. 32.

[3] *With the daughter of Venus*)—Ver. 1089. He alludes to the tradition which stated that Cadmus and his wife Hermione retired to Illyria, and were there changed into serpents. See the Metamorphoses, B. 4, l. 574.

BLEPH. Why? SOS. Look, please, our master, *like* an humble courtier[1], is walking before the door bolted fast.

BLEPH. It's nothing; walking to and fro, he's looking for an appetite[2].

SOS. After a singular fashion, indeed; for he has shut the door, that it mayn't escape out of the house.

BLEPH. You do go yelping on. SOS. I go neither yelping on nor barking on; if you listen to me, observe him. I don't know why *he's* by himself alone; he's making some calculation, I suppose. I can hear from this spot what he says—don't be in a hurry.

AMPH. (*apart*). How much I fear lest the Gods should blot out the glory I have acquired in the conquest of the foe. In wondrous manner do I see the whole of my household in commotion. And then my wife, *so* full of viciousness, incontinence, *and* dishonor, kills me outright. But about the goblet, it is a singular thing; yet the seal was properly affixed. And what besides? She recounted to me the battles I had fought; Pterelas, too, besieged and bravely slain by my own hand. Aye, aye—now I know the trick; this was done by Sosia's contrivance, who as well has disgracefully presumed to-day to get before me on my arrival.

SOS. (*to* BLEPHARO). He's talking about me, and in terms that I had rather not. Prithee, don't let's accost *this* man until he has disclosed his wrath.

BLEPH. Just as you please. AMPH. (*apart*). If it is granted me this day to lay hold of that whip-scoundrel, I'll show him what it is to deceive his master, and to assail me with threats and tricks.

SOS. Do you hear him? BLEPH. I hear him.

SOS. That implement (*pointing to* AMPHITRYON'S *walking-stick*) is a burden for my shoulder-blades. Let's accost the

[1] *An humble courtier*)—Ver. 1094. "Salutator." The "salutatores" were a class of men who in the later times of the Roman Republic obtained a living by visiting the houses of the wealthy in the morning, and hanging about the door to pay their respects, and to accompany the master when he went abroad. Many persons thus supported themselves, and thereby enacted a part not much unlike the Parasites among the Greeks.

[2] *Looking for an appetite*)—Ver. 1095. Cicero relates that Socrates used to walk very briskly in the evening, and when asked why he did so, replied that he was going to market for an appetite.

man, if you please. Do you know what is in the habit of being commonly said?

Bleph. What you are going to say, I don't know; what you'll have to endure I pretty well guess.

Sos. It's an old adage—"Hunger and delay summon anger to the nostrils[1]."

Bleph. Aye, and well suited to the occasion. Let's address him directly—Amphitryon!

Amph. (*looking round*). Is it Blepharo I hear? It's strange why he's come to me. Still, he presents himself opportunely, for me to prove the guilty conduct of my wife. Why *have you come* here to me, Blepharo?

Bleph. Have you so soon forgotten how early in the morning you sent Sosia to the ship, that I might take a repast with you to-day?

Amph. Never in this world was it done. But where is that scoundrel?

Belph. Who? Amph. Sosia.

Bleph. See, there he is. (*Points at him.*)

Amph. (*looking about*). Where? Bleph. Before your eyes; don't you see him?

Amph. I can hardly see for anger, so distracted has that fellow made me this day. You shall never escape my making a sacrifice of you. (*Offers to strike* Sosia, *on which* Blepharo *prevents him.*) Do let me, Blepharo.

Bleph. Listen, I pray. Amph. Say on, I'm listening—(*gives a blow to* Sosia) you take that.

Sos. For what reason? Am I not in good time? I couldn't have gone quicker, if I had betaken myself on the oar-like wings[2] of Dædalus. (Amphitryon *tries to strike him again.*)

Bleph. Prithee, do leave him alone; we couldn't quicken our pace any further.

Amph. Whether it was *the pace* of a man on stilts or that

[1] *To the nostrils*)—Ver. 1113. From their expanding when a person is enraged, the nostrils were said to be peculiarly the seat of anger.

[2] *Oar-like wings*)—Ver. 1123. "Remigiis." Virgil, and Ovid also, with considerable propriety, call the wings of Dædalus "remigia," "tiers of oars," from the resemblance which the main feathers of the wing bear to a row of oars. The story of Dædalus and Icarus is beautifully told by Ovid, in the Art of Love book 2, and in the Metamorphoses, Book 8.

of the tortoise, I'm determined to be the death of this villain. (*Striking him at each sentence.*) Take that for the roof; that for the tiles; that for closing the door; that for making fun of your master; that for your abusive language.

Bleph. What injury has he been doing to you?

Amph. Do you ask? Shut out of doors, from that house-top (*pointing to it*) he has driven me away from my house.

Sos. What, I? Amph. What did you threaten that you would do if I knocked at that door? Do you deny it, you scoundrel?

Sos. Why shouldn't I deny it? See, he's sufficiently a witness with whom I have *just now* come; I was sent on purpose that by your invitation I might bring him to your house.

Amph. Who sent you, villain? Sos. He who asks me the question.

Amph. When, of all things?

Sos. Some little time since—not long since—just now. When you were reconciled at home to your wife.

Amph. Bacchus must have demented you.

Sos. May I not be paying my respects to Bacchus this day, nor yet to Ceres[1]. You ordered the vessels to be made clean, that you might perform a sacrifice, and you sent me to fetch him (*pointing to* Blepharo), that he might breakfast with you.

Amph. Blepharo, may I perish outright if I have either been in the house, or if I have sent him. (*To* Sosia.) Tell me—where did you leave me?

Sos. At home, with your wife Alcmena. Leaving you, I flew towards the harbour, *and* invited him in your name. We are come, and I've not seen you since till now.

Amph. Villanous fellow! With my wife, *say you?* You shall never go away without getting a beating. (*Gives him a blow.*)

Sos. (*crying out*). Blepharo! Bleph. Amphitryon, do let him alone, for my sake, and listen to me.

Amph. Well then, I'll let him alone. What do you want? Say on.

Bleph. He has just now been telling me most extraordinary marvels. A juggler, or a sorcerer, perhaps, has en-

[1] *Nor yet to Ceres*)—Ver. 1134. He wishes to see neither of these Deities, being a common notion that those to whom they appeared became mad.

chanted all this household of yours. Do enquire in other quarters, *and* examine how it is. And don't cause this poor fellow to be tortured, before you understand the matter.

Amph. You give good advice; let's go *in*, I want you also to be my advocate against my wife. (*Knocks at the door.*)

Scene V[1].—*Enter* Jupiter, *from the house.*

Jup. Who with such weighty blows has been shaking this door on all the hinges? Who has been making such a great disturbance for this long while before the house? If I find him out, I'll sacrifice him to the shades of the Teleboans. There's nothing, as the common saying is, that goes on well with me to-day. I left Blepharo and Sosia that I might find my kinsman Naucrates; him I have not found, and them I have lost. But I espy them; I'll go meet them, to enquire if they have any news.

Sos. Blepharo, that's our master that's coming out of the house; but this man's the sorcerer.

Bleph. O Jupiter! What do I behold? This is not, but that is, Amphitryon; if this is, why really that cannot be he, unless, indeed, he is double.

Jup. See now, here's Sosia with Blepharo; I'll accost them the first. *Well*, Sosia, *come* to us at last? I'm quite hungry.

Sos. Didn't I tell you, *Blepharo*, that this one was the sorcerer?

Amph. Nay, Theban citizens, I *say* that this is he (*pointing to* Jupiter) who in my house has made my wife guilty of incontinence, through whom I find a store of unchastity *laid up for me.*

Sos. (*to* Jupiter). Master, if now you are hungry, crammed full of fisticuffs, I betake me to you.

Amph. Do you persist, whip-scoundrel?

Sos. Hie thee to Acheron, sorcerer.

Amph. What, I a sorcerer? (*Strikes him.*) Take that.

Jup. What madness *possesses you*, stranger, for you to be beating my *servant?*

Amph. Your *servant?* Jup. Mine.

[1] *Scene V.*) Many of those Commentators who have doubted the genuineness of the last Scene, and of the previous one from the fourteenth line, have been ready to admit that this Scene is the composition of Plautus: indeed, it bears very strong internal marks of having been composed by him

Amph. You lie. Jup. Sosia, go in-doors, *and* take care the breakfast is got ready while I'm sacrificing this fellow.

Sos. I'll go. (*Aside.*) Amphitryon, I suppose, will receive *the other* Amphitryon as courteously as I, that other Sosia, did me, Sosia, a while ago. Meantime, while they are contending, I'll turn aside into the victualling department[1]: I'll clean out all the dishes, and all the vessels I'll drain. (*Goes into the house.*)

Scene VI.—Jupiter, Amphitryon, *and* Blepharo.

Jup. Do you say that I lie? Amph. You lie, I say, you corrupter of my family.

Jup. For that disgraceful speech, I'll drag you along here, seizing you by the throat. (*Seizes him by the throat.*)

Amph. Ah wretched me! Jup. But you should have had a care of this beforehand.

Amph. Blepharo, aid me! Bleph. (*aside*). The two are so exactly alike that I don't know which to side with. Still, so far as possible, I'll put an end to their contention. (*Aloud.*) Amphitryon, don't slay Amphitryon in fight; let go his throat, I pray.

Jup. Are you calling this fellow Amphitryon?

Bleph. Why not? Formerly he was but one, but now he has become double. While you are wanting to be he, the other, too, doesn't cease to be of his form. Meanwhile, prithee, do leave go of his neck.

Jup. I will leave go. (*Lets go of* Amphitryon.) But tell me, does that fellow appear to you to be Amphitryon?

Bleph. Really, both of you *do*. Amph. O supreme Jupiter! when this day didst thou take from me my form? I'll proceed to make enquiry of him; are you Amphitryon?

Jup. Do you deny it? Amph. Downright do I deny it, inasmuch as in Thebes there is no other Amphitryon besides myself.

Jup. On the contrary, no other besides myself; and, in fact, do you, Blepharo, be the judge.

Bleph. I'll make this *matter* clear by proofs, if I can. (*To* Amphitryon.) Do you answer first.

[1] *Victualling department*)—Ver. 1165. "Popina" usually signifies a "cook's shop;" but here it evidently alludes to the larder or kitchen in Amphitryon's house, which Sosia now enters, and we see no more of him.

AMPH. With pleasure. BLEPH. Before the battle with the Taphians was begun by you, what orders did you give me?

AMPH. The ship being in readiness, for you carefully to keep close to the rudder.

JUP. That if our people should take to flight, I might betake myself in safety thither.

BLEPH. Anything else as well? AMPH. That the bag loaded with treasure should be carefully guarded.

JUP. Because the money—— BLEPH. Hold your tongue, you, if you please; it's my place to ask. Did you know the amount?

JUP. Fifty Attic talents.

BLEPH. He tells the truth to a nicety. And you (*to* AMPHITRYON), how many Philippeans?

AMPH. Two thousand. JUP. And obols[1] twice as many.

BLEPH. Each of you states the matter correctly. Inside the bag one *of you* must have been shut up.

JUP. Attend, please. With this right hand, as you know, I slew king Pterelas; his spoils I seized, and the goblet from which he had been used to drink I brought away in a casket; I made a present of it to my wife, with whom this day at home I bathed, I sacrificed, *and* slept.

AMPH. Ah me! what do I hear? I scarcely am myself. For, awake, I am asleep; awake, I am in a dream; alive and well, I come to destruction. I am that same Amphitryon, the descendant of[2] Gorgophone, the general of the Thebans, and the sole combatant for Creon against the Teleboans; *I*, who have subdued by my might the Acarnanians and the Taphians, and, by my consummate warlike prowess, their king. Over these have I appointed Cephalus, the son of the great Deioneus.

JUP. I am he who by warfare and my valour crushed the hostile ravagers. They had destroyed Electryon and the brothers of my wife. Wandering through the Ionian, the

[1] *And obols*)—Ver. 1187. The "obolus" was the smallest of the Greek coins. It was of silver, and was worth in value rather more than three-halfpence of our money; six of them made a drachma. Plautus has not escaped censure for his anachronism, in talking here of the coins of Philip, King of Macedon.

[2] *Descendant of*)—Ver. 1194. "Nepos" cannot here mean "grandson," as Gorgophone was not a lineal ancestor of Amphitryon, being the sister of his father Alcæus.

Ægean, and the Cretan seas, with piratical violence they laid waste Achaia, Ætolia, *and* Phocis.

Amph. Immortal Gods! I cannot trust my own self, so exactly does he relate all the things that happened there. Consider, Blepharo.

Bleph. One thing *only* remains; if so it is, do you be Amphitryons both of you.

Jup. I knew what you would say. The scar *that I have* on the muscle of my right arm, from the wound which Pterelas gave me——

Bleph. Well, that. Amph. Quite to the purpose.

Jup. See you! look, behold!

Bleph. Uncover, *and* I'll look.

Jup. We have uncovered. Look! (*They show their naked arms.*)

Bleph. (*looking at the right arm of each*). Supreme Jupiter, what do I behold? On the right-arm muscle of each, in the same spot, the scar clearly appears with the same mark, reddish and somewhat livid, just as it has first commenced to close. Reasoning is at a standstill, *all* judgment is struck dumb; I don't know what to do[1].]

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Bleph. Do you settle these matters between yourselves; I'm off, *for* I have business; and I do not think that I have ever anywhere beheld such extraordinary wonders.

Amph. Blepharo, I pray that you'll stay as my advocate, and not go away.

Bleph. Farewell. What need is there of me for an advocate, who don't know which of the two to side with?

Jup. I'm going hence in-doors: Alcmena is in labour. (*Exit* Blepharo, *and* Jupiter *goes into* Amphitryon's *house.*)

Amph. (*aloud to himself*). I'm undone, wretch that I am; for what am I to do, when my advocates and friends are now forsaking me? Never, by heavens, shall he deride me unrevenged, whoever he is. Now will I betake myself straight to the king, and tell him of the matter as it has happened. By

[1] *What to do*)—Ver. 1209. With this line terminates what is generally called the suppositious part of this Play.

my faith, I will this day take vengeance on this Thessalian sorcerer, who has wrongfully distracted the minds of my household. But where is he? (*Looking around.*) By my troth, he's off into the house, to my wife, I suppose. What other person lives in Thebes more wretched than myself? What now shall I do? *I*, whom all men deny and deride just as they please. I am resolved; I'll burst into the house; there, whatever person I perceive, whether maid-servant or man-servant, whether wife or whether paramour, whether father or whether grandfather, I'll behead that person in the house; neither Jupiter nor all the Deities shall hinder me from this, *even* if they would, but that I'll do just as I have resolved. (*As he advances to the door, it thunders, and he falls in a swoon upon the ground.*)

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Bromia, *from the house,* Amphitryon *lying on the ground.*

Brom. (*to herself*). The hopes and resources of my life lie buried in my breast, nor is there any boldness in my heart, but what I have lost it. So much to me do all things seem, the sea, the earth, the heavens, to be conspiring, that now I may be crushed, that I may be destroyed. *Ah*, wretched me! I know not what to do. Prodigies so great have come to pass within the house. Ah! woe is me! I'm sick at heart, some water I could wish! I'm overpowered and I'm utterly undone. My head is aching, and I cannot hear, nor do I see well with my eyes. No woman is there more wretched than myself, nor can one seem to be more so. Thus has it this day befallen my mistress; for when she invoked for herself the Deities of travail, what rumblings *and* grumblings[1], crashes *and* flashes; suddenly, how instantaneously did it thunder, *and* how woundy loud. On the spot where each one stood, at the peal he fell; then some one, I know not who, exclaimed in a mighty voice, "Alcmena, succour is at hand, fear not: propitious both to thee and thine, the Ruler of the Heavens comes. Arise," it said, "ye who have fallen down in your terror through dread of me." As I lay, I arose; I fancied that the house was in flames. Then Alcmena called me; *and* then did that circumstance strike

[1] *Rumblings and grumblings*)—Ver. 1238. "Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus." A jingle is evidently intended here.

me with horror. Fears for my mistress took possession of me; I ran to her to enquire what she wanted; and *then* I beheld that she had given birth to two male children; nor yet did any one of us perceive when she was delivered, or *indeed* expect it. (*Sees* AMPHITRYON.) But what's this? Who's this old man that's lying thus before our house? Has Jupiter then smitten him *with his thunders?* By my troth, I think so; for, oh Jupiter! he is in a lethargy just like one dead. I'll approach, that I may learn who it is. (*She advances.*) Surely, this is my master Amphitryon. (*Calls aloud.*) *Ho!* Amphitryon!

AMPH. I'm dead. BROM. Arise.

AMPH. I'm slain outright.

BROM. Give me your hand. (*Takes his hand.*)

AMPH. (*recovering*). Who is it that has hold of me?

BROM. Bromia, your maid-servant.

AMPH. (*rising*). I tremble all over, to such a degree has Jove pealed against me. And no otherwise is it than if I had come *hither* from Acheron. But why have you come out of the house?

BROM. The same alarm has scared ourselves, affrighted with horror; in the house where you yourself dwell, have I seen astounding prodigies. Woe to me, Amphitryon; even now do my senses fail me to such a degree.

AMPH. Come now, tell me; do you know me to be your master Amphitryon? BROM. I do know it.

AMPH. Look even once again. BROM. I do know it.

AMPH. She alone of *all* my household has a sane mind.

BROM. Nay but, really, they are all of them sane.

AMPH. But my wife causes me to be insane by her own shameful practices.

BROM. But I'll make you, Amphitryon, to be holding other language; that you may understand that your wife is dutiful and chaste, upon that subject I will in a few words discover some tokens and *some* proofs. In the first place of all, Alcmena has given birth to two sons.

AMPH. Two, say you? BROM. Two.

AMPH. The Gods preserve me!

BROM. Allow me to speak, that you may know that all the Deities are propitious to yourself and to your wife.

AMPH. Say on. BROM. After that, this day, your wife began to be in labour, when the pangs of childbirth came on,

as is the custom with women in travail, she invoked the immortal Gods to give her aid, with washed hands[1] *and* with covered head. Then forthwith it thundered with most tremendous crash. At first we thought that your house was falling; all your house shone bright, as though it had been made of gold.

AMPH. Prithee, relieve me quickly from this, since you have kept me long enough in suspense. What happened then?

BROM. While these things were passing, meanwhile, not one of us heard your wife groaning or complaining; *and* thus, in fact, without pain was she delivered.

AMPH. Then do I rejoice at this, whatever she has merited at my hands.

BROM. Leave that alone, and hear these things which I shall tell you. After she was delivered, she bade us wash the babes; we commenced *to do so.* But that child which I washed, how stout, how very powerful he is; and not a person was there, able to wrap him in the swaddling-clothes.

AMPH. Most wondrous things you tell of. If these things are true, I do not apprehend but that succour has been brought to my wife from heaven.

BROM. Now shall I make you own to things more wondrous still. After he was laid in the cradle, two immense crested serpents glided down through the skylight; instantly they both reared their heads.

AMPH. Ah me! BROM. Be not dismayed—but the serpents *began* to gaze upon all around. After they beheld the children, quickly they made towards the cradle; I, fearing for the children, alarmed for myself, going backwards, *began* to draw and pull the cradle to and fro, and so much the more fiercely did the serpents pursue. After that one of the children caught sight of the serpents, he quickly leapt from the cradle, straightway he made an attack upon them, *and* suddenly he grasped them, one in each hand.

AMPH. You tell of wondrous things; a very fearful exploit do you relate; for at your words horror steals upon the limbs of wretched me. What happened then? Say on.

BROM. The child slew both the serpents. While these things are passing, in a loud voice there calls upon your wife——

[1] *With washed hands*)—Ver. 1270. The head was covered and the hands made pure by washing, before sacrifice to the Gods.

Amph. What person——? Brom. Jupiter, the supreme Ruler of Gods and men. He said that he had secretly enjoyed Alcmena in his embraces, and that he was his own son who had overcome those serpents; the other, he said, was your child.

Amph. By my troth, I am not sorry if I am allowed to take my half of a blessing in partnership with Jupiter. Go home, *and* bid the sacred vessels to be at once prepared for me, that with many victims I may seek my peace with supreme Jove. I will apply to Tiresias[1] the soothsayer, and consult him what he considers ought to be done; at the same time I'll relate to him this matter just as it has happened. (*It thunders.*) But what means this? How dreadfully it thunders! Ye Gods, your mercy, I do entreat.

Scene II.—Jupiter *appears, in his own character, above.*

Jup. Be of good cheer, Amphitryon; I am come to thy aid: thou hast nothing to fear; all diviners *and* soothsayers let alone. What is to be, and what has past, I will tell thee; and so much better than they can, inasmuch as I am Jupiter. First of all, I have made loan of the person of Alcmena, and have caused her to be pregnant with a son. Thou, too, didst cause her to be pregnant, when thou didst set out upon the expedition; at one birth has she brought forth the two together. One of these, the one that is sprung from my parentage, shall bless thee[2] with deathless glory by his deeds. Do thou return with Alcmena to your former affection; she merits not that thou shouldst impute it to her as her blame; by my power has she been compelled thus to act. I *now* return to the heavens. (*He ascends.*)

[1] *Tiresias*)—Ver. 1304. Some Commentators think that under the name Tiresias any soothsayer is here meant, and that this was before the time of Tiresias. So involved is the heathen Mythology, that it would be hard to say who existed first, Tiresias or Amphitryon, so that if Plautus is guilty of an anachronism, it is one of his most excusable ones. Juno was said to have struck Tiresias with blindness; on which Jupiter, as a recompense, bestowed on him the gift of prophecy See the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. 3, l. 323.

[2] *Shall bless thee*)—Ver. 1316. "Te adficiet." "Se," "himself," is thought by some to be the correct reading here, as it has been remarked, how could the exploits of Hercules redound to the glory of Amphitryon? Still, as his adoptive father, it was not unlikely that he would take a peculiar interest in the achievements of Hercules.

AMPH. I'll do as thou dost command me: and I entreat thee to keep thy promises. I'll go in-doors to my wife. I dismiss the aged Tiresias *from my thoughts*.

An ACTOR.

Spectators, now, for the sake of supreme Jove[1], give loud applause.

[1] *Sake of supreme Jove*)—Ver. 1822. According to some Commentators, the Romans believed that this Play greatly redounded to the honor of Jupiter: and it was, consequently, often acted in times of public trouble and calamity, with the view of appeasing his anger. They must have had singular notions of honor, as his Godship figures here in the combined characters of an insolent impostor and an unprincipled debauchee.

RUDENS; THE FISHERMAN'S ROPE.

Dramatis Personæ.

ARCTURUS, who speaks the Prologue.

DÆMONES, an aged Athenian, now living at Cyrene.
PLESIDIPPUS, a young Athenian, in love with Palæstra.
SCEPARNIO, GRIPUS, TURBALIO, SPARAX, } Servants of Dæmones.
TRACHALIO, the servant of Plesidippus.
LABRAX, a Procurer.
CHARMIDES, a Sicilian, his guest.
FISHERMEN of Cyrene.

PTOLEMOCRATIA, Priestess of Venus.
PALÆSTRA, AMPELISCA, } Young women in the possession of Labrax.

Scene.—Near Cyrene, in Africa; not far from the sea-shore, and before the cottage of DÆMONES and the Temple of Venus, which has, probably, a small court before it, surrounded with a low wall.

THE SUBJECT

DÆMONES, an aged Athenian, having lost his property, goes to live in retirement near the sea-shore of Cyrene, in the vicinity of the Temple of Venus. It so happens that Labrax, a Procurer, makes purchase of two damsels, Palæstra and Ampelisca, and comes to reside at Cyrene. Plesidippus, a young Athenian, sees Palæstra there, and falls in love with her; and making an arrangement with the Procurer, gives him a sum in part payment for her, on which occasion, Labrax invites him to a sacrifice in the Temple of Venus. A Sicilian guest of his, however, named Charmides, persuades him to carry the young women over to Sicily, where he is sure to make a greater profit by them. On this, the Procurer, accompanied by his guest, sets sail with them. A tempest arises, and they are shipwrecked. The young women escape in a boat, and arriving ashore, are hospitably received by the Priestess of Venus. Labrax and Charmides also escape, and on discovering where the women are, the former attempts to drag them by force from the Temple. On this they are protected by Dæmones and Plesidippus, who, through Trachalio, finds out where they are. In the wreck a wallet has been lost, which belongs to Labrax, and in which is a casket enclosing some trinkets belonging to Palæstra. Gripus, a servant of Dæmones, draws this up with the rope attached to his net; and by means of these trinkets it is discovered that Palæstra is the daughter of Dæmones, whom he had lost in her infancy; on which she is given in marriage to Plesidippus by her father, who becomes reconciled to Labrax.

RUDENS;
THE FISHERMAN'S ROPE.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A FISHERMAN draws a wallet out of the sea in his net (*Reti*), in which (*Ubi*) are the trinkets of his master's daughter, who, having been stolen, had come into the possession of a Procurer as her owner (*Dominum*). She (*Ea*), having suffered shipwreck (*Naufragio*), without knowing it comes under the protection of her own father; she is recognized, and is married to her (*Suo*) lover Plesidippus.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the God ARCTURUS[1].

WITH him who sways all nations, seas, and lands, I am a fellow-citizen in the realms of the Gods. I am, as you see[2], a bright *and* shining star, a Constellation that ever in its season rises here *on earth* and in the heavens. Arcturus is my name. By night, I am glittering in the heavens and amid the Gods, passing among mortals in the day. Other Constellations, too, descend from the heavens upon the earth; Jove, who is the ruler of Gods and men—he disperses us here in various directions among the nations, to observe the actions, manners, piety, and faith of men, just as the means of each avail him. Those who commence villanous suits at law upon false testimony, and those who, in court, upon false oath deny a debt, their names written down, do we return to Jove. Each day does he learn who here is calling for vengeance. Whatever wicked men seek here to gain their cause through

[1] *Arcturus*) This is a star near the tail of the Great Bear, whose rising and setting was supposed to be productive of great tempests. The name is derived from its situation, from the Greek words ἀρκτὸς and οὐρὰ, "the Bear's tail." It rises in the beginning of October. Pliny mentions it as rising on the 12th, and Columella on the 5th of that month.

[2] *As you see*)—Ver. 3. The actor is supposed here to point to a star placed on his forehead, or on the head-dress which he wears.

perjury, who succeed before the judge in their unjust demands, the same case adjudged does he judge over again, *and* he fines them in a penalty much greater than the *results of* the judgment they have gained. The good men written down on other tablets[1] does he keep. And *still* these wicked persons entertain a notion of theirs, that they are able to appease Jupiter with gifts, with sacrifice; both their labour and their cost they lose. This, for this reason, is so, because no petition of the perjured is acceptable to Him. If any person that is supplicating the Deities is pious, he will more easily procure pardon for himself than he that is wicked. Therefore I do advise you this, you who are good and who pass your lives in piety and in virtue—still persevere, that one day you may rejoice that so you did. Now, the reason for which I've come hither, I will disclose to you. First, then, Diphilus[2] has willed the name of this city to be Cyrene[3]. There (*pointing to the cottage*) dwells Dæmones, in the country and in a cottage very close adjoining to the sea, an old gentleman who has come hither in exile from Athens, no unworthy man. And still, not for his bad deserts has he left his country, but while he was aiding others, meanwhile himself he embarrassed: a property honorably acquired he lost by his kindly ways. Long since, his daughter, *then* a little child, was lost; a most villanous fellow bought her of the thief, *and* this Procurer[4] brought the maiden hither to Cyrene. A certain Athenian youth, a citizen of this city, beheld her as she was going home from the music-school. He begins to love her; to the Procurer he comes; he purchases the damsel for himself at the price of thirty minæ, and gives him earnest, and binds

[1] *Written down on other tablets*)—Ver. 21. This is not unlike the words of the Psalmist, Psalm lvi., 8: "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle. Are they not in thy book?"

[2] *Diphilus*)—Ver. 32. He was a Greek Comic Poet, from whom Plautus is supposed to have borrowed the plot of several of his Plays.

[3] *Cyrene*)—Ver. 33. This was a famous city of Libya, said to have been founded by Aristæus, the son of the Nymph Cyrene. It was situate in a fertile plain, about eleven miles from the Mediterranean, and was the capital of a district called "Pentapolis," from the five cities which it contained.

[4] *This Procurer*)—Ver. 41. "Leno." The calling of the "lenones" was to traffic in young female slaves, to whom they gave an accomplished education, and then sold them or let them out for the purposes of prostitution. The "lenones" were deservedly reckoned infamous.

the Procurer with an oath. This Procurer, just as befitted him, did not value at one straw his word, or what, on oath, he had said to the young man. He had a guest, a fit match for himself, an old man of Sicily, a rascal from Agrigentum[1], a traitor to his *native* city; this fellow began to extol the beauty of that maiden, and of the other damsels, too, that were belonging to him. *On this* he began to persuade the Procurer to go together with himself to Sicily; he said that there the men were given to pleasure; that there he might be enabled to become a wealthy man; that there was the greatest profit from courtesans. He prevails. A ship is hired by stealth. Whatever he has, by night the Procurer carries it on board ship from his house; the young man who purchased the damsel of him he has told that he is desirous of performing a vow to Venus. This is the Temple of Venus, here (*pointing at it*), and here, for that reason, has he invited the youth hither to a breakfast[2]. From there at once did he embark on board ship, *and* he carried off the courtesans. Some other persons informed the young man what things were going on, *how* that the Procurer had departed. When the young man came to the harbour, their ship had got a great way out to sea. When I beheld how that the maiden was being carried off, I brought at the same instant both relief to her and destruction to the Procurer; the storm I rebuked, and the waves of the sea I aroused. For the most violent Constellation of them all am I, Arcturus; turbulent I am when rising, when I set, more turbulent *still*. Now, cast ashore there, both the Procurer and his guest are sitting upon a rock; their ship is dashed to pieces. But this maiden, and another as well, her attendant, affrighted, have leaped from the ship into a boat. At this moment the waves are bringing them from the rocks to land, to the cottage of this old man, who is living here in exile, whose roof and tiles the storm has stript off. And this is his servant who is coming out of doors. The youth will be here just

[1] *Agrigentum*)—Ver. 50. This was a town of Sicily, on Mount Acragas, about two miles from the sea. Its inhabitants were famed for their luxurious mode of living.

[2] *To a breakfast*)—Ver. 61. This probably refers to the meal which took place after the sacrifice, for which certain portions of the victim, particularly the entrails, were reserved. See the Miles Gloriosus, l. 712.

now, and you shall see him, who purchased the maiden of the Procurer. *Now*, fare ye well, *and* may your foes[1] distrust themselves. (*Exit.*

Act I[2].—Scene I.

Enter Sceparnio, *with a spade on his shoulder.*

Scep. (*to himself*). O ye immortal Gods, what a *dreadful* tempest has Neptune sent us this last night! The storm has unroofed the cottage. What need of words is there? It was no storm, but *what* Alcmena *met with* in Euripides[3]; it has so knocked all the tiles from off the roof; more light has it given us, and has added to our windows.

Scene II.—*Enter* Plesidippus, *at a distance, talking with three* Citizens.

Ples. I have both withdrawn you from your avocations, and that has not succeeded on account of which I've brought you; I could not catch the Procurer *down* at the harbour. But I have been unwilling to abandon *all* hope by reason of my remissness; on that account, my friends, have I the longer detained you. Now hither to the Temple of Venus

[1] *May your foes*)—Ver. 82. The Carthaginians are alluded to; this Play having been written during the second Punic war.

[2] *Act I.*) We may here remark, that the Play is called "the Fisherman's Rope" in consequence of the important part which, towards the close, the rope acts in bringing the wallet to shore in the net. The scenery of this Play must have been much more picturesque than that of those of Plautus in general. At the end of the stage is a prospect of the sea, interspersed with rocks in the distance, while others project upon the front of the stage. The City of Cyrene is also seen in the distance; while nearer to the Audience is the Temple of Venus, with an altar in front of it; and adjoining the Temple is the cottage of Dæmones. Some other cottages are also seen at a distance. If the comparison may be made, it bears some slight resemblance to the Tempest of Shakspeare.

[3] *In Euripides*)—Ver. 86. He alludes to a Tragedy of Euripides so named, where a dreadful storm was so accurately represented that at length the Play became a proverbial expression for tempestuous weather. Madame Dacier observes, that it was not strange for Sceparnio to mention this, as he might often have seen it represented at Athens upon the stage. This notion is somewhat far-fetched, as it is not likely that Plautus troubled himself about such a fine point, or that the Audience was gifted with any such nicety of perception as to note his accuracy, even if he had. It has been suggested, and not at all improbably, that Plautus borrowed the Scene of the thunder and lightning in his Amphitryon from this Play of Euripides.

am I come to see, where he was saying that he was about to perform a sacrifice.

Scep. (*aloud to himself, at a distance*). If I am wise, I shall be getting ready this clay that is awaiting me. (*Falls to work digging.*)

Ples. (*looking round*). Some one, I know not who, is speaking near to me.

Scene III.—*Enter* Dæmones, *from his house.*

Dæm. Hallo! Sceparnio!

Scep. Who's calling me by name?

Dæm. He who paid his money for you.

Scep. (*turning round*). As though you would say, Dæmones, that I am your slave.

Dæm. There's occasion for plenty of clay[1], *therefore* dig up plenty of earth. I find that the whole of my cottage must be covered; for now it's shining through it, more full of holes than a sieve.

Ples. (*advancing*). Health to you, good father, and to both of you, indeed. Dæm. Health to you.

Scep. (*to* Plesidippus, *who is muffled up in a coat*). But whether are you male or female, who are calling him father?

Ples. Why really, I'm a man.

Dæm. *Then,* man, go seek a father elsewhere. I once had an only daughter, that only one I lost. Of the male sex I never had a child.

Ples. But the Gods will give——

Scep. (*going on digging*). A heavy mischance to you indeed, i' faith, whoever you are, who are occupying us, *already* occupied, with your prating.

Ples. (*pointing to the cottage*). *Pray* are you dwelling there?

Scep. Why do you ask that? Are you reconnoitring the place for you to come and rob there?

Ples. It befits a slave to be right rich in his savings, whom, in the presence of his master, the conversation cannot escape, or who is to speak rudely to a free man.

Scep. And it befits a man to be shameless and impudent, for him to whom there's nothing owing, of his own

[1] *Plenty of clay*)—Ver 100. He probably means clay for the purpose of drying and making tiles with it.

accord to come to the house of another person annoying *people*.

Dæm. Sceparnio, hold your tongue. (*To* Plesidippus.) What do you want, young man?

Ples. A mishap to that fellow, who is in a hurry to be the first to speak when his master's present. But, unless it's troublesome, I wish to make enquiry of you in a few words.

Dæm. My attention shall be given *you*, even though in the midst of business.

Scep. (*to* Plesidippus). Rather, be off with you to the marsh, and cut down some reeds[1], with which we may cover the cottage, while it is fine weather.

Dæm. Hold your tongue. Do you tell me (*to* Plesidippus) if you have need of anything.

Ples. Inform me on what I ask you; whether you have seen here any frizzle-headed fellow, with grey hair, a worthless, perjured, fawning knave.

Dæm. Full many a one; for by reason of fellows of that stamp am I living in misery.

Ples. Him, I mean, who brought with him to the Temple of Venus *here* two young women, and who was to make preparations for himself to perform a sacrifice either to-day or yesterday.

Dæm. By my faith, young man, for these very many days past I haven't seen any one sacrificing there; and yet it can't be unknown to me if any one does sacrifice *there*. They are always asking here for water, or for fire, or for vessels, or for a knife, or for a spit, or for a pot for cooking[2], or something or other. What need is there of words? I procured my vessels and my well, for *the use of* Venus, *and* not my own. There has now been a cessation *of it* for these many days past.

Ples. According to the words you utter, you tell me I'm undone. Dæm. Really, so far as I'm concerned, i' faith, you may be safe and sound.

Scep. (*stopping in his digging*). Hark you, you that are roaming about Temples for the sake of your stomach, 'twere

[1] *Some reeds*)—Ver. 122. From this we learn that the cottage of Dæmones was covered with a kind of thatch. This and l. 18 of the Miles Gloriosus are probably the earliest instances in which thatched roofs are mentioned.

[2] *A pot for cooking*)—Ver. 135. "Aula extaris." Literally, "a pot for holding the entrails" of the animals sacrificed.

better for you to order a breakfast to be got ready at home. Perhaps you've been invited here[1] to breakfast. He that invited you, hasn't he come at all?

PLES. 'Tis the fact.

SCEP. There's no risk *then* in your betaking yourself hence home without your breakfast. It's better for you to be a waiter upon Ceres than upon Venus; the latter attends to love, Ceres attends to wheat.

PLES. (*to* DÆMONES). This fellow has been making sport of me in a digraceful manner.

DÆM. (*looking out at the side*). O ye immortal Gods, Sceparnio, what means those people near the sea-shore?

SCEP. According to my notion, they've been invited to a parting breakfast[2].

DÆM. How so? SCEP. Why, because, after dinner, I fancy, they yesterday washed themselves clean; their ship has gone to pieces out at sea.

DÆM. (*looking steadfastly*). Such is the fact.

SCEP. But, i' faith, on dry land our cottage and tiles *have done the same.*

DÆM. Oh dear! what unfortunate creatures you are; (*to* SCEPARNIO) how the shipwrecked people are swimming.

PLES. Prithee, where are these people?

DÆM. (*pointing to the distance*). This way, to the right; don't you see them near the shore?

PLES. (*looking the same way*). I see them; (*to his* FRIENDS) follow me. I only wish it may be he that I'm seeking, *that* most accursed fellow. (*To* DÆMONES *and* SCEPARNIO.) Fare you well.

SCEP. If you hadn't put us in mind, we should have thought of *that* ourselves. (*Exeunt* PLESIDIPPUS *and* FRIENDS.

[1] *Been invited here*)—Ver. 142. It was the custom of Parasites to prowl about the Temples, for the purpose of joining in the feasts which sometimes took place at the conclusion of the sacrifice.

[2] *To a parting breakfast*)—Ver. 150. "Prandium propter viam." Thornton has the following Note here: "This is a sorry joke, even for Sceparnio, on so serious and melancholy an occasion, and cannot be well expressed in our tongue. When the ancients were about to undertake any voyage, they used to make a sacrifice to Hercules before they set off, which was for that reason called 'propter viam;' and the custom was to burn all they didn't eat. Wherefore Sceparnio says 'laverunt,' which signifies 'they have consumed their all' as well as 'they have bathed,' alluding to the ship being lost."

SCENE IV.—SCEPARNIO *and* DÆMONES.

SCEP. (*looking out towards the sea*). But, O Palæmon[1], hallowed associate of Neptune, who art said to be the partner of Hercules, what shocking thing do I see?

DÆM. What do you see?

SCEP. I see two young women sitting in a boat alone. How the poor things are being tossed about! That's good, that's good, well done. The surge is driving the boat away from the rock towards the shore. Not a pilot could have ever done it better. I don't think that I ever saw billows more huge. They are saved, if they can escape those waves. Now, now's the danger; it has sent one overboard! See you that one whom the waves have thrown out of the boat? Still, she's in a shallow place; she'll easily wade through it now. O capital! *now* she's safe; she has escaped from the water; she's now on shore. But that other one has *now* sprung towards the land from the boat—from her alarm she has fallen into the waves upon her knees. She has got up again; if she takes this direction, the matter's safe; (*a pause*) but she has taken to the right, to utter destruction. Ah, she will be wandering all the day——

DÆM. What signifies that to you?

SCEP. If she should fall down from that rock towards which she is wending her way, she'll be putting a period to her wandering.

DÆM. If you are about to dine this evening at their expense, I think you may *then* be concerned for them, Sceparnio; if you are going to eat at my house, I wish your services to be devoted to myself.

SCEP. You ask what's good and proper.

DÆM. Then follow me this way. SCEP. I follow[2]. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* PALÆSTRA, *at a distance, with her clothes torn and drenched.*

PAL. (*to herself*). By heavens, the mishaps of mortals are spoken of as much less bitter *than* * * * *

[1] *Palæmon*)—Ver. 160. This was one of the names of Melicerta, or Portunus, the son of Athamas and Ino. Athamas being about to slay him and Ino, they leaped into the sea, where they became sea Divinities.

[2] *I follow*)—Ver. 184. The Scene of the wreck, previously described by Sceparnio, was probably not visible to the Audience, but was depicted by him while directing his view towards the side of the stage.

* * * the sharp *pangs* that are inflicted in the experience of them * * * * Has this *then* pleased the Deity, that I, clad in this guise, should, in my terror, be cast upon a spot unknown? Shall I *then* declare that I have been born to this wretched lot? Do I receive this meed in return for my exemplary piety? For to me it would not prove a hardship to endure this laborious lot, if I had conducted myself undutifully towards my parents or the Gods; but if studiously I have exerted myself to beware *of that*, then, unduly *and* unjustly, Deities, you send upon me this. For what henceforth shall the glaringly impious receive, if after this fashion you pay honor to the guiltless? But if I knew that I or my parents had done anything wicked, now should I have grieved the less. But the wickedness of *this* master *of mine* is pressing hard upon me, his impiety is causing my woes; everything has he lost in the sea; these are the remains (*looking at her dress*) of his property. Even she, who was carried together with me in the boat, was washed out by the violence of the waves; I am now alone. If she at least[1] had been saved for me, through her aid my affliction here would have been lighter to me. Now, what hope or aid or what counsel shall I receive, a spot so lonesome here have I lighted upon alone? Here are the rocks, here roars the sea, and not one individual comes across my path. This *dress* that I am clothed in forms all my riches quite entirely; nor know I with what food or roof I am to be provided. What hope have I through which to desire to live? Neither am I acquainted with the place, nor was I ever here before. At least I could have wished for some one who would point out to me either a road or a path from these spots; so much am I now at a loss for advice whether to go this way or that; neither, indeed, do I see[2] anywhere near here a cultivated spot. Cold, distraction, *and*

[1] *If she at least*)—Ver. 202. Exactly the same sentiment occurs to Defoe's hero, Robinson Crusoe, when he visits the Spanish ship wrecked off his island: "I cannot explain by any possible energy of words what a strange longing or hankering of desires I felt in my soul upon this sight, breaking out sometimes thus, 'O that there had been but one or two, nay, or but one soul saved out of this ship, to have escaped to me, that I might have had one companion, one fellow-creature to have spoken to me and to have conversed with!'"

[2] *Neither, indeed, do I see*)—Ver. 214. She is unable to see the Temple of Venus and the house of Dæmones, by reason of the high crags among which she is wandering, some of which are represented in the front of the stage.

alarm, have taken possession of all my limbs. My parents, you know not of this, that I am now thus wretched; I that was born a woman entirely free, was so to no purpose. Am I at all the less in servitude now, than if I had been born a slave? And never in any way has it been a profit to those who for their own sakes reared me up. (*She advances forward, and rests on one side against the cliff.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter* AMPELISCA, *at a distance, on the other side of the stage, in a similar condition.*

AMP. (*to herself*). What is there better for me, what more to my advantage, than to shut out life from my body? So wretched am I in my existence, and so many deadening cares are there in my breast; so despicable is my lot; I care not for my life; I have lost the hope with which I used to comfort myself. All places have I now rambled about, and through each covert spot have I crawled along, to seek my fellow-slave with voice, eyes, ears, that I might trace her out. And *still* I find her nowhere, nor have I *yet* determined whither to go, nor where to seek her, nor, in the meantime, do I find any person here to give me an answer, of whom I might make enquiry. No place, too, is there on earth more solitary than are these spots and this locality. And yet, if she lives, never while I exist will I cease before I discover her alive.

PAL. (*aloud*). Whose voice is it that sounds close by me here?

AMP. (*starting*). I am alarmed. Who's speaking near me?

PAL. Prithee, kind Hope, do come to my aid.

AMP. It's a woman: a woman's voice reaches my ears. Will you not rescue wretched me from this alarm?

PAL. Surely a woman's voice reached my ears. Prithee, is it Ampelisca?

AMP. Is it you, Palæstra, that I hear?

PAL. But why don't I call her by her own name, that she may hear me? (*With a loud voice.*) Ampelisca!

AMP. Ha! who's that? PAL. 'Tis I.

AMP. Is it Palæstra? PAL. It is.

AMP. Tell me where[1] you are.

PAL. Troth, I'm now in the midst of a multitude of woes.

[1] *Tell me where*)—Ver. 238. It must be remembered that they are still separated by the crags upon the stage, though they are both visible to the Audience.

Amp. I am your partner; and no less is my own share than yours. But I long to see you.

Pal. *In that wish* you are my rival.

Amp. Let's follow our voices with our steps; where are you? Pal. See, here am I. Step onward towards me, and come straight on to meet me.

Amp. I'm doing so with care. (*They meet in front of the stage.*)

Pal. Give me your hand. Amp. Take it.

Pal. Are you still alive? Prithee, tell me.

Amp. You, indeed, make me now wish to live, since I'm empowered to touch you. How hardly can I persuade myself of this, that I am holding you. Prithee, do embrace me (*they embrace*), my *only* hope; how you are now easing me of all my woes.

Pal. You are beforehand with me in using expressions which belong to me. Now it befits us to be going hence.

Amp. Prithee, whither shall we go?

Pal. Let's keep along this sea-shore. (*Pointing to the shore.*) Amp. Wherever you please, I'll follow.

Pal. Shall we go along thus with our wet clothing?

Amp. That which exists, the same must of necessity be borne. (*Looking up at the Temple.*) But, pray, what's this?

Pal. What is it? Amp. Prithee, don't you see this Temple? (*Pointing towards it.*)

Pal. Where is it? Amp. On the right hand.

Pal. I seem to be looking at a place becoming the Divinities.

Amp. There must be people not far hence; it is so delightful a spot. Whoever the God is, I pray him to relieve us from these troubles, and to succour us females, wretched, helpless, and in distress. (*They advance towards the Temple, and kneel down before it.*)

Scene VII.—*Enter* Ptolemocratia, *the Priestess, from the Temple of Venus.*

Ptol. Who are these, that in their prayers are soliciting aid from my Patroness? For the voice of suppliants has brought me hither out of doors. They pay suit to a kind and compliant Goddess and a Patroness that makes no difficulties, and one *who is* very benevolent.

Pal. Mother, we bid you hail. Ptol. Maidens, hail to you. But, prithee, whence am I to say that you are hither come with your wet garments, thus wofully arrayed?

Pal. Just now, we came from a place there (*pointing towards the shore*), not a great way from this spot; but it is a great way off from here, whence we have been brought hither.

Ptol. Have you been borne, do you mean, by *a ship*, the wooden steed[1], over the azure paths?

Pal. Even so. Ptol. Then it were more fitting that you should have come arrayed in white and provided with victims; it isn't the practice for people to come to this Temple in that fashion. (*Pointing at their dresses.*)

Pal. Prithee, whence would you have us, who have been both cast away at sea, to be bringing victims hither? Now, in want of assistance, do we embrace your knees, we who are of hopes undefined in places unknown, that you may receive us under your roof and shelter us, and that you will pity the miseries of us both, who have neither any place *of refuge* nor hope at hand, nor have anything whatever of our own beyond that which you see.

Ptol. Give me your hands, arise, both of you, from off your knees; no one among women is more compassionate than I. (*They arise from the ground.*) But, maidens, my circumstances are poor *and* limited; with difficulty I support my own existence; Venus I serve for my maintenance.

Amp. Prithee, is this a Temple of Venus?

Ptol. I will admit it; I am styled the Priestess of this Temple. But whatever it is, it shall be done by me with a hearty welcome, so far as my means shall suffice. Come with me this way.

Pal. Kindly and attentively, mother, do you show your attentions to us.

Ptol. *So* I ought to do. (*They go into the Temple.*)

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter some Fishermen, *with lines and nets.*

A Fisherman. Persons who are poor live wretchedly in every way, especially those who have no calling and have learned no art. Of necessity must that be deemed enough, whatever they have at home. From our garb, then, you pretty

[1] *The wooden steed*.—Ver. 268. Homer calls ships "horses of the sea."

well understand how wealthy we are. These hooks and these rods here are as good to us as a calling and as our clothing. Each day from the city do we come out hither to the sea to seek for forage. Instead of exertion in the wrestling-school and the place for exercise, we have this: sea-urchins, rock-mussels, oysters, limpets[1], cockles, sea-nettles, sea-mussels, *and* spotted crabs[2], we catch. After that, we commence our fishing with the hook and among the rocks, *and thus* we take our food from out of the sea. If success does not befall us, and not any fish is taken, soaked in salt water[3] and thoroughly drenched, we quietly betake ourselves home, *and* without dinner go to sleep. And since the sea is now in waves so boisterous, no hopes have we; unless we take some cockles, without a doubt we've had our dinners. Now let's adore good Venus here, that she may kindly befriend us to-day. (*They advance towards the door of the Temple.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* TRACHALIO, *at a distance, in haste.*

TRACH. (*to himself*). I've carefully given *all* attention that I mightn't pass my master anywhere; for when some time since he went out of the house, he said that he was going to the harbour, *and* he ordered me to come here to meet him at the Temple of Venus. But see, opportunely do I espy some people standing here of whom I may enquire; I'll accost them. (*Goes up to the* FISHERMEN.) Save you, thieves of the sea, shellfish-gatherers and hook-fishers[4], hungry race of men, how fare ye? How perish apace[5]?

[1] *Limpets*)—Ver. 297. "Balanos." It is not known what shellfish the "balani" really were.

[2] *Spotted crabs*)—Ver. 298. It is not known what kind of fish the "plagusia" was.

[3] *Soaked in salt water*)—Ver. 301. "Salsi lautique pure." Thornton says, "Madame Dacier supposes that a joke is intended here, from the equivocal meaning of the words, which might mean that they had been entertained with high-seasoned cates, or that they had been washed and cleansed with salt water. 'Salsi,' says she, because sea-water is salt; 'pure,' because sea-water washes away all impurities."

[4] *Shellfish-gatherers and hook-fishers*)—Ver. 310. "Conchitæ—hamistæ." These words are supposed to have been coined by Plautus for the occasion.

[5] *How perish apace*)—Ver. 311. Thornton has this Note here: "There is an humour in the original which could not be preserved in our language. Instead of asking the fishermen 'Ut valetis?' which was the common phrase of salutation, Trachalio addresses them in the opposite term, 'Ut peritis?'—probably in allusion to their perilous calling."

Fisher. Just as befits a fisherman with hunger, thirst, and expectation.

Trach. Have you seen to-day, while you've been standing here, any young man, of courageous aspect, ruddy, stout, of genteel appearance, come by this way, who was taking with him three men in scarfs, with swords?

Fisher. We know of no one coming this way of that appearance which you mention.

Trach. *Have you seen* any old fellow, bald on the forehead and snub-nosed, of big stature, pot-bellied, with eyebrows awry, a narrow forehead, a knave, the scorn of Gods and men, a scoundrel, one full of vile dishonesty and of iniquity, who had along with him two very pretty-looking young women?

Fisher. One who has been born with qualities and endowments of that sort, 'twere really fitter for him to resort to the executioner than to the Temple of Venus.

Trach. But tell me if you have seen him.

Fisher. Really, no one has passed this way. Fare you well.

Trach. Fare ye well. (*Exeunt* Fishermen.

Scene III.—Trachalio, *alone.*

Trach. (*to himself*). I thought *so;* it has come to pass as I suspected; my master has been deceived; the cursed Procurer has taken himself off to distant lands. He has embarked on board ship, *and* carried the women away; I'm a wizard. He invited my master here to breakfast, as well, *this very* spawn of wickedness. Now what is better for me than to wait here in this spot until my master comes? At the same time, if this Priestess of Venus knows anything more, if I see her, I'll make enquiries; she'll give me the information.

Scene IV.—*Enter* Ampelisca, *from the Temple.*

Amp. (*to the* Priestess, *within*). I understand; *here* at this cottage (*pointing to it*), which is close by the Temple of Venus, you've requested me to knock and ask for water.

Trach. Whose voice is it that has flown to my ears?

Amp. Prithee, who's speaking here? Who is it that I see?

Trach. Isn't this Ampelisca that's coming out from the Temple?

Amp. Isn't this Trachalio that I see, the servant of Plesidippus?

Trach. It is she. Amp. It is he; Trachalio, health to you.

Trach. Health, Ampelisca, to you; how fare you?

Amp. In misery *I pass* a life not far advanced[1].

Trach. Do give some better omen. Amp. Still it behoves all prudent persons to confer and talk together. But, prithee, where's your master, Plesidippus?

Trach. Marry, well said, indeed; as if he wasn't within *there*. (*Pointing to the Temple.*)

Amp. By my troth, he isn't, nor, in fact, has he come here at all.

Trach. He hasn't come? Amp. You say the truth.

Trach. That's not my way, Ampelisca. But how nearly is the breakfast got ready?

Amp. What breakfast, I beg of you? Trach. The sacrifice, I mean, that you are performing here.

Amp. Prithee, what is it you are dreaming about?

Trach. For certain, Labrax invited Plesidippus hither to a breakfast, your master, my master.

Amp. By my troth, you're telling of no wondrous facts: if he has deceived Gods and men, he has *only* acted after the fashion of Procurers.

Trach. *Then* neither yourselves nor my master are here performing a sacrifice.

Amp. You are a wizard. Trach. What are you doing then?

Amp. The Priestess of Venus has received here into her abode both myself and Palæstra, after many mishaps and dreadful alarm, and from being in danger of our lives, destitute of aid and of resources.

Trach. Prithee, is Palæstra here, the beloved of my master?

Amp. Assuredly. Trach. Great joyousness is there in your news, my *dear* Ampelisca. But I greatly long to know what was this danger of yours.

Amp. Last night our ship was wrecked, my *dear* Trachalio.

Trach. How, ship? What story's this?

Amp. Prithee, have you not heard in what way the Procurer intended secretly to carry us away hence to Sicily,

[1] *Not far advanced*)—Ver. 337. She seems to mean that, in the prime of life her misfortunes are greater than might have been anticipated by one so young

and *how*, whatever there was at home, he placed on board ship? That has all gone to the bottom now.

TRACH. O clever Neptune, hail to thee! Surely, no dicer is more skilful than thyself. Decidedly a right pleasant throw[1] hast thou made; thou didst break a—villain. But where now is the Procurer Labrax?

AMP. Perished through drinking, I suppose; Neptune last night invited him to deep potations.

TRACH. By my troth, I fancy it was given him to drink by way of cup of necessity[2]. How much I do love you, my *dear* Ampelisca; how pleasing you are; what honied words you do utter. But you and Palæstra, in what way were you saved?

AMP. I'll let you know. Both in affright, we leapt from the ship into a boat, because we saw that the ship was being borne upon a rock; in haste, I unloosed the rope, while they were in dismay. The storm separated us from them with the boat in a direction to the right. And so, tossed about by winds and waves, in a multitude of ways, we, wretched *creatures*, during the livelong night * * * * * * * half dead, the wind this day has scarce borne us to the shore.

TRACH. I understand; thus is Neptune wont *to do;* he is a very dainty Ædile[3]; if any wares are bad, *over* he throws them all.

AMP. Woe to your head and life!

TRACH. To your own, my *dear* Ampelisca. I was sure that the Procurer would do that which he has done; I often said *so*. It were better I should let my hair grow[4], and set up for a soothsayer.

[1] *Right pleasant throw*)—Ver. 360. There is a joke here, which depends on the double meaning of "jacere bolum" and "perdere." The former signifies, "to cast a net" and "to cast a throw of dice." "Perdere" signifies, "to cause to perish," and "to break" or "ruin," in the gamester's sense.

[2] *Cup of necessity*)—Ver. 365. "Anancæum," "the cup of necessity," which derived its name from the Greek word ἀναγκὴ, "necessity," was so called from the custom, in feasts, of handing round a large goblet, which all were obliged to empty, without losing a drop. Trachalio alludes to the large draught of salt water which he supposes Labrax has had to swallow at the bidding of Neptune.

[3] *Very dainty Ædile*)—Ver. 373-4. It was the duty of the Ædiles at Rome to visit the markets and inspect the wares, like the Agoranomus, or "market-officer," of the Greeks. See the Miles Gloriosus, l. 727, and the Note.

[4] *Let my hair grow*)—Ver. 377. It is supposed to have been the custom of soothsayers and diviners to let their hair grow to a greater length than usual.

Amp. Did you not take care then, you and your master, that he shouldn't go away, when you knew *this?*

Trach. What could he do? Amp. If he was in love, do you ask what he could do? Both night and day he should have kept watch; he should have been always on his guard. But, by my troth, he has done like many *others;* thus finely has Plesidippus taken care of her.

Trach. For what reason do you say that?

Amp. The thing is evident.

Trach. Don't you know *this?* Even he who goes to the bath to bathe, while there he carefully keeps an eye upon his garments, still they are stolen; inasmuch as some one of those that he is watching is a rogue; the thief easily marks him for whom he's upon the watch; the keeper knows not which one is the thief. But bring me to her; where is she?

Amp. Well then, go here into the Temple of Venus; you'll find her sitting *there,* and in tears. Trach. How disagreeable is that to me already. But why is she weeping?

Amp. I'll tell you; she's afflicting herself in mind for this; because the Procurer took away a casket from her which she had, and in which she kept that by which she might be enabled to recognize her parents; she fears that this has been lost.

Trach. Where was that little casket, pray?

Amp. There, on board the ship; he himself locked it up in his wallet, that there mightn't be the means by which she might recognize her parents.

Trach. O scandalous deed! to require her to be a slave, who ought to be a free woman.

Amp. Therefore *she* now *laments* that it has gone to the bottom along with the ship. There, too, was all the gold and silver of the Procurer.

Trach. Some one, I trust, has dived and brought it up.

Amp. For this reason is she sad and disconsolate, that she has met with the loss of them.

Trach. Then have I the greater occasion to do this, to go in and console her, that she mayn't thus distress herself in mind. For I know that many a lucky thing has happened to many a one beyond their hopes.

Amp. But I *know* too that hope has deceived many who have hoped.

Trach. Therefore a patient mind is the best remedy for

affliction. I'll go in, unless you wish for anything. (*Goes into the Temple.*)

Amp. Go. (*To herself.*) I'll do that which the Priestess requested me, and I'll ask for some water here at the neighbour's; for she said that if I asked for it in her name, they would give it directly. And I do think that I never saw a more worthy old lady, one to whom I should think that it is more befitting for Gods and men to show kindness. How courteously, how heartily, how kindly, how, without the least difficulty, she received us into her home, trembling, in want, drenched, shipwrecked, half dead; not otherwise, *in fact*, than if we had been her own offspring. How *kindly* did she herself, just now, tucking up her garments, make the water warm for us to bathe. Now, that I mayn't keep her waiting, I'll fetch some water from the place where she requested me. (*Knocking at the door of* Dæmones.) Hallo, there, is there any one in the cottage? Is any one going to open this *door?* Will any one come out?

Scene V.—*Enter* Sceparnio, *from the cottage of* Dæmones.

Scep. Who is it so furiously making an attack upon our door?

Amp. It's I. Scep. Well now, what good *news* is there? (*Aside.*) Dear me, a lass of comely appearance, i' troth.

Amp. Greeting to you, young man. Scep. And many greetings to you, young woman.

Amp. I'm come to you—— Scep. I'll receive you with a welcome, if you come in the evening, by-and-by, just such as I could like; for just now I've no means[1] *to receive* you, a damsel, thus early in the morning * * * But what have you to say, my smiling, pretty one. (*Chucks her under the chin.*)

Amp. Oh, you're handling me too familiarly. (*Moves away.*)

Scep. O ye immortal Gods! she's the very image of

[1] *For just now I've no means*)—Ver. 418. This line has greatly puzzled the Commentators. Sceparnio, however, seems to mean that at present he is busy, and cannot attend to her, but that in the evening he will be at her service. It has been suggested that a *double entendre* is meant; and such may possibly be the case, though the pungency of the passage is lost by reason of the hiatus in the next line. The meaning may, however, be harmless, and he may intend to say that at present he is busy thatching the house, but that at nightfall he will have finished, when she may count upon being hospitably entertained.

Venus. What joyousness there is in her eyes, and, only do see, what a skin; 'tis of the vulture's tint[1],—rather, the eagle's, indeed, I meant to say. Her breasts, too, how beautiful; and then what expression on her lips! (*Takes hold of her.*)

Amp. (*struggling*). I'm no common commodity for the whole township[2]; can't you keep your hands off me?

Scep. (*patting her*). Won't you let me touch you, gentle one, in this manner, gently *and* lovingly? * * * * * * * * *

Amp. When I have leisure, then I'll be giving my attention to toying and dalliance to please you; for the present, prithee, do either say me "Yes" or "No" to the matter for which I was sent hither.

Scep. What now is it that you wish?

Amp. (*pointing to her pitcher*). To a shrewd person, my equipment would give indications of what it is I want.

Scep. To a shrewd woman, this equipment, too, of mine, would give indication of what it is I want.

Amp. (*pointing to the Temple*). The Priestess there of Venus, requested me to fetch some water from your house here. * * * * * *

Scep. But I'm a lordly sort of person; unless you entreat me, you shan't have a drop. We dug this well with danger to ourselves, and with tools of iron. Not a drop can be got out of me except by means of plenty of blandishments.

Amp. Prithee, why do you make so much fuss about the water—*a thing* that *even* enemy affords to enemy?

Scep. Why do you make so much fuss about granting a favour to me, that citizen grants to citizen?

Amp. On the contrary, my sweet one, I'll even do everything for you that you wish.

Scep. O charming! I am favoured; she's now calling me

[1] *Of the vulture's tint*)—Ver. 423. There is a poor joke here upon the words "subaquilum" and "subvulturium." Sceparnio means to describe the complexion of Ampelisca as somewhat resembling the colour of an eagle. By mistake, he happens to mention "a vulture," and immediately corrects himself, as, from its sordid habits, he may be deemed to be paying her an ill compliment.

[2] *No common commodity for the whole township*)—Ver. 425. "Pollucta pago." The portion of the sacrifice to Hercules which was given to the common people was said to be "pollucta," whence the present adaptation of the epithet. Echard seems to have contemplated translating this, "I'm no pie for every one's cutting up!"

her sweet one. The water shall be given you, so that you mayn't be coaxing me in vain. Give me the pitcher.

Amp. Take it (*gives it to him*): make haste and bring it out, there's a dear.

Scep. Stay a *moment;* I'll be here this instant, my sweet one. (*Goes into the cottage.*) * * * * * * * * * * * *

Scene VI.—Ampelisca, *alone.*

Amp. What shall I say to the Priestess for having delayed here so long a time? * * * * * * * * How, even still, in my wretchedness do I tremble, when with my eyes I look upon the sea. (*She looks towards the shore.*) But what, to my sorrow, do I see afar upon the shore? My master, the Procurer, and his Sicilian guest, both of whom wretched I supposed to have perished in the deep. Still does thus much more of evil survive for us than we had imagined. But why do I delay to run off into the Temple, and to tell Palæstra this, that we may take refuge at the altar before this scoundrel of a Procurer can come hither and seize us here? I'll betake myself away from this spot; for the necessity suddenly arises *for me to do so.* (*Runs into the Temple.*)

Scene VII.—*Enter* Sceparnio, *from the cottage.*

Scep. (*to himself*). O ye immortal Gods, I never did imagine that there was so great delight in water; how heartily I did draw this. The well seemed much less deep than formerly. How entirely without exertion did I draw this up. With all deference[1] to myself, am I not a very silly fellow, in having only to-day made a commencement of being in love[2]? (*Turning slowly round, he holds out the pitcher.*) Here's the water for you, my pretty one; here now, I would have you carry it with as much pleasure as I carry it, that you may please me. (*Stares around him.*) But where are you, my tit-bit? Do take this water, please; where are you? (*Again looks about.*) I' troth, she's in

[1] *With all deference*)—Ver. 461. "Præfiscine." This word was generally used as being supposed to avert the evil eye, when persons spake in high terms of themselves. There is some drollery in Sceparnio using it, when speaking in disparagement of himself.

[2] *Of being in love*)—Ver. 462. Not for the pleasure of loving, but for the comparative ease of drawing the water, which was probably one of his employments.

love with me, as I fancy; the roguish one's playing bo-peep[1]. Where are you? Are you going now to take this pitcher? Where are you, *I say?* You've carried the joke far enough. Really, *do be* serious at last. Once more, are you going to take this pitcher? Where in the world are you? (*Looks about.*) I' troth, I don't see her anywhere, for my part; she's making fun of me. I' faith, I shall now set down this pitcher in the middle of the road. But yet, suppose any person should carry away from here this sacred pitcher of Venus, he would be causing me some trouble. I' faith, I'm afraid that this woman's laying a trap for me, that I may be caught with the sacred pitcher of Venus. In such case, with very good reason, the magistrate will be letting me die in prison, if any one shall see me holding this. For it's marked with the name; itself tells its own tale, whose property it is. Troth now, I'll call that Priestess here out of doors, that she may take this pitcher. I'll go there to the door. (*He knocks.*) Hallo there! Ptolemocratia. (*Calling aloud.*) Take this pitcher of yours, please; some young woman, I don't know who, brought it here to me. (*A pause.*) It must *then* be carried in-doors *by me.* I've found *myself* a job, if, in fact, of my own accord, water is to be carried by me for these people as well. (*Goes into the Temple with the pitcher.*)

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* LABRAX, *dripping wet, followed by* CHARMIDES, *at a distance, in the same plight.*

LAB. (*grumbling to himself*). The person that chooses himself to be wretched and a beggar, let him trust himself and his life to Neptune. For if any one has any dealings at all with him, he sends him back home equipped in this guise. (*Surveying himself.*) By my troth, Liberty, you were a clever one, who were never willing[2] to put *even* a foot, i' faith, on board ship with me. But (*looking round*) where's this guest of mine that has proved my ruin? Oh, see, here he comes.

CHARM. Where the plague are you hurrying to, Labrax? For really I cannot follow you so fast.

[1] *Playing bo-peep*)—Ver. 466. Both Horace and Virgil mention the game of hiding, or "bo-peep," as a favorite one with the girls of their day

[2] *Who were never willing*)—Ver. 489. He probably alludes to some current proverb of the day, which may, with considerable truth, have said that liberty forsakes a man when he goes on board ship.

Lab. I only wish that you had perished by direful torments in Sicily before I had looked upon you with my eyes, *you* on whose account this misfortune has befallen me.

Charm. I only wish that on the day on which you admitted me into your house, I had laid me down in a prison sooner. I pray the immortal Gods, that so long as you live, you may have all your guests just like your own self.

Lab. In your person I admitted misfortune into my house. What business had I to listen to a rogue *like* you, or what to depart hence? Or why to go on board ship, where I have lost even more wealth[1] than I was possessor of?

Charm. Troth, I'm far from being surprised if your ship has been wrecked, which was carrying yourself, a villain, and your property villanously acquired.

Lab. You've utterly ruined me with your wheedling speeches.

Charm. A more accursed dinner of yours have I been dining upon than the ones that were set before Thyestes and Tereus[2].

Lab. I'm dying; I'm sick at heart. Prithee, do hold up my head.

Charm. By my troth, I could very much wish that you would vomit up your lungs.

Lab. Alas! Palæstra and Ampelisca, where are you now?

Charm. Supplying food for the fishes at the bottom, I suppose.

Lab. You have brought beggary upon me by your means, while I was listening to your bragging lies.

Charm. You have reason deservedly to give me many hearty thanks, who from an insipid *morsel* by my agency have made you salt[3].

Lab. Nay, but do you get out from me to extreme and utter perdition.

[1] *Even more wealth*)—Ver. 504. He means that he has not only lost his existing property by the shipwreck, but his hopes of profit as well on his arrival at Sicily, by means of his traffic with Palæstra and Ampelisca.

[2] *Thyestes and Tereus*)—Ver 509. Atreus killed the children of his brother Thyestes, and served them up to their father. Progne slew her son Itys, and set him before his father Tereus, who had ravished and mutilated her sister Philomela.

[3] *Have made you salt*)—Ver. 517. "Ex insulso salsum." The humour in this passage depends on the double meaning of the word "salsus," which signifies "salted," and, figuratively, "sharp," "clever," "witty."

CHARM. You be off'; I was just going to do that very thing. LAB. Alas! what mortal being is there living more wretched than I?

CHARM. I am by very far much more wretched, Labrax, than yourself.

LAB. How so? CHARM. Because I am not deserving of it, whereas you are deserving.

LAB. O bulrush, bulrush, I do praise your lot, who always maintain your credit for dryness.

CHARM. (*his teeth chattering*). For my part, I'm exercising myself for a skirmishing fight[1], for, from my shivering, I utter all my words in piecemeal flashes.

LAB. By my troth, Neptune, you are a purveyor of chilly baths; since I got away from you with my clothes, I've been freezing. No hot liquor-shop[2] at all for sure does he provide; so salt and cold the potions that he prepares.

CHARM. How lucky are the blacksmiths, who are always sitting among hot coals; they are always warm.

LAB. I only wish that I were now enjoying the lot of the duck, so as, although I had *just* come from out of the water, still to be dry.

CHARM. What if I some way or other let myself out at the games for a hobgoblin[3]?

LAB. For what reason?

CHARM. Because, i' faith, I'm chattering aloud with my teeth. But I'm of opinion that, with very good reason, I've had this ducking.

LAB. How so?

CHARM. Why, haven't I ventured to go on board ship with yourself, who have been stirring up the ocean for me from the *very* bottom?

[1] *For a skirmishing fight*)—Ver. 525. Thornton has this Note on this passage: "'Velitatio' signifies 'a skirmish,' which was usually made by the 'velites,' that is, 'the light-harnessed soldiers;' and these men always made use of darts, whose points would glitter at a distance, sometimes one way, and sometimes another. Now Charmides, trembling with cold, compares himself to these 'velites,' or 'skirmishers,' who never keep their places; and his words, which came out broken and by piecemeal, to the unequal glimmerings or flashes of their darts."

Hot-liquor shop)—Ver. 529. See the Trinummus, l. 1013, and the Note.

[3] *For a hobgoblin*)—Ver. 535. "Manducus" was a huge figure exhibited on the stage and at public shows, with huge teeth craunching, and a wide mouth—probably not unlike some of the idols of the South Sea Islanders.

LAB. I listened to you *when advising me;* you assured me that there *in Sicily* was very great profit from courtesans; there, you used to say, I should be able to amass wealth.

CHARM. Did you expect, then, you unclean beast, that you were going to gobble up the whole island of Sicily?

LAB. What whale, I wonder, has gobbled up my wallet, where all my gold and silver was packed up?

CHARM. That same one, I suppose, that *has swallowed* my purse, which was full of silver in my travelling-bag.

LAB. Alas! I'm reduced even to this one poor tunic (*stretching it out*) and to this poor shabby cloak; I'm done for to all intents.

CHARM. Then you may even go into partnership with me; we have got equal shares.

LAB. If at least my damsels had been saved, there would have been some hope. Now, if the young man Plesidippus should be seeing me, from whom I received the earnest for Palæstra, he'll then be causing me some trouble *in consequence.* (*He begins to cry.*)

CHARM. Why cry, you fool? Really, by my troth, so long as your tongue shall exist, you have abundance with which to make payment to everybody[1].

SCENE IX.—*Enter* SCEPARNIO, *from the Temple.*

SCEP. (*to himself, aloud*). What to-do is this, I'd like to know, that two young women here in the Temple, in tears, are holding in their embrace the statue of Venus, dreading I know not what in their wretchedness? But they say that this last night they have been tossed about, and to-day cast on shore from the waves.

LAB. (*overhearing*). Troth now, young man, prithee, where are these young women that you are talking of?

SCEP. Here (*pointing*) in the Temple of Venus.

LAB. How many are there? SCEP. Just as many as you and I make.

LAB. Surely, they are mine. SCEP. Surely, I know nothing about that.

LAB. Of what appearance are they?

Payment to everybody)—Ver. 558. He means, that his readiness to commit perjury will save him the trouble of finding money to pay with, as he can always swear that he has paid already.

Scep. Good-looking; I could even fall in love with either of them, if I were well liquored.

Lab. Surely, they are the damsels. Scep. Surely, you are a nuisance; be off, go in and see, if you like.

Lab. These must be my wenches in here, my *dear* Charmides. Charm. Jupiter confound you, both if they are and still if they are not.

Lab. I'll straightway burst into this Temple of Venus here.

Charm. Into the bottomless pit, I would rather. (Labrax *rushes into the Temple, and shuts the door.*)

Scene X.—Charmides *and* ScepARNIO.

Charm. Prithee, stranger, show me some spot where I may go to sleep. Scep. Go to sleep there, wherever you please (*points to the ground*); no one hinders, it's free to the public.

Charm. (*pointing to his clothes*). But do you see me, in what wet clothes I'm dressed? Do take me under shelter; lend me some dry clothes, while my own are drying; on some occasion I'll return you the favour.

Scep. See, here's my outer coat, which alone is dry; that, if you like, I'll lend you. (*Takes it off and holds it out to him.*) In that same I'm wont to be clothed, by that same protected, when it rains. Do you give me those *clothes of yours;* I'll *soon* have them dried.

Charm. How now, are you afraid that, as I've been washed bare[1] last night at sea, I mayn't be made bare again here upon shore?

Scep. Wash you bare, or anoint you well, I don't care one fig[2]. I shall never entrust anything to you unless upon a pledge being taken. Do you either sweat away or perish with cold, be you either sick or well. I'll put up with no stranger-guest in my house; I've had disagreements enough. (*Puts on his coat again, and goes into the house of* Dæmones.)

[1] *Washed bare*)—Ver. 579. The poor joke here turns on the double meaning of the word "eluo," which, in the passive, means "to be shipwrecked," and in the active, either "to bathe" or "to be ruined in one's fortunes." It is not very dissimilar to an expression common with us, and might be rendered, "I wasn't cleaned out enough at sea last night, but you want to clean me out still more." ScepARNIO takes the word in the sense of "to bathe," and says, "Bathe or anoint yourself; I don't care a fig." Anointing followed immediately after bathing.

[2] *One fig*)—Ver. 580. "Ciccum." "Ciccum" was the thin skin in the pomegranate that divided the kernels.

Scene XI.—Charmides, *alone.*

Charm. What, are you off? (*A pause.*) He's a trafficker in slaves for money[1]; whoever he is, he has no bowels[2] of compassion. But why in my wretchedness am I standing here, soaking? Why don't I rather go away from here into the Temple of Venus, that I may sleep off this debauch which I got with drinking last night against the bent of my inclination? Neptune has been drenching us with salt water as though we were Greek wines[3], and so he hoped that our stomachs might be vomited up with his salt draughts. What need of words? If he had persisted in inviting us a little longer, we should have gone fast asleep there; as it is, hardly alive has he sent us off home. Now I'll go see the Procurer, my boon companion, what he's doing within. (*Goes into the Temple.*)

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Dæmones, *from his house.*

Dæm. (*to himself*). In wondrous ways[4] do the Gods make sport of men, in wondrous fashions do they send dreams in sleep. Not the sleeping, even, do they allow to rest. As, for example, I, this last night which has gone by, dreamed a wonderful and a curious dream. A she-ape seemed to be endeavouring to climb up to a swallow's nest; and she was not able thence to take them out. After that, the ape seemed to come to me to beg me to lend a ladder to her. I in these terms gave answer to the ape, that swallows are the descendants of Philomela[5] and of Progne. I expostulated with her, that she

[1] *For money*)—Ver. 584. His meaning is, "he is so inhuman, that surely he is a slave-dealer, and nothing less."

[2] *Has no bowels*)—Ver. 585. "Non est misericors." Literally, "he is not merciful."

[3] *Were Greek wines*)—Ver. 588. He uses this comparison because it was the custom of the ancients to mix sea-water with all the Greek wines, except the Chian, which Horace styles "maris expers," "unmixed with the sea."

[4] *In wondrous ways*)—Ver. 593. It is somewhat singular that the same three lines as this and the two following occur in the Mercator, at the beginning of Act II.

[5] *Of Philomela*)—Ver. 604. The Poets generally represent Progne as changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. Ovid, however, on one occasion, mentions Philomela as being changed into a swallow. They were the daughters of Pandion, king of Athens, the native place of Dæmones.

might not hurt those of my country. But then she began to be much more violent, *and* seemed gratuitously to be threatening me with vengeance. She summoned me to a court of justice. Then, in my anger, I seemed to seize hold of the ape by the middle, in what fashion I know not; and I fastened up with chains *this* most worthless beast. Now to what purpose I shall say that this dream tends, never have I this day been able to come to *any* conclusion. (*A loud noise is heard in the Temple.*) But what's this noise that arises in this Temple of Venus, my neighbour? My mind's in wonder *about it.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* TRACHALIO, *in haste, from the Temple.*

TRACH. (*aloud*). O citizens of Cyrene, I implore your aid, countrymen, you who are near neighbours to these spots, bring aid to helplessness, and utterly crush a most vile attempt. Inflict vengeance, that the power of the wicked, who wish themselves to be distinguished by crimes, may not be stronger than of the guiltless. Make an example for the shameless man, give its reward to modest virtue; cause that one may be allowed to live here rather under the control of the laws than of *brute* force. Hasten hither into the Temple of Venus; again do I implore your aid, you who are here at hand and who hear my cries. Bring assistance to those who, after the recognized usage, have entrusted their lives to Venus and to the Priestess of Venus, under their protection. Wring ye the neck of iniquity before it reaches yourselves.

DÆM. What's *all* this to-do? TRACH. (*embracing his knees*). By these knees of yours, I do entreat you, old gentleman, whoever you are——

DÆM. Nay, but do you let go my knees, then, and tell me why it is that you are making a noise?

TRACH. I do beg and entreat you, that if you hope this year that you will have abundance of laserwort and silphium[1], and that that export will arrive at Capua[2] safe and sound, and that you may ever enjoy freedom from diseased eyes——

[1] *Laserwort and silphium*)—Ver. 630. "Sirpe" and "laserpitium" seem to be different names for the same plant, "laserwort," from which assafœtida is distilled. It grew abundantly in Cyrene, which region Catullus calls "Laserpitiferæ Cyrenæ." The juice of this plant seems to have been used in making certain perfumes, for which reason it was exported to Capua.

At Capua)—Ver. 631. Capua was the chief city of Campania, in Italy, and

DÆM. Are you in your senses?

TRACH.——Or whether you trust that you will have plenty of juice of silphium[1], that you will not hesitate to give me the aid which I shall entreat of you, aged sir.

DÆM. And I, by your legs, and ancles, and back, do entreat you that, if you hope that you will have a crop of elm-twigs, and that a fruitful harvest of beatings will this year be your lot, you will tell me what's the matter here, by reason of which you are making this uproar.

TRACH. Why do you choose to speak me ill? For my part, I wished you everything that's good.

DÆM. *And* for my part, I'm speaking you well, in praying that things which you deserve may befall you.

TRACH. Prithee, do prevent this.

DÆM. What's the matter, then?

TRACH. (*pointing to the Temple*). Two innocent women are inside here, in need of your aid, on whom, against law and justice, an injury has been, is being, glaringly committed here in the Temple of Venus. Besides, the Priestess of Venus is being disgracefully insulted.

DÆM. What person is there of effrontery so great as to dare to injure the Priestess? But these women, who are they? Or what injury is being done to them?

TRACH. If you give me your attention, I'll tell you. They have clung to the statue of Venus; a most audacious fellow is now trying to tear them away. They ought, *by rights*, both of them to be free.

DÆM. What fellow is it that so lightly holds the Gods? In a few words tell me.

TRACH. One most full of fraud, villany, parricide, *and* perjury; a lawbreaker, an immodest, unclean, most shameless fellow; to sum up all in one word, he is a Procurer; why need I say more about him?

DÆM. Troth now, you tell of a man that ought to be handed over to retribution.

TRACH. A villain, to seize the Priestess by the throat.

was famed for its luxury. It was celebrated for its choice perfumes; and in it there was one great street called "Seplasia," which consisted entirely of shops, in which unguents and perfumes were sold.

[1] *Juice of silphium*)—Ver. 633. "Magudaris" is the root or juice of the plant called "laserpicium."

DÆM. By my troth, but he has done it at his own great peril. (*Calls aloud at his door.*) Come you out of doors here, Turbalio *and* Sparax; where are you?

TRACH. Prithee, do go in, and hasten to their rescue.

DÆM. (*impatiently*). And am I to call for them once more?

Enter TURBALIO *and* SPARAX, *from the cottage.*

DÆM. Follow me this way.

TRACH. Come on now this instant, bid them tear his eyes out, just in the way that cooks do cuttle-fish[1].

DÆM. Drag the fellow out here by his legs, just like a slaughtered pig. (DÆMONES *and his* SERVANTS *go into the Temple.*)

TRACH. (*listening at the door*). I hear a scuffling; the Procurer, I guess, is being belaboured with their fists; I'd very much like them to knock the teeth out of the jaws of the most villanous fellow. But see, here are the women themselves coming out of the Temple in consternation.

SCENE III.—*Enter* PALÆSTRA *and* AMPELISCA, *in haste, from the Temple, with dishevelled locks.*

PAL. Now is that *time* arrived when destitution of all resources and aid, succour *and* defence, overtakes us. Neither hope nor means is there to bring us aid, nor know we in what direction we should commence to proceed. In exceeding terror now are we both, in this our wretchedness. Such cruelty and such outrage have been committed towards us just now in-doors here by our master, who, in his villany, pushed down the old lady, the Priestess, headlong, and struck her in a very disgraceful manner, and with his violence tore us away from the inner side[2] of the statue. But as our lot and fortunes are now showing themselves, 'twere best to die, nor in our miseries is there anything better than death.

TRACH. (*behind*). What's this? Whose words are those? *Why* do I delay to console them? (*Aloud.*) Harkye, Palæstra, Ampelisca, harkye!

PAL. Prithee, who is it that calls *us?*

[1] *Cooks do cuttle-fish*)—Ver. 659. This, probably, was a practice of ancient cookery, which, happily, has not come down to our times.

[2] *The inner side*)—Ver. 673. "Signo intumo" may either mean the statue in the most distant and sacred recess, or the inner side of the statue, to which spot they had retired for safety.

Amp. Who is it that calls me by name?

Trach. If you turn round and look, you'll know.

Pal. (*turning round*). O hope of my safety!

Trach. Be silent and of good courage; trust me[1].

Pal. If only it can be so, let not violence overwhelm us.

Trach. What violence?

Pal. That same which is driving me to commit violence on myself. Trach. Oh, do leave off; you are very silly.

Pal. Then do you leave off at once your consoling me in my misery with words.

Amp. Unless you afford us protection in reality[2], Trachalio, it's all over with us.

Pal. I'm resolved to die sooner than suffer this Procurer to get me in his power. But still I am of woman's heart; when, in my misery, death comes into my mind, fear takes possession of my limbs.

Trach. By my troth, although this is a bitter *affliction*, do have a good heart.

Pal. Why where, pray, is a good heart to be found for me?

Trach. Don't you fear, I tell you; sit you down here by the altar. (*Points to it.*)

Amp. What can this altar possibly avail us more than the statue here within the Temple of Venus, from which just now, embracing it, in our wretchedness, we were torn by force?

Trach. Only you be seated here; then I'll protect you in this spot. This altar you possess as though your bulwarks[3]; these your fortifications; from this spot will I defend you. With the aid of Venus, I'll march against the wickedness of the Procurer.

Pal. We follow your instructions (*they advance to the altar and kneel*); and genial Venus, we both of us, in tears, implore thee, embracing this thy altar, bending upon our knees, that thou wilt receive us into thy guardianship,

[1] *Trust me*)—Ver. 680. At the same time he is afraid to go in. Palæstra sees this, and taunts him with being brave—in words only.

[2] *In reality*)—Ver. 683. "Re," "in reality," in contradistinction to words.

[3] *Your bulwarks*)—Ver. 692. "Mœnia." Madame Dacier supposes that these words refer to the walls of a court in front of the Temple, represented on the stage with an altar in the middle, the walls being breast high, which Trachalio compares to entrenchments.

and be our protector; that thou wilt punish those wretches who have set at nought thy Temple, and that thou wilt suffer us to occupy this thy altar with thy permission, we who last night were by the might of Neptune cast away; hold us not in scorn, and do not for that reason impute it to us as a fault, if there is anything that thou shouldst think is not so well attended to[1] *by us as it ought to have been.*

Trach. I think they ask what's just; it ought, Venus, by thee to be granted. Thou oughtst to pardon them; 'tis terror forces them to do this. They say that thou wast born from a shell[2]; take thou care that thou dost not despise the shells of these. But see, most opportunely the old gentleman is coming out, both my protector and your own. (*He goes to the altar.*)

Scene IV.—*Enter* Dæmones, *from the Temple, with his two* Servants *dragging out* Labrax.

Dæm. Come out of the Temple, you most sacrilegious of men, as many as have ever been born. Do you go (*calling to the* Women) and sit by the altar. (*Not seeing them near the door.*) But where are they?

Trach. Look round here.

Dæm. (*looking round*). Very good; I wanted that[3]. Now bid him come this way. (*To* Labrax.) Are you attempting here among us to commit a violation of the laws against the Deities? (*To the* Servants, *who obey with alacrity.*) Punch his face with your fists.

Lab. I'm suffering these indignities at your own cost.

[1] *Not so well attended to*)—Ver. 701. "Bene lautum." There is a joke intended in the use of these words, which may signify either "quite tidy" or "properly arranged;" or, on the other hand, "well washed," neglect of which certainly could not be imputed to them, by reason of their recent shipwreck.

[2] *Born from a shell*)—Ver. 703. He alludes to the birth of Venus, who was said to have sprung from the sea in a shell. He also seems to joke upon the destitute state of the young women, and to call them mere shells. An indelicate construction has been, by some, put upon the use of the word "conchas," while others think it refers to the use made by women of shells, for holding their paints, perfumes, and cosmetics, and that he means thereby to reproach Venus for having allowed them to lose all their property. This, however, seems to be a rather far-fetched notion.

[3] *I wanted that*)—Ver. 708. He means that the women have done as he wished them to do, in flying to the altar for refuge.

Dæm. Why, the insolent fellow's threatening even.

Lab. I've been robbed of my rights; you are robbing me of my female slaves against my will.

Trach. Do you then find some wealthy man of the Senate of Cyrene as judge, whether these women ought to be yours, or whether they oughtn't to be free, or whether it isn't right that you should be clapped into prison, and there spend your life, until you have worn the whole gaol out *with your feet.*

Lab. I wasn't prepared to prophesy for this day that I should be talking with a hang-gallows[1] *like yourself.* (*Turning to* Dæmones.) You do I summon *to judgment.*

Dæm. (*pointing to* Trachalio). In the first place, try it with him who knows you.

Lab. (*to* Dæmones). My suit is with yourself.

Trach. But it must be with myself. (*Pointing to the* Women.) Are these your female slaves?

Lab. They are. Trach. Just come then, touch either of them with your little finger only.

Lab. What if I do touch them?

Trach. That very instant, upon my faith, I'll make a hand-ball[2] of you, and while you're in the air I'll belabour you with my fists, you most perjured villain.

Lab. Am I not to be allowed to take away my female slaves from the altar of Venus?

Dæm. You may not; such is the law with us.

Lab. I've no concern with your laws; for my part, I shall at once carry them both away from here[3]. If you are in love with them, old gentleman (*holding out his hand*), you must down here with the ready cash.

Dæm. But these women have proved pleasing to Venus.

Lab. She may have them, if she pays the money.

Dæm. A Goddess, *pay* you money? Now then, that you

[1] *A hang-gallows*)—Ver. 717. "Furcifero." He sneeringly alludes to Trachalio's position as a slave, and his liability to have the punishment of the "furca" inflicted on him.

[2] *A hand-ball*)—Ver. 721-2. These lines are thus rendered in one version: "Instantly I will make you a prize-fighting pair of bellows, and while you are drawing breath, will belabour you with my fists." The allusion, however, is clearly to a ball blown up like our footballs, and struck with the clenched fist, the merit of the game being not to let it come to the ground.

[3] *Away from here*)—Ver. 725. "Foras." Probably in allusion to the court before the Temple.

may understand my determination, only do you commence in mere joke to offer them the very slightest violence; I'll send you away from here with such a dressing, that you won't know your own self. You, therefore (*turning to his* SERVANTS), when I give you the signal, if you don't beat his eyes out of his head, I'll trim you round about with rods just like beds of myrtle[1] with bulrushes.

LAB. You are treating me with violence.

TRACH. What, do you even upbraid us with violence, you flagrant specimen of flagitiousness? LAB. *You*, you thrice-dotted villain[2], do you dare to speak abusively to me?

TRACH. I am a thrice-dotted villain; I confess it; you are a strictly honorable man; ought these women a bit the less to be free?

LAB. What—free? TRACH. Aye, and your mistresses, too, i' faith, and from genuine Greece[3]; for one of them was born at Athens of free-born parents.

DÆM. What is it I hear from you?

TRACH. That she (*pointing to* PALÆSTRA) was born at Athens, a free-born woman. DÆM. (*to* TRACHALIO). Prithee, is she a countrywoman of mine?

TRACH. Are you not a Cyrenian? DÆM. No; born at Athens in Attica, bred and educated *there*.

TRACH. Prithee, aged sir, do protect your countrywomen.

DÆM. (*aside*). O daughter, when I look on her, separated from me you remind me of my miseries: (*aloud*) she who was lost by me when three years old; now, if she is living, she's just about as tall, I'm sure, *as she*. (*Pointing to* PALÆSTRA.)

LAB. I paid the money down for these two, to their owners, of whatever country they were. What matters it to me whether they were born at Athens or at Thebes, so long as they are rightfully in servitude as my slaves?

TRACH. Is it so, you impudent fellow? What, are you, a cat prowling after maidens, to be keeping children here

[1] *Beds of myrtle*)—Ver. 732. "Myrteta." This may allude to bundles of myrtle (which was sacred to Venus), bound with rushes and hung about the Temple, or else to beds of myrtle in front of the Temple, with small fences round them, made of rushes.

[2] *Thrice-dotted villain*)—Ver. 734. "Trifurcifer." Literally, "one punished with the 'furca' three times," meaning a "thief," or "villain three times over." See the Aulularia, l. 281, and the Note (where read "punished with the 'furca'").

[3] *Genuine Greece*)—Ver. 737. Perhaps in contradistinction to Sicily, which was only colonized by Greeks.

kidnapped from their parents and destroying them in your disgraceful calling? But as for this other one, I really don't know what her country is; I only know that she's more deserving than yourself, you most abominable rascal.

LAB. Are these women your property?

TRACH. Come to the trial, then, which of the two according to his back is the more truthful; if you don't bear more compliments[1] upon your back than any ship of war[2] has nails, then I'm the greatest of liars. Afterwards, do you examine mine, when I've examined yours; if it shall not prove to be so untouched, that any leather flask maker[3] will say that it is a hide most capital and most sound for the purposes of his business, what reason is there why I shouldn't mangle you with stripes, even till you have your belly full? Why do you stare at them? If you touch them I'll tear your eyes out.

LAB. Yet notwithstanding, although you forbid me *to do so*, I'll at once carry them off both together with me.

DÆM. What will you do? LAB. I'll bring Vulcan; he is an enemy to Venus[4]. (*Goes towards* DÆMONES' *cottage.*)

TRACH. Whither is he going?

LAB. (*calling at the door*). Hallo! Is there anybody here? Hallo! *I say.*

DÆM. If you touch the door, that very instant, upon my faith, you shall get a harvest upon your face with fists for your pitchforks[5].

SERV. We keep no fire, we live upon dried figs.

[1] *Compliments*)—Ver. 753. "Offerumenta," according to Festus, signified an offering to the Gods; and as these were fixed to the walls of the Temples, Trachalio calls the lashes of the scourge or rod, when applied to the back of the delinquent slave, by the same term.

[2] *Ship of war*)—Ver. 754. "Longa navis." Literally, "a long ship." Ships of war were thus called by the Greeks.

[3] *Leather flask maker*)—Ver. 756. "Ampullarius." "A maker of ampullæ," or leather bottles. They were of a big-bellied form, with a narrow neck.

[4] *An enemy to Venus*)—Ver. 761. In so saying, he alludes to the intrigue of Venus with Mars, which was discovered by the device of Vulcan, her injured husband. For the story, see the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. 4, l. 73, and the Art of Love, B. 2, l. 562.

[5] *Fists for your pitchforks*)—Ver. 763. "Mergis pugneis." Echard, in his translation, explains this: "As they lift up their pitchforks to heap corn, so will I lift up my fists, and heap a whole harvest of cuffs on your face." "Merga" means "a pitchfork;" and, according to Festus, it was so called from its resemblance when dipped into the hay to the action of the "mergus," or "didapper when dipping into the sea.

Dæm. I'll find the fire, if only I have the opportunity of kindling it upon your head.

Lab. Faith, I'll go somewhere to look for some fire.

Dæm. What, when you've found it?

Lab. I'll be making a great fire here.

Dæm. What, to be burning[1] a mortuary sacrifice for yourself? Lab. No, but I'll burn both of these alive here upon the altar.

Dæm. I'd like that. For, by my troth, I'll forthwith seize you by the head and throw you into the fire, and, half-roasted, I'll throw you out as food for the great birds. (*Aside.*) When I come to a consideration of it with myself, this is that ape, that wanted to take away those swallows from the nest against my will, as I was dreaming in my sleep.

Trach. Aged sir, do you know what I request of you? That you will protect these females *and* defend them from violence, until I fetch my master.

Dæm. Go look for your master, and fetch him here.

Trach. But don't let him—— Dæm. At his own extreme peril, if he touches them, or if he attempts *to do so.*

Trach. Take care. Dæm. Due care is taken; do you be off.

Trach. And watch him too, that he doesn't go away anywhere. For we have promised either to give the executioner a great talent, or else to produce this fellow this very day.

Dæm. Do you only be off. I'll not let him get away, while you are absent.

Trach. I'll be back here *soon.* (*Exit* Trachalio.

Scene V.—Dæmones, Labrax, Palæstra, Ampelisca, *and* Servants.

Dæm. (*to* Labrax, *who is struggling with the* Servants). Which, you Procurer, had you rather do, be quiet with a thrashing, or e'en as it is, without the thrashing, if you had the choice?

Lab. Old fellow, I don't care a straw for what you say. My own women, in fact, I shall drag away this instant from the altar by the hair, in spite of yourself, and Venus, and supreme Jove.

[1] *To be burning*)—Ver. 767. Festus tells us that "humanum" was a "mortuary sacrifice," or "offering to the dead." In his question, therefore, Dæmones implies a wish to know whether Labrax is about to put an end to himself. It was allowable to drive away those who fled to the altar by the agency of fire.

DÆM. Just touch them. LAB. (*going towards them*). I' troth, I surely will touch them.

DÆM. Just come then; only approach this way.

LAB. Only bid both those fellows, then, to move away from there.

DÆM. On the contrary, they shall move towards you.

LAB. I' faith, for my own part, I don't think so.

DÆM. If they do move nearer to you, what will you do?

LAB. I'll retire. But, old fellow, if ever I catch you in the city, never *again*, upon my faith, shall any one call me a Procurer, if I don't give you some most disagreable sport.

DÆM. Do what you threaten. But now, in the meantime, if you do touch them, a heavy punishment shall be inflicted on you.

LAB. How heavy, in fact? DÆM. Just as much as is sufficient for a Procurer.

LAB. These threats of yours I don't value one straw; I certainly shall seize them both this instant without your leave.

DÆM. Just touch them. LAB. By my troth, I surely will touch them.

DÆM. You will touch them, but do you know with what result? Go then, Turbalio, with all haste, *and* bring hither from out of the house two cudgels.

LAB. Cudgels? DÆM. Aye, good ones; make haste speedily. (TURBALIO *goes in.*) I'll let you have a reception this day in proper style, as you are deserving of.

LAB. (*aside*). Alas! cursedly unfortunate. I lost my headpiece in the ship; it would now have been handy for me, if it had been saved. (*To* DÆMONES.) May I at least address these women?

DÆM. You may not * * * * * (TURBALIO *enters, bringing two cudgels.*) Well now, by my faith, look, the cudgel-man is coming very opportunely here.

LAB. (*aside*). By my troth, this surely is a tingling for my ears.

DÆM. Come, Sparax, do you take this other cudgel. (*Giving him one.*) Come, take your stand, one on one side, the other on the other. Take your stations both of you. (*They stand with lifted cudgels on each side of the altar.*) Just so. Now then attend to me: if, i' faith, that *fellow* there should this day touch these women with his finger against their inclination, if you

don't give him a reception[1] with these *cudgels* even to that degree that he shan't know which way he is to get home, you are undone, both of you. If he shall call for any one, do you make answer to this fellow in their stead. But if he himself shall attempt to get away from here, that instant, as hard as you can, lay on to his legs with *your* sticks.

LAB. Are they not even to allow me to go away from here?

DÆM. I've said sufficient. And when that servant comes here with his master, he that has gone to fetch his master, do you at once go home. Attend to this with great diligence, will you. (DÆMONES *goes into his house.*)

SCENE VI.—PALÆSTRA, AMPELISCA, LABRAX, *and the* SERVANTS.

LAB. O rare, by my troth, the Temple here is surely changed all of a sudden; this is now the Temple of Hercules[2] which was that of Venus before; in such fashion has the old fellow planted two statues here with clubs. I' faith, I don't know now whither in the world I shall fly from here; so greatly are they both raging now against me, both land and sea. Palæstra!

SERV. What do you want? LAB. Away with you, there is a misunderstanding *between us;* that, indeed, is not my Palæstra[3] that answers. Harkye, Ampelisca.

SERV. Beware of a mishap, will you.

LAB. (*aside*). So far as they can, the worthless fellows advise me rightly enough. (*Aloud.*) But, harkye, I ask you, whether it is any harm to you for me to come nearer to these women?

[1] *Their inclination—a reception*)—Ver. 811. "Invitos—invitassitis." He here plays upon the resemblance of the words "invitos," signifying "against their will," and "invito," being a verb signifying "to invite," and admitting of much the same equivocal use as our expression, "to give a warm reception to."

[2] *Temple of Hercules*)—Ver. 822. Seeing the servants with their cudgels, he is reminded of Hercules, who was thus depicted, and was called by the Poets "Claviger."

[3] *Not my Palæstra*)—Ver. 827. Echard, borrowing the notion from Madame Dacier, has the following Note on this passage: "This 'Palæstra' was a place of public exercise, over the gate of which was a statue of Hercules, with an inscription 'Palæstra;' now Labrax, finding this stout fellow with his club, whom before he had compared to Hercules, answering instead of Palæstra, he wittily alludes to that statue, and says that that Palæstra was none of his." Thornton appears to be right in considering this a far-fetched conceit on the part of the fair Commentatress.

Serv. Why none at all to ourselves.

Lab. Will there be any harm to myself?

Serv. None at all, if you *only* take care.

Lab. What is it that I'm to take care against?

Serv. Why, look you, against a heavy mishap.

Lab. Troth now, prithee, do let me approach them.

Serv. Approach them, if you like.

Lab. I' faith, obligingly done; I return you thanks, I'll go nearer to them. (*Approaches them.*)

Serv. Do you stand there on the spot, *where you are.* (*Drags him to his place, with the cudgel over his head.*)

Lab. (*aside*). By my faith, I've come scurvily off in many ways. *Still*, I'm resolved to get the better of them this day by constantly besieging them.

Scene VII.—*Enter* Plesidippus *and* Trachalio, *at a distance, on the other side of the stage.*

Ples. And did the Procurer attempt by force *and* violence to drag my mistress away from the altar of Venus?

Trach. Even so. Ples. Why didn't you kill him on the instant?

Trach. I hadn't a sword. Ples. You should have taken either a stick or a stone.

Trach. What! ought I to have pelted *this* most villanous fellow with stones like a dog? * * * * * * * * * *

Lab. (*aside, on seeing them*). By my troth, but I'm undone now; see, here's Plesidippus; he'll be sweeping me away altogether this moment with the dust.

Ples. Were the damsels sitting on the altar even then when you set out to come to me?

Trach. *Yes, and* now they are sitting in the same place.

Ples. Who is now protecting them there?

Trach. Some old gentleman, I don't know who, a neighbour of the Temple of Venus—he gave very kind assistance; he is now protecting them with his servants—I committed them *to his charge.*

Ples. Lead me straight to the Procurer. Where is this fellow? (*They go towards* Labrax.)

Lab. Health to you. Ples. I want none of your healths. Make your choice quickly, whether you had rather be seized

by your throat wrenched[1], or be dragged along; choose whichever you please, while you may.

LAB. I wish for neither. PLES. Be off then, Trachalio, with all speed to the sea-shore; bid those persons that I brought with me to hand over this *rascal* to the executioner, to come from the harbour to the city to meet me; afterwards return hither and keep guard here. I'll now drag this scoundrelly outcast to justice. (*Exit* TRACHALIO.

SCENE VIII.—PLESIDIPPUS, LABRAX, PALÆSTRA, *and* SERVANTS.

PLES. (*to* LABRAX). Come, proceed to a court of justice.

LAB. In what have I offended? PLES. Do you ask? Didn't you receive an earnest of me for *this* woman (*pointing to* PALÆSTRA), and carry her off from here?

LAB. I didn't carry her off. PLES. Why do you deny it?

LAB. Troth now, because I put her on board ship; carry her off[2], unfortunately, I couldn't. For my part, I told you that this day I would make my appearance at the Temple of Venus; have I swerved at all *from that?* Am I not there?

PLES. Plead your cause in the court of justice; here a word is enough. Follow *me.* (*They lay hold of him.*)

LAB. (*calling aloud*). I entreat you, my *dear* Charmides, do come to my rescue; I am being seized with my throat wrenched.

SCENE IX.—*Enter* CHARMIDES, *from the Temple.*

CHARM. (*looking about*). Who calls my name?

LAB. Do you see me how I'm being seized?

CHARM. I see, and view it with pleasure.

LAB. Don't you venture to assist me?

CHARM. What person is seizing you?

LAB. Young Plesidippus.

CHARM. What you've got, put up with; 'twere better for you, with a cheerful spirit, to slink to gaol; that has befallen you which many greatly wish for for themselves.

[1] *Seized by your throat wrenched*)—Ver. 853. "Rapin te obtorto collo." Echard has the following Note: "When any person was brought before the Prætor, they always threw his gown or cloak about his neck, and led him that way; and this was called 'rapi obtorto collo.'"

[2] *Carry her off*)—Ver. 863. There is a play or quibble here upon the words "avehere" and "provehere," "to carry away," and "to put on board ship," for the purpose of being carried away.

LAB. What's that? CHARM. To find for themselves that which they are seeking.

LAB. I entreat you, do follow me. CHARM. You try to persuade me, just like what you are: you are being taken off to gaol, for that reason is it you entreat me to follow you?

PLES. (*to* LABRAX). Do you still resist?

LAB. I'm undone. PLES. I trust that may prove the truth. You, my *dear* Palæstra and Ampelisca, do you remain here in the meanwhile, until I return hither.

SERV. I would advise them rather to go to our house, until you return.

PLES. I'm quite agreable; you act obligingly. (*The* SERVANTS *open the door of the cottage, and* PALÆSTRA *and* AMPELISCA *go in.*)

LAB. You are thieves to me. SERV. How, thieves?

PLES. Lead him along. (*The* SERVANTS *seize him.*)

LAB. (*calling out*). I pray *and* entreat you, Palæstra.

PLES. Follow, you hang-dog. LAB. Guest, *Charmides!*

CHARM. I am no guest *of yours;* I repudiate your hospitality. LAB. What, do you slight me in this fashion?

CHARM. I do so; I've been drinking *with you* once already[1].

LAB. May the Deities confound you.

CHARM. To that person *of yours*, say that. (PLESIDIPPUS *leads* LABRAX *off, followed by the* SERVANTS.)

SCENE X.—CHARMIDES, *alone.*

CHARM. I do believe that men are transformed, each into a different beast. That Procurer, I guess, is transformed into a stock-dove[2]; for, before long, his neck will be in the stocks. He'll to-day be building his nest in the gaol. Still, however, I'll go, that I may be his advocate,—if by my aid he may possibly be sentenced any the sooner.

[1] *Once already*)—Ver. 884. He alludes to the drenching he has had in the sea, by reason of his acquaintance with Labrax, and means to say that one such reception is quite sufficient for his life.

[2] *A stock-dove*)—Ver. 887. He puns upon the resemblance between the word "columbar," "a collar," into which the head was inserted by way of punishment, and "columbus," a "pigeon." The notion of preserving the pun, by using the word "stock-dove," is Echard's. The plural of the word "columbar" was also used to signify a dove-cot.

Act IV[1].—Scene I.

Enter Dæmones, *from his cottage.*

Dæm. (*to himself.*) 'Twas rightly done, and it is a pleasure this day for me to have given aid to these young women; I have now found some dependants, and both of them of comely looks and youthful age. But my plaguy wife is watching me in all ways, lest I should be giving any hint to the young women. But I wonder what in the world my servant Gripus is about, who went last night to the sea to fish. Troth, he had done wiser if he had slept at home; for now he throws away both his pains and his nets, seeing what a storm there now is and was last night. I'll thoroughly cook upon my fingers what he has caught to-day; so violently do I see the ocean heaving. (*A bell rings.*) But my wife's calling me to breakfast; I'll return home. She'll now be filling my ears with her silly prating. (*Goes into the cottage.*)

Scene II.—*Enter* Gripus, *dragging a net enclosing a wallet, by a rope.*

Grip. (*to himself*). These thanks do I return to Neptune, my patron, who dwells in the salt retreats, the abode of fishes, inasmuch as he has despatched me finely laden on my return from his retreats, and from his Temples, laden with most abundant booty, with safety to my boat, which in the stormy sea made me master of a singular and rich haul. In a wondrous and incredible manner has this haul turned out prosperously for me, nor yet have I this day taken a single ounce weight of fish, but only that which I am here bringing with me in my net. For when I arose in the middle of the night, and without sloth, I preferred profit to sleep and rest; in the raging tempest, I determined to try how I might lighten the poverty of my master and my own servitude, not sparing of my own exertions. Most worthless is the man that is slothful, and most detestably do I hate that kind of men. It behoves him to be vigilant who wishes to do his duty in good time; for it befits him not to be waiting until his master arouses him to his duties. For those who sleep on for the

[1] *Act IV.*) Echard remarks that the interval between the last Act and this is filled up with Plesidippus carrying Labrax before the Prætor and his trial, and likewise with what passes in Dæmones' house.

love of it, rest without profit *to themselves* and to their own cost. But now I, who have not been slothful, have found that for myself through which to be slothful if I should choose. (*Points to the wallet.*) This have I found in the sea to-day; whatever's in it, it's something heavy that's in it; I think it's gold that's in it. And not a single person is there my confidant *in the matter*. Now, Gripus, this opportunity has befallen you, that the Prætor[1] might make you a free man from among the multitude. Now, thus shall I do, this is my determination; I'll come to my master cleverly *and* cunningly, little by little I'll promise money for my freedom, that I may be free. Now, when I shall be free, then, in fine, I'll provide me land and houses[2] *and* slaves: I'll carry on merchandize with large ships: among the grandees I shall be considered a grandee. Afterwards, for the sake of pleasing myself, I'll build me a ship and I'll imitate Stratonicus[3], and I'll be carried about from town to town. When my greatness is far-spread, I shall fortify some great city: to that city I shall give the name of "Gripus," a memorial of my fame and exploits, and there I'll establish a mighty kingdom. I am resolving here in my mind to prepare for mighty matters. At present I'll hide this booty. But this grandee (*pointing to himself*) is about to breakfast upon vinegar[4] and salt, without *any* good *substantial* meat. (*Gathers up the net, and drags it after him.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* TRACHALIO, *in haste.*

TRACH. Hallo there! stop. GRIP. Why should I stop?

TRACH. While I coil up this rope[5] for you that you are dragging. GRIP. Now let it alone.

[1] *The Prætor*)—Ver. 927. The slave about to be manumitted, or to receive his freedom, was taken before the Prætor, whose lictor laid the "vindicta" or "festuca," "the rod of liberty," on the head of the slave, on which he received his freedom.

[2] *Land and houses*)—Ver. 930. Is not this wonderfully like Alnaschar's reverie in the Arabian Nights, so aptly quoted in the Spectator?

[3] *Stratonicus*)—Ver. 932. He was the treasurer of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, and was famed for his wealth among the Greeks, as Crassus was among the Romans.

[4] *Upon vinegar*)—Ver. 937. He alludes to the "posca," or vinegar and water, which formed the beverage of the slaves, and which is mentioned by Palæstrio in the Miles Gloriosus, l. 836.

[5] *This rope*)—Ver. 938. This is the first mention of the "rudens," or "net-rope," from which the Play derives its name.

TRACH. Troth, but I'll assist you. What's kindly done to worthy men, isn't thrown away.

GRIP. * * * * * There was a boisterous tempest yesterday; no fish have I, young man; don't you be supposing I have. Don't you see that I'm carrying my dripping net without the scaly race?

TRACH. I' faith, I'm not wishing for fish so much as I am in need of your conversation.

GRIP. Then, whoever you are, you are worrying me to death with your annoyance.

TRACH. (*takes hold of him*). I'll not allow you to go away from here; stop.

GRIP. Take you care of a mishap, if you please; but why the plague are you dragging me back?

TRACH. Listen. GRIP. I won't listen.

TRACH. But, upon my faith, you shall listen.

GRIP. Nay but, another time, tell me what you want.

TRACH. Come now, it's worth your while at once to hear what I want to tell you. GRIP. Say on, whatever it is.

TRACH. See whether any person is following near us. (*Looks back.*) GRIP. Why, what reason is there that it should matter to me?

TRACH. So it is; but can you give me some good advice?

GRIP. What's the business? Only tell me.

TRACH. I'll tell you; keep silence; if only you'll give me your word that you won't prove treacherous to me.

GRIP. I do give you my word; I'll be true *to you*, whoever you are.

TRACH. Listen. I saw a person commit a theft; I knew the owner to whom that same *property* belonged. Afterwards I came myself to the thief, and I made him a proposal in these terms: "I know *the person* on whom that theft was committed; now if you are ready to give me half, I'll not make a discovery to the owner." He didn't even give me an answer. What is it fair should be given me out of it? Half, I trust you will say.

GRIP. Aye, even more; but unless he gives it you, I think it ought to be told to the owner.

TRACH. I'll act on your advice. Now give me your attention; for it is to yourself all this relates.

GRIP. What has been done *by me?*

TRACH. (*pointing at the wallet*). I've known the person for a long time to whom that wallet belongs.

GRIP. What do you mean?

TRACH. And in what manner it was lost.

GRIP. But I know in what manner it was found; and I know the person who found it, and who is now the owner. That, i' faith, is not a bit the more your matter than it is my own. I know the person to whom it now belongs; you, the person to whom it formerly belonged. This shall no individual get away from me; don't you be expecting *to get it* in a hurry.

TRACH. If the owner comes, shan't he get it away?

GRIP. That you mayn't be mistaken, no born person is there that's owner of this but my own self—who took this in my own fishing.

TRACH. Was it really so?

GRIP. Which fish in the sea will you say "is my own?" When I catch them, if indeed I do catch them, they are my own; as my own I keep them. They are not claimed as having a right to freedom[1], nor does any person demand a share in them. In the market I sell them all openly as my own wares. Indeed, the sea is, surely, common to all persons.

TRACH. I agree to that; prithee, *then*, why any the less is it proper that this wallet should be common to me? It was found in the sea.

GRIP. Assuredly you are an outrageously impudent fellow; for if this is justice which you are saying, *then* fishermen would be ruined. Inasmuch as, the moment that the fish were exposed upon the stalls, no one would buy them; every person would be demanding his own share of the fish for himself; he would be saying that they were caught in the sea that was common *to all*.

TRACH. What do you say, you impudent *fellow?* Do you dare to compare a wallet with fish? Pray, does it appear to be the same thing?

GRIP. *The matter* doesn't lie in my power; when I've

[1] *Claimed as having a right to freedom*)—Ver. 973. "Manu asserere" was "to assert" or "claim the liberty of a slave by action at law." Gripus applies the term to the fish of the sea, and means to say that when he catches them, he sells them as his own "venales," or "slaves."

cast my hook and net *into the sea*, whatever has adhered I draw out. Whatever my net and hooks have got, that in especial is my own.

TRACH. Nay but, i' faith, it is not; if, indeed, you've fished up any article that's made[1]. GRIP. Philosopher, *you*.

TRACH. But look now, you conjurer, did you ever see a fisherman who caught a wallet-fish, or exposed one for sale in the market? But, indeed, you shan't here be taking possession of all the profits that you choose; you expect, you dirty fellow, to be both a maker of wallets[2] and a fisherman. Either you must show me a fish that is a wallet, or else you shall carry nothing off that wasn't produced in the sea and has no scales.

GRIP. What, did you never hear before to-day that a wallet was a fish?

TRACH. Villain, there is no *such fish*.

GRIP. Yes, there certainly is; I, who am a fisherman, know it. But it is seldom caught; no fish more rarely comes near the land.

TRACH. It's to no purpose; you hope that you can be cheating me, you rogue. Of what colour is it?

GRIP. (*looking at the wallet*). Of this colour very few are caught: some are of a purple skin, there are great and black ones also.

TRACH. I understand; by my troth, you'll be turning into a wallet-fish I fancy, if you don't take care; your skin will be purple, and then afterwards black.

GRIP. (*aside*). What a villain this that I have met with to-day!

TRACH. We are wasting words; the day wears apace. Consider, please, by whose arbitration do you wish us to proceed?

GRIP. By the arbitration of the wallet.

TRACH. Really so, indeed? You are a fool.

GRIP. My respects to you, *Mister* Thales[3]. (*Going.*)

[1] *Article that's made*)—Ver. 986. "Vas." An utensil or article that is manufactured.

[2] *Maker of wallets*)—Ver. 990. "Vitor," or "vietor," was a maker of "viduli," or "wallets," which were made of osier, and then covered with leather of various colours.

[3] *Thales*)—Ver. 1003. Thales of Miletus was one of the seven wise men of Greece. Gripus ironically calls Trachalio by this name, in reply to the other having called him a fool.

TRACH. (*holding him*). You shan't carry that off this day, unless you find a place of safe keeping *for it*, or an umpire, by whose arbitration this matter may be settled.

GRIP. Prithee, are you in your senses?

TRACH. I'm *mad*, in need of hellebore.

GRIP. But I'm troubled with sprites; still I shan't let this go. (*Hugs the wallet.*)

TRACH. Only add a single word more, that instant I'll drive my fists smash into your brains. This instant on this spot, just as a new napkin is wont to be wrung, I'll wring out of you whatever moisture there is, if you don't let this go. (*Seizes the wallet.*)

GRIP. Touch me; I'll dash you down on the ground just in such fashion as I'm in the habit of doing with a polypus fish[1]. Would you like to fight? (*Assumes a boxing attitude.*)

TRACH. What need is there? Nay, in preference, divide the booty.

GRIP. You can't get anything from here but harm *to yourself, so* don't expect it. I'm taking myself off.

TRACH. But I'll turn aside your ship from that direction, that you mayn't be off anywhere—stop. (*Stands in front of him, and holds the rope.*)

GRIP. If you are the helmsman of this ship, I'll be the pilot. Let go of the rope now, you villain.

TRACH. I will let go; do you let go of the wallet.

GRIP. I' faith, you shall never this day become a scrap the more wealthy from this.

TRACH. You cannot convince me by repeatedly denying, unless either a part is given me, or it is referred to arbitration, or it is placed in safe keeping.

GRIP. What, that which I got out of the sea——?

TRACH. But I spied it out from the shore.

GRIP. —With my own pains and labour, and net and boat.

TRACH. If *now* the owner, whose property it is, were to come, how am I, who espied from afar that you had taken this, a bit the less the thief than yourself?

GRIP. None whatever. (*Going.*)

TRACH. (*seizing the net*). Stop, you whip-knave; just let

[1] *With a polypus fish*)—Ver. 1010. The polypus not being eatable, the fishermen would throw it violently on the ground on finding it in the nets.

me learn of you by what reasoning I am not the sharer, and *yet* the thief.

GRIP. I don't know; neither do I know these city laws of yours, only that I affirm that this is mine. (*Looks at the wallet.*)

TRACH. And I, too, say that it is mine.

GRIP. Stay now; I've discovered by what method you may be neither thief nor sharer.

TRACH. By what method?

GRIP. Let me go away from here; you quietly go your own way, and don't you inform against me to any one, and I won't give anything to you. You hold your tongue; I'll be mum. This is the best and the fairest *plan*.

TRACH. Well, what proposition do you venture to make?

GRIP. I've made it already; for you to go away, to let go of the rope, *and* not to be a nuisance to me.

TRACH. Stop while I propose terms.

GRIP. I' faith, do, prithee, dispose[1] of yourself forthwith.

TRACH. Do you know any one in these parts?

GRIP. My own neighbours I must *know*.

TRACH. Where do you live here? GRIP. (*pointing*). At a distance out away yonder, as far off as the farthest fields.

TRACH. (*pointing to the cottage of* DÆMONES). The person that lives in that cottage, should you like it to be decided by his arbitration?

GRIP. Let go of the rope for a moment while I step aside and consider.

TRACH. Be it so. (*Lets go of the rope.*)

GRIP. (*aside*). Capital, the thing's all right; the whole of this booty is my own. He's inviting me here inside of my own abode to my own master as umpire. By my troth, he never this day will award three obols away from his own servant. Assuredly, this fellow doesn't know what proposal he has been making. (*To* TRACHALIO.) I'll go to the arbitrator *with you*.

TRACH. What then? GRIP. Although I know for sure that this is my own lawful right, let that be done rather than I should now be fighting with you.

[1] *Propose—dispose*)—Ver. 1031-2. He plays on the resemblance of the words refero,' "to make a proposal," and "aufero," "to betake one's self away."

TRACH. Now you satisfy me.

GRIP. Although you are driving me before an arbitrator whom I don't know, if he shall administer justice, although he is unknown, he is *as good as* known *to me;* if he doesn't, though known, he is *the same as though* entirely unknown.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* DÆMONES, *from his cottage, with* PALÆSTRA *and* AMPELISCA, *and* SERVANTS.

DÆM. (*to the* WOMEN). Seriously, upon my faith, *young* women, although I wish what you desire, I'm afraid that on your account my wife will be turning me out of doors, who'll be saying that I've brought harlots here before her *very* eyes. Do you take refuge at the altar rather than I[1].

THE WOMEN. We, wretched creatures, are undone. (*They weep.*)

DÆM. I'll place you in safety; don't you fear. But why (*turning to the* SERVANTS) are you following me out of doors? Since I'm here, no one shall do them harm. Now then, be off, I say, in-doors, both of you, you guards from off guard. (*They go in.*)

GRIP. O master, save you.

DÆM. Save you. How goes it?

TRACH. (*pointing to* GRIPUS). Is he your servant?

GRIP. I'm not ashamed *to say yes.*

TRACH. I've nothing to do with you.

GRIP. Then get you gone hence, will you.

TRACH. Prithee, do answer me, aged sir; is he your servant? DÆM. He is mine.

TRACH. Oh then, that is very good, since he is yours. Again I salute you.

DÆM. And I you. Are you he who, not long since, went away from here to fetch his master?

TRACH. I am he.

DÆM. What now is it that you want?

TRACH. (*pointing to* GRIPUS). This is your servant, you say?

DÆM. He is mine.

TRACH. That is very good, since he is yours.

[1] *Rather than I*)—Ver. 1048. Dæmones here alludes to the jealous disposition of his wife, and says that if the damsels do not quit his house, he shall be obliged to do so in self-defence.

DÆM. What's the matter?

TRACH. (*pointing to* GRIPUS). That's a rascally fellow there. DÆM. What has the rascally fellow done to you?

TRACH. I wish the ancles of that fellow were smashed.

DÆM. What's the thing about which you are now disputing between yourselves?

TRACH. I'll tell you. GRIP. No, I'll tell you.

TRACH. I fancy I'm to move the matter first.

GRIP. If indeed you were a decent person, you would be moving yourself off from here.

DÆM. Gripus, give attention, and hold your tongue.

GRIP. In order that that fellow may speak first?

DÆM. Attend, *I tell you.* (*To* TRACHALIO.) Do you say on.

GRIP. Will you give the right of speaking to a stranger sooner than to your own *servant?*

TRACH. O dear! how impossible it is for him to be kept quiet. As I was beginning to say, that Procurer, whom some little time since you turned out of the Temple of Venus—see (*pointing at the wallet*), he has got his wallet.

GRIP. I haven't got it. TRACH. Do you deny that which I see with my own eyes?

GRIP. But I *only* wish you couldn't see. I have got it, *and* I haven't got it; why do you trouble yourself about me, what things I do?

TRACH. In what way you got it does matter, whether rightfully or wrongfully.

GRIP. If I didn't take it *in the sea*, there's not a reason why you shouldn't deliver me up to the cross. If I took it in the sea with my net, how is it yours rather than my own?

TRACH. (*to* DÆMONES). He is deceiving you; the matter happened in this way, as I am telling you.

GRIP. What do you say? TRACH. So long as the person that has the first right to speak is speaking, do (*to* DÆMONES) put a check on him, please, if he belongs to you.

GRIP. What, do you wish the same thing to be done to myself, that your master has been accustomed *to do* to yourself? If he is in the habit of putting a check upon you, this *master* of ours isn't in the habit *of doing so* with us.

DÆM. (*to* TRACHALIO). In that remark only has he got the better[1] of you. What do you want now? Tell me.

[1] *Has he got the better*)—Ver. 1076. In the use of the word "comprimere," an

Trach. For my part, I neither ask for a share of that wallet there, nor have I ever said this day that it is my own; but in it there is a little casket that belongs to this female (*pointing to* Palæstra), whom a short time since I averred to be free born.

Dæm. You are speaking of her, I suppose, whom a short time since you said was my countrywoman?

Trach. Just so; and those trinkets which formerly, when little, she used to wear, are there in that casket, which is in that wallet. This thing is of no service to him, and will be of utility to her, poor creature, if he gives it up, by means of which to seek for her parents.

Dæm. I'll make him give it up; hold your tongue.

Grip. I' faith, I'm going to give nothing to that fellow.

Trach. I ask for nothing but the casket and the trinkets[1].

Grip. What if they are made of gold?

Trach. What's that to you? Gold shall be paid for gold, silver shall have its weight in silver in return.

Grip. Please let me see the gold; after that I'll let you see the casket.

Dæm. (*to* Gripus). Do you beware of punishment, and hold your tongue. (*To* Trachalio.) As you commenced to speak do you go on.

Trach. *This* one thing I entreat of you, that you will have compassion on this female, if, indeed, this wallet is that Procurer's, which I suspect it is. In this matter, I'm saying nothing of certainty to you, but only on conjecture.

Grip. Do you see how the rascal's wheedling him?

Trach. Allow me to say on as I commenced. If this is the wallet that belongs to that villain whose I say it is, these women here will be able to recognize it; order him to show it to them.

indecent *double entendre* is intended; and agreeing with Gripus's remark, that the word in that sense could not be applied to him, Dæmones says that Gripus is right there, at all events.

[1] *The trinkets*)—Ver. 1086. These "crepundia," "trinkets" or "toys," seem to have been not unlike the amulets, or charms, in metal, of the present day. As kidnapping was in ancient times much more prevalent than now, these little articles, if carefully preserved by the child, might be the means of leading to the discovery of its parents; at the same time it may be justly asked how it came to pass that the kidnapper should allow such damning evidence of his villany to remain in existence.

GRIP. Say you so? To show it to them?

DÆM. He doesn't say unreasonably, Gripus, that the wallet should be shown.

GRIP. Yes, i' faith, confoundedly unreasonably.

DÆM. How so? GRIP. Because, if I do show it, at once they'll say, of course, that they recognize it.

TRACH. Source of villany, do you suppose that all other people are just like yourself, you author of perjury?

GRIP. All this I easily put up with, so long as he (*pointing to* DÆMONES) is of my way of thinking[1].

TRACH. But now he is against you; from this (*pointing to the wallet*) will he obtain true testimony.

DÆM. Gripus, do you pay attention. (*To* TRACHALIO.) You explain in a few words what it is you want?

TRACH. For my part, I have stated it; but if you haven't understood me, I'll state it over again. Both of these women (*pointing to them*), as I said a short time since, ought to be free; (*pointing to* PALÆSTRA) she was stolen at Athens when a little girl.

GRIP. Tell me what that has got to do with the wallet, whether they are slaves or whether free women?

TRACH. You wish it all to be told over again, you rascal, so that the day may fail us.

DÆM. Leave off your abuse, and explain to me what I've been asking.

TRACH. There ought to be a casket of wicker-work[2] in that wallet, in which are tokens by means of which she may be enabled to recognize her parents, by whom, when little, she was lost at Athens, as I said before.

GRIP. May Jupiter and the Gods confound you. What do you say, you sorcerer of a fellow? What, are these women dumb, that they are not able to speak for themselves?

TRACH. They are silent for this reason, because a silent woman is always better than a talking one.

[1] *Of my way of thinking*)—Ver. 1100. "Dum hic hinc à me sentiat." This is clearly the meaning, though one translation renders this line thus: "I easily bear all those things until this fellow may feel that he must go away hence from me." TRACH. (*moving further off*). "But now," &c.

[2] *Casket of wicker-work*)—Ver. 1109. "Caudeam." Festus tells us that this kind of casket was made of wicker, and received its name from its resemblance to a horse's tail, "cauda;" others, however, perhaps with more probability, derive it from "caudex," "a piece of wood."

GRIP. Then, i' faith, by your way of speaking, you are neither a man nor a woman to my notion.

TRACH. How so? GRIP. Why, because neither talking nor silent are you ever good *for anything*. Prithee (*to* DÆMONES), shall I ever be allowed to-day to speak?

DÆM. If you utter a single word more this day, I'll break your head for you.

TRACH. As I had commenced to say it, old gentleman, I beg you to order him to give up that casket to these *young women;* if for it he asks any reward for himself, it shall be paid; whatever else is there besides, let him keep for himself.

GRIP. Now at last you say that, because you are aware it is my right; just now you were asking to go halves.

TRACH. Aye, and even still I ask it.

GRIP. I've seen a kite making a swoop, even when he got nothing at all however. DÆM. (*to* GRIPUS). Can't I shut your *mouth* without a drubbing?

GRIP. (*pointing to* TRACHALIO). If that fellow is silent, I'll be silent; if he talks, allow me to talk in my own behalf.

DÆM. Please now give me this wallet, Gripus.

GRIP. I'll trust it to you; but for you to return it me, if there are none of those things in it.

DÆM. It shall be returned. GRIP. Take it. (*Gives him the wallet.*)

DÆM. Now then listen, Palæstra and Ampelisca, to this which I say: is this the wallet, in which this *Procurer* said that your casket was?

PAL. It is the same. GRIP. (*aside*). Troth, to my sorrow, I'm undone; how on the instant, before she well saw it, she said that it was it.

PAL. I'll make this matter plain to you, instead of difficult. There ought to be a casket of wicker-work there in that wallet; whatever is in there I'll state by name; don't you show me anything. If I say wrong, I shall *then* have said *this* to no purpose; then you shall keep these things, whatever is in there for yourselves. But if the truth, then I entreat you that what is my own may be restored to me.

DÆM. I agree; you ask for bare justice *only*, in my way of thinking, at least.

GRIP. But, i' faith, in mine, for extreme injustice; what if

she is a witch or a sorceress, and shall mention exactly everything that's in it? Is a sorceress to have it?

DÆM. She shan't get it, unless she tells the truth; in vain will she[1] be conjuring. Unloose the wallet, then (*giving it to* GRIPUS), that as soon as possible I may know what is the truth.

GRIP. (*first unfastens the straps of the wallet, and then hands it to his* MASTER). Take it[2], it's unfastened. (DÆMONES *takes out the casket.*) Alas, I'm undone; I see the casket.

DÆM. (*holding it up, and addressing* PALÆSTRA). Is this it?

PAL. That is it. O my parents, here do I keep you locked up; here have I enclosed both my wealth and my hopes of recognizing you.

GRIP. (*aside*). Then, by my faith, the Gods must be enraged with you, whoever you are, who fasten up your parents in so narrow a compass.

DÆM. Gripus, come hither, your cause is being tried. (*To* PALÆSTRA.) Do you, young woman, away at a distance there say what's in it, and of what appearance; mention them all. By my troth, if you make ever so slight a mistake, even if afterwards you wish, madam, to correct yourself, you'll be making a great mistake.

GRIP. You demand what's real justice. TRACH. By my troth, then, he doesn't demand yourself; for you are the opposite of justice.

DÆM. Now then, say on, young woman. Gripus, give attention and hold your tongue.

PAL. There are some trinkets. DÆM. (*looking in the casket*). See, here they are, I espy them.

GRIP. (*aside*). In the first onset I am worsted; (*takes hold of the arm of* DÆMONES) hold, don't be showing.

DÆM. Of what description are they? Answer in their order. PAL. In the first place, there's a little sword of gold, with an inscription.

[1] *In vain will she*)—Ver. 1141. By this he clearly means to say that conjuring is all nonsense, and that she has no chance of telling what is in it merely by guessing.

[2] *Take it*)—Ver. 1143. "Hoc habe." This, though not adopted by Fleckeisen, seems to be the right reading, and we have followed the conjecture of the learned Rost in adopting it. Gripus undoes the strap, then holds the wallet to his master, saying, "Take it, it's unfastened." Dæmones takes it, and at once draws out the casket, on seeing which Gripus makes an exclamation of surprise and disappointment.

Dæm. Just tell me, what the characters are upon that little sword.

Pal. The name of my father. Next, on the other side, there's a little two-edged axe, of gold likewise, with an inscription: there on the axe is the name of my mother.

Dæm. Stay; tell me, what's the name of your father upon the little sword?

Pal. Dæmones. Dæm. Immortal Gods! where in the world are my hopes?

Grip. Aye, by my troth, *and where are* mine?

Dæm. Do proceed forthwith, I entreat you.

Grip. Cautiously, or else (*aside*) away to utter perdition.

Dæm. Say, what's the name of your mother, here upon the little axe?

Pal. Dædalis. Dæm. The Gods will that I should be preserved.

Grip. But that I should be ruined.

Dæm. This must be my own daughter, Gripus.

Grip. She may be for me, indeed. (*To* Trachalio.) May all the Gods confound you who this day saw me with your eyes, and myself as well for a blockhead, who didn't look about a hundred times first *to see* that no one was watching me, before I drew the net out of the water.

Pal. Next, *there's* a little knife of silver, and two little hands linked together, and *then* a little sow.

Grip. (*aside*). Nay, then, go and be hanged, you with your little sow and with your little pigs.

Pal. There's also a golden drop[1], which my father presented to me upon my birthday.

Dæm. Undoubtedly there is; *but* I cannot restrain myself

[1] *A golden drop*)—Ver. 1171. The "bulla" was a ball of metal, so called from its resemblance in shape to a drop or bubble of water. These were especially worn by the Roman children, suspended from the neck, and were generally made of thin plates of gold, of about the size of a walnut. The use of them was derived from the people of Etruria, and though originally used solely by the children of the Patricians, they were subsequently worn by all of free birth. The children of the "libertini," or "freed-men," wore "bullæ," but made of leather. The "bulla" was laid aside at the same time as the "toga prætexta," and was on that occasion consecrated to the Lares. It must be owned that the "little sow," mentioned in the line before, was rather a curious sort of trinket. Thornton thinks that the word "sucula" admitted of a *double entendre*, though of what nature is now unknown.

any longer from embracing you. My daughter, blessings on you; I am that father who begot you; I am Dæmones, and see, your mother Dædalis is in the house here (*pointing to his cottage*).

Amp. (*embracing him*). Blessings on you, my unlooked-for father.

Dæm. Blessings on you; how joyously do I embrace you.

Trach. 'Tis a pleasure *to me*, inasmuch as this falls to your lot from your feelings of affection.

Dæm. Come then, Trachalio, if you can, bring that wallet into the house.

Trach. (*taking the wallet*). See the villany of Gripus; inasmuch, Gripus, as this matter has turned out unfortunately for you, I congratulate you.

Dæm. Come, *then*, let's go, my daughter, to your mother, who will be better able to enquire of you into this matter from proofs; who had you more in her hands, and is more thoroughly acquainted with your tokens.

Trach. Let's all go hence in-doors, since we are giving our common aid.

Pal. Follow me, Ampelisca. Amp. That the Gods favour you, it is a pleasure to me. (*They all go into the cottage of* Dæmones, *except* Gripus.)

Scene V.—Gripus, *alone.*

Grip. (*to himself*). Am I not a blockhead of a fellow, to have this day fished up that wallet? Or, when I had fished it up, not to have hidden it somewhere in a secret spot? By my troth, I guessed that it would be a troublesome booty for me, because it fell to me in such troublous weather. I' faith, I guess that there's plenty of gold and silver there. What is there better for me than to be off hence in-doors and secretly hang myself—at least for a little time, until this vexation passes away from me? (*Goes into the cottage.*)

Scene VI.—*Enter* Dæmones, *from his cottage.*

Dæm. (*to himself.*) O ye immortal Gods, what person is there more fortunate than I, who unexpectedly have discovered my daughter? Isn't it the fact, that if the Gods will a blessing to befall any person, that longed-for *pleasure* by some means or

other, falls to the lot[1] of the virtuous? I this day, a thing that I never hoped for nor yet believed, have unexpectedly discovered my daughter, and I shall bestow her upon a respectable young man of noble family, an Athenian, and my kinsman. For that reason I wish him to be fetched hither to me as soon as possible, and I've requested my servant to come out here, that he may go to the Forum. Still, I'm surprised at it that he isn't yet come out. I think I'll go to the door. (*Opens the door, and looks in.*) What do I behold? Embracing her, my wife is clasping my daughter around her neck. Her caressing is *really* almost too foolish and sickening[2]. (*Goes to the door again, and calls out.*) 'Twere better, wife, for an end to be made at last of your kissing; and make all ready that I may perform a sacrifice, when I come in-doors, in honor of the household Gods, inasmuch as they have increased our family. At home I have lambs and swine for sacred use. But why, ladies, are you detaining that Trachalio? Oh, I see he's coming out of doors, very seasonably.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* TRACHALIO, *from the cottage.*

TRACH. (*speaking to those within*). Wheresoever he shall be, I'll seek Plesidippus out at once, and bring him together with me to you.

DÆM. Tell him how this matter has fallen out about my daughter. Request him to leave other occupations and to come here.

TRACH. Very well[3]. DÆM. Tell him that I'll give him my daughter for a wife.

TRACH. Very well. DÆM. And that I knew his father, and that he is a relation of my own.

TRACH. Very well. DÆM. But do make haste.

[1] *Falls to the lot*)—Ver. 1194. He forgets here that "Self-praise is no recommendation."

[2] *And sickening*)—Ver. 1204. He says this probably out of disgust at the wonderful change in his wife's conduct, who before was tormenting him with her jealousy about the girls, and is now kissing and hugging (though naturally enough) her long-lost daughter.

[3] *Very well*)—Ver. 1212. "Licet." This word is used by Trachalio in answer to everything that Dæmones says to him.

TRACH. Very well.

DÆM. Take care and let a dinner be prepared here at once.

TRACH. Very well. DÆM. What, all very well?

TRACH. Very well. But do you know what it is I want of you? That you'll remember what you promised, that this day I'm to be free.

DÆM. Very well[1]. TRACH. Take care and entreat Plesidippus to give me my freedom.

DÆM. Very well. TRACH. And let your daughter request it; she'll easily prevail.

DÆM. Very well. TRACH. And that Ampelisca may marry me, when I'm a free man.

DÆM. Very well. TRACH. And that I may experience a pleasing return to myself in kindness for my actions.

DÆM. Very well. TRACH. What, all very well?

DÆM. Very well. Again I return you thanks. But do you make haste to proceed to the city forthwith, and betake yourself hither again.

TRACH. Very well. I'll be here directly. In the meanwhile, do you make the other preparations that are necessary. (*Exit* TRACHALIO.

DÆM. Very well—may Hercules ill befriend him with his "very-welling[2];" he has so stuffed my ears *with* it. Whatever it was I said, "very well" *was the answer.*

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* GRIPUS, *from the cottage.*

GRIP. How soon may I have a word with you, Dæmones?

DÆM. What's your business, Gripus? GRIP. Touching that wallet, if you are wise, be wise; keep what goods the Gods provide you.

DÆM. Does it seem right to you, that, what belongs to another I should assert to be my own?

GRIP. *What*, not a thing that I found in the sea?

DÆM. So much the better does it happen for him who lost it; none the more is it necessary that it should be your wallet.

[1] *Very well*)—Ver. 1217. Here Dæmones begins to pay him in his own coin, and answers him with "licet" until he makes his exit.

[2] *His "very-welling"*)—Ver. 1225. "Cum suâ licentiâ." In the latter word he alludes to Trachalio having bored him with his "licets," although, having given him a Roland for his Oliver, he might have surely been content with that.

GRIP. For this reason are you poor, because you are too scrupulously righteous.

DÆM. O Gripus, Gripus, in the life of man very many traps there are, in what they are deceived by guile. And, by my troth, full often is a bait placed in them, which bait if any greedy person greedily snaps at, through his own greediness he is caught in the trap. He who prudently, skilfully, and warily, takes precaution, full long he may enjoy that which is honestly acquired. This booty seems *to me*[1] to be about to be made a booty of *by me*, that it may go hence with a greater blessing than it *first* came. What, ought I to conceal what I know was brought to me as belonging to another? By no means will my friend Dæmones do that. 'Tis ever most becoming for prudent men to be on their guard against this, that they be not themselves confederates with their servants in evil-doing. Except only when I'm gaming, I don't care for any gain.

GRIP. At times, I've seen the Comedians, when acting, in this fashion repeat sayings in a wise manner, and be applauded for them, when they pointed out this prudent conduct to the public. But when each person went thence his own way home, there wasn't one after the fashion which they had recommended.

DÆM. Go in-doors, don't be troublesome, moderate your tongue. I'm going to give you nothing, don't you deceive yourself.

GRIP. (*apart*). Then I pray the Gods that whatever's in that wallet, whether it's gold, or whether silver, it may all become ashes. (*Goes into the cottage.*)

SCENE IX.—DÆMONES, *alone.*

DÆM. This is the reason why we have bad servants. For this *master*, if he had combined with any servant, would have made both himself and the other guilty of a theft. While he was thinking that he himself had made a capture, in the meantime he himself would have been made a capture: capture would have led to capture. Now will I go in-doors from here and sacrifice; after that, I'll at once order the dinner to be cooked for us. (*Goes into the cottage.*)

[1] *This booty seems to me*)—Ver. 1242. This passage is very obscure, and has been variously interpreted. He seems, however, to mean that more good will come in restoring the booty to its owner than of keeping it.

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Plesidippus *and* Trachalio, *at the further end of the stage.*

Ples. Tell me all these things over again my life, my Trachalio, my freed-man, my patron, aye rather, my father; has Palæstra found her father and mother?

Trach. She has found them.

Ples. And is she my countrywoman?

Trach. So I think. Ples. And is she to marry me?

Trach. So I suspect. Ples. Prithee, do you reckon that he will betroth her to me?

Trach. So I reckon[1]. Ples. Well, shall I congratulate her father too upon his finding her?

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. Well, her mother *too?*

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. What then do you reckon?

Trach. What you ask me, I reckon.

Ples. Tell me then how much do you reckon it at?

Trach. What I, I reckon——

Ples. Then really, do carry over[2]. Don't be always making a reckoning.

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. What if I run? (*Pretends to run.*)

Trach. So I reckon.

Ples. Or rather gently, this way? (*He walks slowly.*)

Trach. So I reckon.

Ples. Ought I to salute her as well when I arrive?

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. Her father too?

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. After that, her mother?

Trach. So I reckon. Ples. And what after that? When I arrive, should I also embrace her father?

Trach. So I don't reckon. Ples. Well, her mother?

Trach. So I don't reckon. Ples. Well, her own self?

[1] *So I reckon*)—Ver. 1269. For the sake of mere nonsense, Trachalio begins to trifle with his master, by giving him the answer of "censeo" to everything he says; just as he gave his repeated answers of "licet" to Dæmones before leaving

[2] *Do carry over*)—Ver. 1273. "At sume quidem," though not given by Fleckeisen, has been here adopted as the reading. "Censeo" seems to mean "to reckon up," as well as "to think." Salmasius and Gronovius suggest, and with fair reason, that he means jocularly to say, "Don't be always reckoning, but cast up and carry over."

TRACH. So I don't reckon. PLES. Confusion, he has closed his reckoning[1]; now when I wish him, he doesn't reckon.

TRACH. You are not in your senses; follow me.

PLES. Conduct me, my patron, where you please. (*They go into the cottage of* DÆMONES.)

SCENE II.—*Enter* LABRAX, *at a distance.*

LAB. (*to himself*). What other mortal being is there living this day more wretched than myself, whom before the commissioned judges[2] Plesidippus has just now cast? Palæstra has just been taken from me by award. I'm ruined outright. But I do believe that Procurers were procreated for *mere* sport; so much do all persons make sport if any misfortune befalls a Procurer. Now I'll go look here, in the Temple of Venus, for that other female, that her at least I may take away, the *only* portion of my property that remains. (*He retires a little distance.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* GRIPUS, *from the cottage of* DÆMONES, *with a spit in his hand.*

GRIP. (*calling to the* PEOPLE *within*). By the powers, you shall never this day at nightfall behold Gripus alive, unless the wallet is restored to me.

LAB. (*behind*). I'm ready to die; when I hear mention made anywhere of a wallet, I'm thumped, as it were with a stake, upon the breast.

GRIP. (*at the door, continuing*). That scoundrel is free; I, the person that held the net in the sea, and drew up the wallet, to him you refuse to give anything.

LAB. (*behind*). O ye immortal Gods! by his talk this person has made me prick up my ears.

[1] *Closed his reckoning*)—Ver. 1279. "Dilectum dimisit." This expression is explained by some Commentators as alluding to the enlisting of soldiers, to which the word "censeo" was applicable. The play on the word "censeo" throughout this Scene is enwrapt in great obscurity.

[2] *Commissioned judges*) — Ver. 1282. "Recuperatores." These were also called "judices selecti," and were "commissioned judges" appointed by the Prætors at Rome for the purpose of trying causes relative to property in dispute between parties. See the Bacchides, l. 270.

GRIP. (*continuing*). By my troth, in letters a cubit long, I'll immediately post it up in every quarter, "If any person has lost a wallet with plenty of gold and silver, let him come to Gripus." You shan't keep it as you are wishing.

LAB. (*behind*). I' faith, this person knows, as I think, who has got the wallet. This person must be accosted by me; ye Gods, aid me, I do entreat you.

(*Some one calls* GRIPUS, *from within.*)

GRIP. Why are you calling me back in-doors? (*He rubs away at the spit.*) I want to clean this here before the door. But surely this, i' faith, has been made of rust, *and* not of iron; so that the more I rub it, it becomes *quite* red and more slender. Why surely this spit has been drugged[1]; it does waste away so in my hands.

LAB. (*accosting him*). Save you, young man.

GRIP. May the Gods prosper you with your shorn pate[2].

LAB. What's going on? GRIP. A spit being cleaned.

LAB. How do you do?

GRIP. What are you? Prithee, are you a medicant[3]?

LAB. No, i' faith, I am more than a medicant by one letter.

GRIP. Then you are a "mendicant."

LAB. You've hit it to a nicety[4].

GRIP. Your appearance seems suitable to it. But what's the matter with you?

LAB. Troth, this last night I was shipwrecked at sea the vessel was cast away, *and* to my misfortune I lost there everything that I had.

GRIP. What did you lose?

LAB. A wallet with plenty of gold and silver.

GRIP. Do you at all remember what there was in the wallet

[1] *Has been drugged*)—Ver. 1302. He alludes to the rust which has eaten into the spit and worn it away.

[2] *Your shorn pate*)—Ver. 1303. Madame Dacier suggests that Labrax has had his hair cut off in consequence of having escaped from shipwreck, which, indeed, was often done during the continuance of a storm by those at sea.

[3] *A medicant*)—Ver. 1304. He plays upon the resemblance of the words "medicus" and "mendicus." To give effect to the pun, we have, with Thornton, coined the word "medicant," in the sense of "doctor" or "physician."

[4] *Hit it to a nicety*)—Ver. 1305. "Tetigisti acu." Literally, "you've hit it with the point"—that is, "exactly."

which was lost? LAB. What matters for us now to be talking of it, if, in spite of it, it's lost?

GRIP. What if I know who has found it? I wish to learn from you the tokens.

LAB. Eight hundred golden pieces were there in a purse, besides a hundred Philippean minæ in a wash-leather bag apart.

GRIP. (*aside*). Troth, it is a noble prize; I shall be getting a handsome reward. The Gods show respect to mortals; therefore I shall come off bounteously rewarded. No doubt, it is this man's wallet. (*To* LABRAX.) Do you proceed to relate the rest.

LAB. A large talent of silver of full weight was in a purse, besides a bowl, a goblet, a beaker, a boat, *and* a cup.

GRIP. Astonishing! you really did have some splendid riches.

LAB. A shocking expression is that, and a most abominable one. "You did have, and *now* have not."

GRIP. What would you be ready to give to one who should find these out for you, and give you information? Say, speedily *and* at once.

LAB. Three hundred didrachms. GRIP. Rubbish.

LAB. Four hundred. GRIP. Old thrums.

LAB. Five hundred. GRIP. A rotten nut.

LAB. Six hundred.

GRIP. You are prating about mere tiny weevils.

LAB. I'll give seven hundred.

GRIP. Your mouth is hot, you are cooling it[1] just now.

LAB. I'll give a thousand didrachms.

GRIP. You are dreaming.

LAB. I add no more; be off with you. GRIP. Hear me then; if, i' faith, I should be off from here, I shan't be here.

LAB. Would you like a hundred as well as the thousand?

GRIP. You are asleep.

LAB. Say how much you ask.

GRIP. That you mayn't be adding anything against your

[1] *You are cooling it*)—Ver. 1326. He is supposed here to allude to the act of drawing the breath into the mouth with the teeth half closed, which produces a sensation of coolness; meaning, that he doesn't speak out and offer with boldness.

inclination, a great talent; it's not possible for three obols to be bated thence; then do you say either "yes" or "no" at once.

LAB. (*aside*). What's *to be done* here? It's a matter of necessity, I see: (*to* GRIPUS) the talent shall be paid.

GRIP. (*going towards the altar*). Just step this way; I wish Venus here to put the question to you.

LAB. Whatever you please, that command me.

GRIP. Touch this altar of Venus.

LAB. (*touching it*). I am touching it.

GRIP. By Venus here must you swear *to me.*

LAB. What must I swear?

GRIP. What I shall bid you.

LAB. Dictate in words just as you like. (*Aside.*) What I've got at home, I shall never beg[1] of any one else.

GRIP. Take hold of this altar.

LAB. (*taking hold of it*). I am taking hold of it.

GRIP. Swear that you will pay me the money on that same day on which you shall gain possession of the wallet

LAB. Be it so. GRIP. (*speaking, while* LABRAX *repeats after him*). Venus of Cyrene, I invoke thee as my witness, if I shall find that wallet which I lost in the ship, safe with the gold and silver, and it shall come into my possession——

GRIP. "Then to this Gripus *do I promise;*" say so and place your hand upon me.

LAB. Then to this Gripus do I promise, Venus, do thou hear me——

GRIP. (*followed by* LABRAX). "That I will forthwith give him a great talent of silver."

GRIP. If you defraud me, say, may Venus utterly destroy your body, and your existence in your calling. (*Aside.*) As it is, do you have this for yourself, when you've *once* taken the oath.

LAB. If, Venus, I shall do anything amiss against this *oath*, I supplicate thee that all Procurers may *henceforth* be wretched.

GRIP. (*aside*). As it is, it shall be so, even if you do keep

[1] *I shall never beg*)—Ver. 1335. He says this to himself, meaning that he has a sufficient stock of perjury at home, without going to another person for it. See *l.* 558.

your oath. Do you wait here; (*going towards the cottage*)—I'll at once make the old gentleman come out; do you forthwith demand of him that wallet. (*Goes in.*)

LAB. (*to himself*). If ever so much he shall restore to me this wallet, I'm not this day indebted to him three obols even. It's according to my own intention what my tongue swears. (*The door opens.*) But I'll hold my peace; see, here he's coming out, and bringing the old man.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* GRIPUS, *followed by* DÆMONES, *with the wallet.*

GRIP. Follow this way. Where is this Procurer? Hark you (*to* LABRAX), see now; this person (*pointing at* DÆMONES) has got your wallet.

DÆM. I have got it, and I confess that it is in my possession; and if it's yours, you may have it. Everything, just as each particular was in it, shall in like manner be given safe to you. (*Holding it out.*) Take it, if it's yours.

LAB. Immortal Gods, it is mine. (*Takes it.*) Welcome, *dear* wallet.

DÆM. Is it yours? LAB. Do you ask the question? If indeed, i' faith, it were in Jove's possession, still it is my own.

DÆM. Everything in it is safe; there has only been one casket taken out of it, with some trinkets, by means of which this day I have found my daughter.

LAB. What person? DÆM. Palæstra, who was your property, she has been discovered to be my own daughter.

LAB. By my troth, it has happily turned out so; since this matter has happened so fortunately for you according to your wishes, I'm rejoiced.

DÆM. In that I don't readily believe you.

LAB. Aye, by my faith, that you may be sure that I'm rejoiced, you shan't give me three obols for her; I excuse you.

DÆM. I' faith, you are acting kindly.

LAB. No, troth; it's really yourself, indeed, *that's doing so.* (*Going off with the wallet.*)

GRIP. Hark you, you've got the wallet now.

LAB. I have got it. GRIP. Make haste.

Lab. Make haste about what? Grip. To pay me the money.

Lab. By my troth, I'll neither give you anything nor do I owe you anything. Grip. What mode of proceeding is this? Don't you owe it me?

Lab. Troth, not I indeed. Grip. Didn't you promise it me upon your oath?

Lab. I did take an oath, and now I'll take an oath, if it is in any way my own pleasure; oaths were invented for preserving property, not for losing it.

Grip. Give me, will you, a great talent of silver, you most perjured fellow.

Dæm. Gripus, what talent is it you are asking him for?

Grip. He promised it me on oath.

Lab. I chose to swear; (*turning to* Dæmones) are you the priest[1] as to my perjury?

Dæm. (*to* Gripus). For what reason did he promise you the money?

Grip. If I restored this wallet into his hands, he swore that he would give me a great talent of silver.

Lab. Find me a person with whom I may go to the judge, *to decide* whether you did not make the bargain with wicked fraudulence, and whether I am yet five-and-twenty years old[2].

Grip. (*pointing to* Dæmones). Go *to the judge* with him.

Lab. No; I must have some other person.

Dæm. (*to* Labrax). Then I shan't allow you to take it away from him, unless I shall have found him guilty. Did you promise him the money?

[1] *Are you the priest*)—Ver. 1377. The meaning of this passage is doubtful, but he seems to ask Dæmones, "Are you the Priest of Venus, in whose presence I took the oath?" It was probably the duty of the priesthood to take cognizance of cases of perjury.

[2] *Five-and-twenty years old*)—Ver. 1382. By the Lætorian law (which is also referred to in the Notes to the Pseudolus), persons under the age of five-and-twenty were deemed minors, and free from all pecuniary obligations. As usual, in this allusion Plautus consults the usages of his Audience, and not of the place where the Scene is laid. Labrax is ready to say or swear anything; and Madame Dacier justly remarks, that it is amusing enough that he should call himself not five-and-twenty, when he is described, in the Second Scene of the First Act, as a person having grey hair. Gripus being a slave, could not try the question at law with Labrax.

LAB. I confess it. DÆM. What you promised my slave must needs be my own. Don't you be supposing, Procurer, that you are to be using your pimping honesty here. That can't be.

GRIP. (*to* LABRAX). Did you fancy now that you had got hold of a person whom you might cheat? It must be paid down here (*holding his hand*), good silver coin; I shall, at once, pay it to him (*pointing to* DÆMONES), so that he may give me my liberty.

DÆM. Inasmuch, therefore, as I have acted courteously towards you, and by my means these things (*pointing to the wallet*) have been saved for you——

GRIP. I' faith, by my means, rather; don't say by yours.

DÆM. (*to* GRIPUS). If you are prudent you'll hold your tongue. (*To* LABRAX.) Then it befits you in a like courteous manner kindly to return the obligation to myself, who so well merit the same.

LAB. You are pleading, of course, for my right?

DÆM. (*ironically*). It would be a wonder if I didn't, at a loss to myself, ask you to forego your right.

GRIP. (*aside*). I'm all right; the Procurer's giving way; my freedom is at hand.

DÆM. (*pointing to* GRIPUS). He found this wallet; he is my slave. I therefore have preserved this for you, together with a large sum of money.

LAB. I return you thanks, and with regard to the talent that I promised on oath to him, there's no reason that you shouldn't receive it.

GRIP. Hark you, give it me then, if you are wise.

DÆM. (*to* GRIPUS). Will you hold your tongue, or not?

GRIP. You pretend to be acting on my side: *I tell* you * * * * * * by my troth, you shan't do me out of that, if I did lose the other booty[1].

DÆM. You shall have a beating if you add a single word.

GRIP. Troth now, do you kill me even; I'll never be silent on any terms, unless my mouth is shut with the talent.

LAB. For yourself, in fact, is he using his exertions; do hold your tongue.

[1] *The other booty*)—Ver. 1170. By this he means the wallet and its contents.

DÆM. Step this way, Procurer.

LAB. Very well. (*They walk on one side.*)

GRIP. Proceed openly; I don't want any whisperings or mumblings to be going on.

DÆM. Tell me, at what price did you buy that other young woman, Ampelisca?

LAB. I paid down a thousand didrachms.

DÆM. Should you like me to make you a handsome offer?

LAB. I should like it much. DÆM. I'll divide the talent.

LAB. You act fairly.

DÆM. For that other woman *Ampelisca*, that she may be free, take you one half, *and* give the other half to him.

LAB. By all means.

DÆM. For that half I'll give his freedom to Gripus, by means of whom you found your wallet, and I my daughter.

LAB. You act fairly; I return you many thanks. (*They return to* GRIPUS.)

GRIP. How soon then is the money to be returned to me?

DÆM. The money's paid, Gripus; I've got it.

GRIP. You, faith; but I had rather it were myself.

DÆM. I' faith, there's nothing for you here, *so* don't you be expecting it. I wish you to release him from his oath.

GRIP. (*aside.*) Troth, I'm undone; if I don't hang myself[1], I'm utterly done for. (*Aloud.*) I' faith, after this day you certainly shall never be cheating me again.

DÆM. Dine here to-day, Procurer.

LAB. Be it so; the proposal is to my taste.

DÆM. Do you *both* follow me in-doors. (*He comes forward and addresses the* AUDIENCE.) Spectators, I would invite you to dinner as well, were it not that I'm going to give nothing, and that there is no good cheer at all at home; and if, too, I didn't believe that you are invited to dinner elsewhere. But if you shall be willing to give hearty applause to this Play, do you all come to make merry at my house *some* sixteen years hence. Do you (*to* LABRAX *and* GRIPUS) both dine here *with me* to-day.

GRIP. Be it so.

[1] *If I don't hang myself*)—Ver. 1415. Thornton calls this "a sorry witticism;" but Madame Dacier and other Commentators discover great humour in it. It certainly is amusing for its absurdity.

An Actor.

(*To the* Audience.) Now give us your applause[1].

[1] *Give us your applause*)—Ver. 1423. This Play, though pronounced to be one of the best of this author, does not conclude satisfactorily. We are not told what becomes of Ampelisca, or of Trachalio, who aspires to the honor of her hand. The sturdy Sceparnio we lose sight of too early; and Dæmones loses all claim to our estimation, by inviting such an infamous villain as Labrax to take a place at his table, who certainly, according to the usual rules of Dramatic retribution, richly deserves to lose his wallet and its contents.

MERCATOR; THE MERCHANT.

Dramatis Personæ.

DEMIPHO, an aged Athenian.
LYSIMACHUS, an aged Athenian.
CHARINUS, son of Demipho, in love with Pasicompsa.
EUTYCHUS, son of Lysimachus.
ACANTHIO, the servant of Charinus.
A COOK.

PASICOMPSA, a young woman beloved by Charinus.
DORIPPA, the wife of Lysimachus.
SYRA, an old woman, her servant.
PERISTRATA,* the wife of Demipho.
LYCISSA,* her attendant.

SLAVES.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of LYSIMACHUS and DEMIPHO which are adjacent to each other.

* These characters are only introduced in the two Scenes at the end of the Fourth Act, which are generally considered to be spurious.

THE SUBJECT.

THIS Play (which is thought by some not to have been the composition of Plautus) describes the follies of a vicious old man and his son. Two years before the period when the Play opens, Charinus has been sent by his father Demipho to traffic at Rhodes. Returning thence, he brings with him a young woman, named Pasicompsa, who is in reality his mistress, but whom he pretends to have purchased for the purpose of her being an attendant upon his mother. Demipho, in the absence of his son, goes down to the ship, and seeing the young woman there, falls desperately in love with her. He then pretends to Charinus that she is too handsome to be brought into the house as a servant, and that she must be sold again. Insisting upon this, he persuades his friend, Lysimachus, to purchase her for him in his own name, and to take her to his own house. This being done, and the damsel brought to the house, the wife of Lysimachus unexpectedly returns home from the country, and finds her there. In the meanwhile, Charinus, being reduced to despair on losing his mistress, determines to leave the country. His friend Eutychus, the son of Lysimachus, having discovered his friend's mistress in his father's house, stops him just as he is about to depart, and informs him where she has been found. He then reconciles his own parents, and the Play concludes with his very just censure of Demipho for his vicious conduct.

MERCATOR; THE MERCHANT.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A YOUNG man, being sent (*Misses*) by his father to traffic, buys (*Emit*) a damsel of remarkable beauty, and brings her home. The old man, after he has seen her, makes enquiry (*Requirit*) who she is. The servant pretends (*Confingit*) that she has been bought *by the son* as an attendant for his mother. The old man falls in love with (*Amat*) her, and pretending that he has sold her, gives her in the charge of (*Tradit*) his neighbour. His wife thinks that he has brought (*Obduxe*) a mistress home. Then his friend stops (*Retrahit*) Charinus in his flight, after he has discovered his mistress.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

THE PROLOGUE, *spoken by* CHARINUS.

Two things have I now resolved to do at the same time; both the subject and my own amours will I disclose. I am not doing like as I have seen other lovers do in Comedies, who relate their woes either to the night or to the day, or to the Sun or to the Moon; who, faith, I don't suppose pay much regard to the complaints of mortals, *either* what they wish *or* what they don't wish. To yourselves in preference will I now relate my woes. In the Greek this *Play* is called the Emporos[1] of Philemon; the same in the Latin is the Mercator of Marcus Accius. My father sent me hence to trade at Rhodes. Two years have now passed since I left home. There I began to love a fair one of remarkable beauty. But how I was captivated by her, I'll tell you, if you'll lend ear, and if you'll have the kindness to give your attention to this. And yet in this, but little have I followed the method of our

[1] *Emporos*)—Ver. 9. The Greek word ἐμπορὸς, signifying "a merchant."

forefathers in my own person, and on the spot as a tell-tale[1] *of my own amours* am I represented *before you*. But all these failings are wont to attend on love--care, trouble, and refinement overmuch. Not only him who loves, but every one to whom this latter *fault* extends, him with a great and weighty evil does it affect; nor by my troth, in fact, does any one aim at refinement, beyond what his means allow of, without heavy disaster. But to love as well are these *evils* incident, which I have not *as yet* recounted—sleeplessness, a troubled mind, confusion, terror, and apprehension, trifling, and folly even, rashness too, thoughtlessness, foolhardy impudence, wantonness, lust, *and* malevolence; covetousness is inherent as well, idleness, injustice, want, contumely and wastefulness, talkativeness *or* moody silence. This latter is the fact, because things which relate not to the purpose, nor are of utility, the same does the lover give utterance to full oft at an unseasonable moment; *and yet* again, this moody silence for this reason do I commend, because no lover is ever so skilled in eloquence, as to be enabled to give utterance to that which is for his own interest. You, then, must not be offended with myself for my babbling; Venus bestowed it upon me on that same day on which *this* passion. To that point am I resolved to return, that what I commenced upon I may disclose. In the first place, when in life I had passed from my boyish days, and my disposition was weaned from childish pursuits, I began distractedly to love a Courtesan in this place. Forthwith, unknown to my father, my means went to be wasted upon her; an exacting Procurer, the owner of this damsel, by every method that he could, grasped everything into his own possession[2]. Night and day my father censured me for this; represented the perfidy, the wickedness of Procurers; *how* that his own property was being forcibly rent in pieces, while that of this *Procurer* was increasing; this *too* in the loudest tones; sometimes muttering to himself; refusing to speak to me; even denying that I was his child; crying aloud through all the city and proclaiming that all should withhold from trusting me when desiring

[1] *As a tell-tale*)—Ver. 17. He apologizes for his apparent boldness in breaking in upon them, and commencing to relate his amours, without first asking their leave.

[2] *Grasped everything into his own possession*)—Ver. 45. "Rapiebat domum.' Literally "he carried off home."

to borrow; that love had allured many a one to ruin; that I, passing all bounds, regardless of decency, *and* acting wrongfully, laid hands upon *and* tore whatever I could from him at home; that 'twas a most vile system that those choice possessions which he, by enduring every hardship, had acquired, should *all* be squandered away and parted with through the violence of my desire. That *now* for so many years he had supported myself, a reproach *to him;* that were I not ashamed, I ought not to desire to live. That he himself, at the very moment after he had passed his boyish days, did not, like me, devote his attention to love or indolence in slothfulness, nor, *indeed,* had he the control of himself, so very strictly by his father was he held in check; that in the various sordid pursuits of the country he was employed, and that only every fifth year even was he then enabled to visit the city, and that immediately after he had had a sight of the Festival[1], back again instantly into the country was he wont to be driven by his father. That there by far the most of *all* the household did he toil, while thus his father would say to him: "For yourself you are ploughing, for yourself you harrow, for yourself you sow, for your own self *too* do you reap; for yourself, in fine, will this labour be productive of happiness." That after life had left his father's body, he had sold the farm, and with that money had bought for himself a bark of fifteen tons[2], and with the same had transported merchandize to every quarter, even until he had acquired the property which he then possessed. That I ought to do the same, if I would be as it behoved me to be. I, when I found that I was disliked

[1] *Had had a sight of the Festival*)—Ver. 67. "Spectavisset peplum." Literally, "had seen the show of the garment." At the great Panathenæa, or Festival of Minerva, which was celebrated every fifth year, the "peplum" of Minerva was exposed to public view. A procession was afterwards formed, to carry it to the Temple of Minerva, or Athene Polias. The "peplum" was a garment of crocus colour, woven by virgins. On it were represented the conquest of Enceladus and the Giants by Minerva. The garment was not carried by hands, but on the mast of a ship; and this ship, which was usually kept near the Areiopagus, was moved along by machinery.

[2] *Of fifteen tons*)—Ver. 75. "Metretas trecentas." Literally, "three hundred metretæ." The "metreta" was properly a Greek liquid measure of about nine gallons. If, as some of the books inform us, in weight it was equal to one hundred-weight, three hundred of them would make fifteen tons. It is, however, not improbable that the word really signifies a weight nearer in capacity to a ton than to a hundred-weight.

by my father and was an object of hate to him whom I was bound to please, distracted and in love as I was, resolutely made up my mind. I said that I would go to traffic, if he pleased; that I would renounce my amour, so as to be obedient to him. He gave me thanks, and praised my *good* feeling, but failed not to exact my promise; he built a merchant-ship[1], and purchased merchandize; the ship ready, he placed it on board; besides, to myself with his own hand he paid down a talent of silver; with me he sent a servant, who formerly had been my tutor from the time when I was a little child, to be as though a guardian to me. These things completed, we set sail; we came to Rhodes, where the merchandize which I had brought I sold to my mind according as I wished; I made great profits, beyond the estimate of the merchandize which my father had given me; *and* so I made a large sum. But while in the harbour I was walking there, a certain stranger recognized me, *and* invited me to dinner. I went, *and* took my place *at table*, being merrily and handsomely entertained. When at night we went to rest, behold, a female came to me, than whom not another female is there more charming. That night, by order of my entertainer, did she pass with me; consider your own selves, how very much he gratified me. Next day, I went to my host; I begged him to sell her to me; I said that for his kindnesses I should *ever* be grateful and obliged. What need is there of talking? I bought her, and yesterday I brought her hither. I don't wish my father to come to know I've brought her. For the present, I've left her and a servant in the harbour on board the ship. But why do I see my servant running *hither* from the harbour, whom I forbade to leave the ship? I dread what the reason may be. (*Stands aside.*)

Scene II.—*Enter* Acanthio, *at a distance, in haste.*

Acan. (*to himself*). With your utmost power and might always try and endeavour that your younger master[2] may by

[1] *A merchant-ship*)—Ver. 86. "Cercurum." The merchant-ships, which were called "cercuri," are said to have been so called from the island of Corcyra, or Cercyra, so famous for its traffic, where they were said to have been first built. Some writers suppose them to have originally been peculiar to the inhabitants of the Isle of Cyprus.

[2] *Your younger master*)—Ver. 111. "Herus minor." One version renders these words, "your master when thrown down." That surely cannot be the meaning of the passage.

your aid be preserved. Come then, Acanthio, away with weariness from you; take care and be on your guard against sloth. At the same time put an end to *this* panting; troth, I can hardly fetch my breath; at the same time, too, drive right full against all those persons who come in the way, shove them aside, *and* push them into the road. This custom here is a very bad one; no one thinks it proper for him to give way to one who is running *and* in haste; *and* thus three things must be done at the same moment, when you have commenced upon *but* one; you must both run and fight, and squabble as well, upon the road.

CHAR. (*apart*). What's the reason of this, that he's requiring speed for himself at a rate so rapid? I have some anxiety, what the business is, or what news he brings.

ACAN. (*to himself*). I'm trifling *about it*. The more I stop, the greater the risk that's run. CHAR. (*apart*). He brings news of some misfortune, I know not what.

ACAN. (*to himself*). His knees are failing this runner. I'm undone, my spleen is in rebellion[1], it's taking possession of my breast. I'm done up, I can't draw my breath. A very worthless piper should I be. I' faith, not all the baths will ever remove this lassitude from me. Am I to say that my master Charinus is at home or abroad?

CHAR. (*apart*). I'm doubtful in my mind what the matter is; I'd like for myself to learn of him, that I may become acquainted with it.

ACAN. (*to himself*). But why still standing here? Why still hesitating to make splinters of this door? (*Knocks at the door of* DEMIPHO'S *house, and calls.*) Open *the door*, some one. Where's my master, Charinus? Is he at home or abroad? Does any one think fit to come to the door?

CHAR. (*presenting himself*). Why, here am I, whom you're looking for, Acanthio. ACAN. (*not seeing him*). There is nowhere a more lazy management *than in his house.*

CHAR. What matter is afflicting you *so* terribly?

ACAN. (*turning round*). Many, master, both yourself and me.

CHAR. What's the matter? ACAN. We are undone.

CHAR. *That* beginning do you present unto our foes.

ACAN. But your own self it has befallen, as fate would have it.

[1] *Spleen is in rebellion*)—Ver. 123. He alludes to the expansion of the spleen by the act of running fast.

CHAR. Tell me this matter, whatever it is.

ACAN. Quietly—I want to take a rest. (*He pants.*)

CHAR. But, i' faith, do take the skirt of your coat[1], and wipe the sweat from off you.

ACAN. For your sake, I've burst the veins of my lungs; I'm spitting blood already. (*He spits.*)

CHAR. Swallow Ægyptian resin with honey; you'll make it all right.

ACAN. Then, i' faith, do you drink hot pitch[2]; *then* your troubles will vanish.

CHAR. I know no one a more tetchy fellow than yourself.

ACAN. And I know no one more abusive than yourself.

CHAR. But what if I'm persuading you to that which I take to be for your benefit? ACAN. Away with benefit of that sort, that's accompanied with pain.

CHAR. Tell me, is there any good at all that any one can enjoy entirely without evil; or where you mustn't endure labour when you wish to enjoy it?

ACAN. I don't understand these things; I never learnt to

[1] *Skirt of your coat*)—Ver. 138. "Laciniam." The "laciniæ" were the angular extremities of the "pallium," and the "toga," one of which was brought round over the left shoulder. It was generally tucked into the girdle, but was sometimes allowed to hang loose. From the present passage, we may conclude that it was sometimes devoted to the purposes of a pocket-handkerchief.

[2] *Drink hot pitch*)—Ver. 141. Commentators have been at a loss to know why Acanthio should be so annoyed at the recommendation of Charinus, and why he should answer him in these terms. The ingenious Rost seems in a great measure to have hit upon the true meaning of the passage. Charinus tells him that a mixture of resin and honey is good for the lungs. Now, from what Pliny says, B. 24, ch. 6, we should have reason to suppose that some kinds of resin were used in diseases of the lungs. But, on the other hand, Aristotle, in his History of Animals, B. 8, ch. 24, mentions a certain resin called "sandonache," which was of a poisonous nature. Acanthio, then, may have been frightened from a previous knowledge of the doubtful nature of resins as a remedy; he may also have heard that the Egyptians preserved their mummies with honey and resin, and his stomach may have revolted at swallowing such a mixture; and, thinking that his master is trifling with him, he answers him in anger. The latter explanation will appear the more probable when we remember, that as honey and resin were used for the embalming of the higher classes, the bodies of the poorer persons in Egypt were preserved by being dipped in pitch; and though this did not suggest itself to Rost, it is not improbable that the servant intends by his answer to repay his master in the same coin. Perhaps he may have imagined that his master intended him to swallow the mixture in a hot, melted state, just as when it was injected into the mummies. Persons convicted of blasphemy were sometimes condemned to swallow melted pitch.

philosophize, and don't know how. I don't want *any* good to be given me, to which evil is an accompaniment.

CHAR. (*extending his hand*). Come now, Acanthio, give me your right hand. ACAN. It shall be given; there then, take it. (*Gives his hand.*)

CHAR. Do you intend yourself to be obedient to me, or don't you intend it?

ACAN. You may judge by experience, as I've ruptured myself with running for your sake, in order that what I knew, you might have the means of knowing directly.

CHAR. I'll make you a free man within a few months.

ACAN. You are smoothing me down.

CHAR. What, should I presume ever to make mention of an untrue thing to you? On the contrary, before I said so, you knew already whether I intend to utter an untruth.

ACAN. Ah! your words, upon my faith, are increasing my weakness. You are worrying me to death!

CHAR. What, is this the way you're obedient to me?

ACAN. What do you want me to do?

CHAR. What, you? What I want is this——

ACAN. What is it then that you do want?

CHAR. I'll tell you. ACAN. Tell me, *then.*

CHAR. But still, I'd like *to do it* in a quiet way.

ACAN. Are you afraid lest you should wake the drowsy Spectators[1] from their nap?

CHAR. Woe be to you! ACAN. For my part, that same am I bringing to you from the harbour.

CHAR. What are you bringing? Tell me.

ACAN. Violence, alarm, torture, care, strife, and beggary.

CHAR. I'm undone! You really are bringing me hither a store of evils. I'm ruined outright.

ACAN. Why, yes, you are——

CHAR. I know it already; you'll be saying I'm wretched.

ACAN. 'Tis you have said so; I'm mum.

CHAR. What mishap is this?

ACAN. Don't enquire. It is a very great calamity.

CHAR. Prithee, do relieve me at once. Too long a time have I been in suspense. ACAN. Softly; I still wish to make many enquiries before I'm beaten.

[1] *The drowsy Spectators*)—Ver. 160. No wonder if this most tiresome dialogue has sent them to sleep.

CHAR. By my troth, you assuredly will be beaten, unless you say at once, or get away from here.

ACAN. Do look at that, please, how he does coax me; there's no one more flattering when he sets about it.

CHAR. By heavens, I do entreat and beseech you to disclose to me at once what it is; inasmuch as I see that I must be the suppliant of my own servant.

ACAN. And do I seem so unworthy of it?

CHAR. Oh no, *quite* worthy. ACAN. Well, *so* I thought.

CHAR. Prithee, is the ship lost?

ACAN. The ship's all right; don't fear *about that*.

CHAR. Well then, the rest of the cargo?

ACAN. That's right and tight.

CHAR. Why then don't you tell me what it is, for which, just now, running through the city, you were seeking me?

ACAN. Really, you are taking the words out of my mouth.

CHAR. I'll hold my tongue. ACAN. Do hold your tongue. I doubt, if I brought you any good news, you'd be dreadfully pressing, who are now insisting upon my speaking out, when you must hear bad news.

CHAR. Troth then, prithee do you let me know what this misfortune is.

ACAN. Since you beg of me, I'll tell you. Your father——

CHAR. My father *did* what? ACAN. Your mistress ——

CHAR. What about her? ACAN. He has seen her.

CHAR. Seen her? Ah wretch that I am! What I ask you, answer me.

ACAN. Nay, but do you ask me, if you want anything.

CHAR. How could he see her? ACAN. With his eyes.

CHAR. In what way? ACAN. Wide open.

CHAR. Away hence and be hanged. You are trifling, when my life's at stake.

ACAN. How the plague am I trifling, if I answer you what you ask me?

CHAR. Did he see her for certain?

ACAN. *Aye*, troth, as certainly as I *see* you and you see me. CHAR. Where did he see her?

ACAN. Down on board the ship, as he stood near the prow and chatted with her.

CHAR. Father, you have undone me. Come now, you, come now, you *sir?* Why, you whip-rascal, didn't you take

care that he mightn't see her? Why, villain, didn't you stow her away, that my father mightn't perceive her?

ACAN. Because we were busily employed about our business; we were engaged in packing up *and* arranging the cargo. While these things were being done, your father was brought alongside in a very small boat; and not an individual beheld the man until he was aboard the ship.

CHAR. In vain have I escaped the sea with its dreadful tempests! Just now I really did suppose that I was *both* ashore and in a place of safety; but I see that by the raging waves I am being hurried towards the rocks. Say on; what took place?

ACAN. After he espied the woman, he began to ask her to whom she belonged. CHAR. What did she answer?

ACAN. That instant I ran up and interposed, *saying* that you had bought her as a maid-servant for your mother.

CHAR. Did he seem to believe you in that?

ACAN. Do you e'en ask me that? Why the rogue began to take liberties with her.

CHAR. Prithee, what, with her? ACAN. 'Twere a wonder if he had taken liberties with myself.

CHAR. By heavens, my heart is saddened, which, drop by drop is melting away, just as though you were to put salt in water. I'm undone.

ACAN. Aye, aye, that one expression have you most truly uttered.

CHAR. This is *mere* folly. What shall I do? I do think my father won't believe me if I say that I bought her for my mother; and then, besides, it seems to me a shame that I should tell a lie to my parent. He'll neither believe, nor *indeed* is it credible, that I bought this woman of surpassing beauty as a maid-servant for my mother.

ACAN. Won't you be quiet, you most silly man? Troth, he will believe it, for he just now believed me.

CHAR. I'm dreadfully afraid that a suspicion will reach my father how the matter really stands. Prithee, answer me this that I ask you.

ACAN. What do you ask?

CHAR. Did he seem to suspect that she was my mistress?

ACAN. He did not seem. On the contrary, in everything, just as I said it, he believed me.

CHAR. As being true—as he seemed to yourself at least.

ACAN. Not so; but he *really* did believe me.

CHAR. Ah! wretched man that I am! I'm ruined! But why do I kill myself here with repining, and don't be off to the ship? Follow me. (*Hastening along.*)

ACAN. If you go that way, you'll conveniently come slap upon your father. As soon as he shall see you, dismayed and out of spirits, at once he'll be stopping you, *and* enquiring where you bought her, *and* for how much you bought her; he'll be trying you in your dismay.

CHAR. (*turning about*). I'll go this way in preference. Do you think that by this my father has left the harbour?

ACAN. Why, it was for that reason I ran before *him* hither, that he mightn't come upon you unawares and fish it out *of you*.

CHAR. Very properly *done*. (*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO.

DEM. (*to himself*). In wondrous ways[1] do the Gods make sport of men, and in wondrous fashions do they send dreams in sleep. As, for instance, I, this very last night that has passed, have sufficiently experienced in my sleep, and, mortal *that I am*, was *much* occupied *therewith*. I seemed to have purchased for myself a beautiful she-goat. That she might not offend that other she-goat which I had at home before, and that they mightn't disagree if they were both in the same spot, after that I had purchased her, I seemed to entrust her to the charge of an ape. This ape, not very long afterwards, came to me, uttered imprecations against me, and assailed me with reproaches; he said that by her means and through the arrival of the she-goat he had suffered injury and loss in no slight degree; he said that the she-goat, which I had entrusted to him to keep, had gnawed away the marriage-portion of his wife. This seemed extremely wonderful to me, how that this single she-goat could *possibly* have gnawed away[2] the marriage-portion of the

[1] *In wondrous ways*)—Ver. 224-5. These lines occur also in the Rudens, l. 593.

[2] *Could possibly have gnawed away*)—Ver. 240. There is a poor play on words here with reference to "una;" how "one" goat could "ambadederit," "gnaw away," or "doubly eat" (literally speaking) the dowry—that is, how one goat could do the work of two.

wife of the ape. The ape, *however*, insisted that it was so, and, in short, gave me this answer, that if I didn't make haste and remove her away from his own house, he would bring her home into my house to my wife. And, by my troth, I seemed very greatly to take an interest in her, but not to have any one to whom to entrust this she-goat; wherefore the more, in my distress, was I tormented with anxiety what to do. Meanwhile, a kid appeared to address me, *and* began to tell me that he had carried off the she-goat from the ape, and began to laugh at me. But I *began* to lament and complain that she was carried off. To what reality I am to suppose that this vision points, I can't discover; except that I suspect that I have just now discovered this she-goat, what she is, or what it *all* means. This morning, at daybreak, I went away hence down to the harbour. After I had transacted there what I wanted, suddenly I espied the ship from Rhodes, in which my son arrived *here* yesterday. I had an inclination, I know not why, to visit it; I went on board a boat, and put off to the ship; and there I beheld a woman of surpassing beauty, whom my son has brought as a maid-servant for his mother. After I had *thus* beheld her, I fell in love with her, not as men in their senses, but after the fashion in which madmen are wont. I' faith, in former times, in my youthful days, I fell in love, 'tis true; but after this fashion, according as I'm now distracted, never. Now beyond a doubt, surely thus this matter stands; this is that she-goat. But what that ape and *that* kid mean, I'm afraid. One thing, i' faith, I really do know for certain, that I'm undone *for love;* (*to the* AUDIENCE) consider yourselves the other point, what a poor creature I am[1]. But I'll hold my tongue; lo! I see my neighbour; he's coming out of doors. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* LYSIMACHUS *and a* SERVANT *with some rakes, from the house of the former.*

LYS. Really I will have this goat mutilated, that's giving us *so much* trouble at the farm.

DEM. (*apart*). Neither this omen nor this augury pleases

[1] *What a poor creature I am*)—Ver. 268. This seems to be the real meaning of "quanti siem;" Gueudeville has adopted it; but there is considerable difference of opinion among the Commentators on the sense of the passage.

me; I'm afraid that my wife will be just now mutilating me like the he-goat, and be acting the part of this same ape.

Lys. Do you go hence to my country-house, and take care and deliver personally into his own hands those rakes to the bailiff Pistus himself. Take care and tell my wife that I have business in the city, so that she mayn't expect me; for do you mention that I have three causes coming on for judgment to-day. Be off, and remember to say this.

Serv. Anything more?

Lys. That's enough. (*Exit* Servant.

Dem. (*Stepping forward*). Greetings to you, Lysimachus.

Lys. Well met! and *greetings* to you, Demipho. How are you? How goes it?

Dem. As with one that's most wretched[1].

Lys. May the Gods grant better things.

Dem. As for the Gods, it's they that do this.

Lys. What's the matter?

Dem. I'd tell you, if I saw that you had time or leisure.

Lys. Although I have business *in hand*, if you wish for anything, Demipho, I'm never too busy to give attention to a friend.

Dem. You speak of your kindness to myself who have experienced it. How do I seem to you as to age?

Lys. A subject for Acheron—an antiquated, decrepit old fellow.

Dem. You see in a wrong light. I am a child, Lysimachus, of seven years old.

Lys. Are you in your senses, to say that you are a child?

Dem. I'm telling what's true. Lys. I' faith, it has this moment come into my mind what you mean to say; directly a person is old, no longer has he sense or taste; people say that he has become a child again.

Dem. Why, no; *for* I'm twice as hearty as ever I was before.

Lys. I' faith, it's well that so it is, and I'm glad of it.

Dem. Aye, *and* if you did but know; with my eyes, too, I see even better now than *I did* formerly.

Lys. That's good.

Dem. Of a thing that's bad, I'm speaking.

[1] *As with one that's most wretched*)—Ver. 282. "Quod miserrimus." Literally, 'what a very wretched person *does*."

Lys. Then that same is not good.

Dem. But, if I wished at all, could I venture to disclose something to you?

Lys. Boldly. Dem. Give heed, *then.*

Lys. It shall be carefully done.

Dem. This day, Lysimachus, I've begun to go to school to learn my letters. I know three letters already.

Lys. How? Three *letters?*

Dem. (*spelling*). A M O [*I am in love*].

Lys. What! you, in love, with your hoary head, you most shocking old fellow? Dem. Whether that is hoary, or whether red, or whether black, I'm in love.

Lys. You're now playing upon me in this, I fancy, Demipho.

Dem. Cut my throat, if it's false, what I'm saying. That you may be sure I'm in love, take a knife, *and* do you cut off either my finger, or my ear, or my nose, or my lip: if I move me, or feel that I'm being cut, *then*, Lysimachus, I give you leave to torture me to death here with being in love.

Lys. (*aside to the* Audience). If ever you've seen a lover in a picture, why, there he is (*pointing at* Demipho): for really, in my way of thinking, an antiquated, decrepit old man is just about the same as though he were a figure painted upon a wall.

Dem. Now, I suppose, you are thinking of censuring me.

Lys. What, I, *censure* you?

Dem. Well, there's no reason that you should censure me. Other distinguished men have done the like before. It's natural to be in love, it's natural, as well, to be considerate. *Then*, please, don't reprove me; no inclination impelled me to this.

Lys. Why, I'm not reproving you. Dem. But still, don't you think any the worse of me for acting thus.

Lys. I, *think the worse of* you? O, may the Deities forbid it. Dem. Still, please, only do take care *of that.*

Lys. Due care is taken. Dem. Quite sure?

Lys. You're wearing me out. (*Aside.*) This person's deranged through love. (*To* Demipho.) Do you desire aught *with me?* Dem. Farewell!

Lys. I'm making haste to the harbour; for I've got business there. Dem. Good luck go with you.

LYS. Heartily fare you well.
DEM. Kindly fare you well. (*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

SCENE III.—DEMIPHO, *alone.*

DEM. (*to himself*). And what's more, I too as well have got some business at the harbour; now, therefore, I shall be off thither. But, look! most opportunely I see my son. I'll wait for the fellow; it's necessary for me now to see him, to persuade him, as far as I possibly can, to sell her *to me*, and not make a present of her to his mother; for I've heard that he has brought her as a present for her. But I have need of precaution, that he mayn't any way imagine that I have set my fancy upon her.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* CHARINUS, *at a distance.*

CHAR. (*to himself*). Never, I do think, was any person more wretched than myself, nor one who had more everlasting crosses. Isn't it the fact, that whatever thing there is that I have commenced to attempt, it cannot fall out to my wish according as I desire? To such an extent is some evil fortune *always* befalling me, which overwhelms my fair intentions. To my misfortune, I procured me a mistress to please my inclination; I acquired her for a sum of money, fancying that I could keep her unknown to my father. He has found her out, and has seen her, and has undone me. Nor have I *yet* determined what to say when he asks me, so much do uncertain thoughts, *aye*, tenfold, struggle within my breast; nor know I now in my mind what resolution I can possibly take; so much uncertainty, *mingled* with anxiety, is there in my feelings, at one moment the advice of my servant pleases me, then again it doesn't please me, and it doesn't seem possible for my father to be induced to think that she was bought as a maid-servant for my mother. Now, if I say, as is the fact, and declare that I purchased her for myself, what will he think of me? He may take her away, too, *and* carry her hence beyond sea, to be sold! Well taught at home, I know how severe he is. Is this, then, being in love? I'd rather be at the plough-tail[1] than love in

[1] *Rather be at the plough-tail*)—Ver. 352. "Arare mavelim, quam sic amare." There is an insipid play upon the resemblance of the words "arare," "to plough," and "amare," "to love."

this fashion. Before to-day, long ago, he drove me away against my inclination from his house, my home, *and* bade me go and traffic. There did I meet with this misfortune. When its misery can surpass its pleasure, what is there delightful in it? In vain I've hidden *her*, concealed *her*, kept her in secret; my father's a *very* fly[1]; nothing can be kept away from him; nothing *so* sacred or so profane is there, but that he's there at once; neither have I any assured hope in my mind through which to feel confidence in my fortunes.

Dem. (*apart*). What's the reason of this, that my son is talking to himself alone? He seems to me anxious about some matter, I know not what.

Char. (*looking round*). Heyday, now! Why, surely it's my father here that I see. I'll go *and* accost him. (*Accosting him.*) How goes it, father?

Dem. Whence do you come? Why are you in a hurry, my son?

Char. It's all right, father. Dem. So I trust; but what's the reason that your colour's *so* changed? Do you feel ill at all?

Char. I know not what it is affects my spirits, father; this last night I didn't rest quite as well as I wished.

Dem. As you've been travelling by sea, your eyes, I suppose, are at present rather unaccustomed to the shore.

Char. No doubt it is that; but it will be going off presently.

Dem. Troth, it's for that reason you are pale; if you were prudent, you'd go home and lie down.

Char. I haven't the leisure; I wish to attend to business on commission.

Dem. Attend to it to-morrow; the day after, attend to it.

Char. I've often heard from you, father, it behoves all wise men, the first thing, to give their earliest attention to business upon commission.

Dem. Do so, then; I have no wish to be striving against your opinion.

Char. (*aside*). I'm all right, if, indeed, his adherence to that sentiment is immoveable and lasting.

Dem. (*aside*). Why is it that he calls himself aside into

[1] *A very fly*)—Ver. 357. The flies of those days seem to have been as annoying and inquisitive as those of modern times. "Muscæ" was a term of reproach for Parasites and busybodies.

counsel with himself? I'm not afraid now lest he should be able to come to know that I'm in love with her, because I've not as yet done anything in a foolish manner, as people in love are wont *to do.*

CHAR. (*aside*). I' faith, the affair for the present is really quite safe; for I'm quite certain that he doesn't know anything about that mistress *of mine;* if he did know, his talk would have been different.

DEM. (*aside*). Why don't I accost him about her?

CHAR. (*aside*). Why don't I betake myself off hence? (*Aloud.*) I'm going to deliver the commissions from my friends to their friends. (*Moves as if going.*)

DEM. Nay, but stop; I still want to make a few enquiries of you first.

CHAR. Say what it is you wish. DEM. Have you all along been well?

CHAR. Quite well all the time, so long, indeed, as I was there; but as soon as I had arrived here in harbour, I don't know what faintness it was came over me.

DEM. I' faith, I suppose it arose from sea-sickness; but it will be going off just now. But how say you? What servant-maid is this that you have brought from Rhodes for your mother?

CHAR. I've brought *one.* DEM. Well, what sort of a woman is she as to appearance?

CHAR. Not an ill-favored one, i' faith.

DEM. How is she as to manners?

CHAR. In my way of thinking, I never saw one better.

DEM. So, indeed, i' faith, she seemed to me when I saw her.

CHAR. How now, have you seen her, father?

DEM. I have seen her; but she doesn't suit our ways, and so she doesn't please me.

CHAR. Why so? DEM. Because she hasn't a figure suitable to our establishment; we stand in need of no female servant but one who can weave, grind, chop wood, make yarn, sweep out the house, stand a beating, and who can have every day's victuals cooked for the household. This one will be able to do not any single one of these things.

CHAR. Why, in fact, for this reason I purchased her, to make a present of her to my mother.

Dem. Don't you be giving her, nor mention that you have brought her.

Char. (*aside*). The Deities favour me.

Dem. (*aside*). I'm shaking him by slow degrees. (*Aloud.*) But, what I omitted to say,—she can neither with due propriety follow your mother as an attendant, nor will I allow it.

Char. But why? Dem. Because, with those good looks, it would be scandalous if she were to be following a matron when she's walking through the streets; all people would be staring, gazing, nodding, winking, hissing, twitching, crying out, be annoying, *and* singing serenades at our door; my door, *perhaps*, would be filled with the charcoal marks[1] of her praises; and, according as persons are scandalizing at the present day, they might throw it in the teeth of my wife and myself, that we are carrying on the business of a Procurer. Now what occasion is there for this?

Char. Why, faith, you say what's just, and I agree with you. But what shall be done with her now?

Dem. Exactly; I'll buy for your mother some stout wench of a female slave, not a bad *servant*, *but* of ungainly figure, as befits the mistress of a family—either a Syrian or an Egyptian woman: she shall do the grinding, spin out the yarn, *and* stand a lashing; and on her account no disgrace at all will be befalling our doors.

Char. What then if she is restored to the person of whom she was purchased?

Dem. By no means in the world.

Char. He said that he would take her back, if she didn't suit.

Dem. There's no need of that; I don't want you to get into litigation, nor yet your honor to be called in question. I' troth, I would much rather, if any must be endured, put up with the loss *myself*, than that disgrace or scandal on

[1] *With the charcoal marks*)—Ver. 404. Colman, who translated this Play in Thornton's edition, has this Note here: "Some consider these words as alluding to defamatory, rather than commendatory verses, alleging that praise was written in chalk, and scandal in coal. 'Illa prius chartâ, mox hæc carbone.' I have followed the opinion, however, of other Commentators, who suppose that in these cases chalk, or coal, or lighted torches, were used indiscriminately, according to the colour of the ground—as a Poet would write a panegyric in black ink upon white paper, or a lover delineate the name of his mistress with the smoke of a candle on a white-washed ceiling."

account of a woman should be brought upon my house. I think that I am able to sell for you at a good profit.

CHAR. I' faith, so long, indeed, as you don't be selling her at a less price than I bought her at, father.

DEM. Do you only hold your tongue; there is a certain old gentleman who commissioned me to buy one for him of *just* that same appearance.

CHAR. But, father, a certain young man commissioned me to buy one for him of just that same appearance that she is of.

DEM. I think that I am able to dispose of her for twenty minæ.

CHAR. But, if I had chosen, there have been already seven-and-twenty minæ offered.

DEM. But I—— CHAR. Nay, but I, I say ——

DEM. But you don't know what I was going to say; do hold your tongue. I can add three minæ even to that, so that there will be thirty. (*Looks as though on one side at a distance.*)

CHAR. What are you turning yourself towards?

DEM. Towards him who's making the purchase.

CHAR. (*staring about*). Why, where in the world is this person?

DEM. Look there, I see him[1], yonder (*pointing*); he's bidding me even still to add five minæ.

CHAR. (*aside*). By my troth, may the Gods send a curse upon him, whoever he is!

DEM. (*looking in the distance*). There he is again, making a sign to me, even still, for me to add six minæ.

CHAR. My *man* is bidding seven minæ, for her, full weight, father. (*Aside.*) I' faith, he shall never this day outdo me.

DEM. He's bidding in vain; I will have her!

CHAR. But the other one made the first offer.

DEM. I care nothing *for that*. CHAR. He bids fifty.

DEM. No, a hundred's the offer. Can't you desist from bidding against the determination of my mind. I' troth, you'll be having an immense profit, in such a way is this old gentleman for whom she's being purchased. He's not in his senses by reason of his love; whatever you ask, you'll get.

CHAR. I' faith, that young man, for whom I'm purchasing, is assuredly dying with distraction for love of her.

[1] *There, I see him*)—Ver. 428. He says this by way of joking, just for the moment, in order to withdraw his son's notice from the manifest iniquity of which he is guilty

Dem. Troth, very much more so is that old gentleman, if you did but know it.

Char. I' faith, that old man never was nor *ever* will be more distracted with love than that young man, father, to whom I'm lending this assistance.

Dem. Do be quiet, I tell you; I'll see to that matter, that it's all right. Char. How say you——?

Dem. What is it? Char. I didn't take her for a slave; but it was he that took her *for such*.

Dem. Let me alone. Char. By law you cannot put her up for sale.

Dem. I'll somehow see *to that*. Char. And then besides, she's the common property of myself and another person; how do I know how he's disposed, whether he does wish or doesn't wish to sell her?

Dem. I'm sure he does wish. Char. But, i' faith, I believe that there's a certain person who doesn't wish.

Dem. What matters that to me? Char. Because it's right that he should have the disposal of his own property.

Dem. What is it you say? Char. She is the common property of myself and another person; he isn't here at present.

Dem. You are answering me before I ask. Char. You are buying, father, before I sell. I don't know, I say, whether he chooses to part with her or not.

Dem. But if she is purchased for that certain person who gave you the commission, will he choose it then? If I purchase her for that person who gave me the commission, will he then not choose it? You avail nothing. Never, on my faith, shall any person have her in preference to the person that I wish. That I'm resolved upon.

Char. Have you made up your mind that it is resolved upon? Dem. Why, I'm going hence at once to the ship; there she shall be sold.

Char. Do you wish me to go there with you?

Dem. I don't wish you.

Char. You don't choose it, *then*.

Dem. It's better for you to give your earliest attention to the business which you've been commissioned upon.

Char. You are hindering me *from doing so*.

Dem. Then do you make your excuse that you have used all diligence. Don't you go to the harbour, I tell you that now.

CHAR. That shall be attended to.

DEM. (*aside*). I'll be off to the harbour, and (I have need of caution lest he should find it out) I'll not buy her myself, but commission my friend Lysimachus; he said just now that he was going to the harbour. I'm delaying while I'm standing here. (*Exit.*

SCENE V.—CHARINUS, *alone.*

CHAR. (*wringing his hands, and crying aloud*). I'm lost—I'm undone. They say that the Bacchanals tore Pentheus to pieces[1]. I do believe that that was the merest trifle compared with the manner in which I am rent asunder in different ways. Why do I exist? Why don't I die? What good is there for me in life? I'm determined, I'll go to a doctor[2], and there I'll put myself to death by poison, since that is being taken from me for the sake of which I desire to remain in existence. (*He is going off.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter* EUTYCHUS, *from the house of* LYSIMACHUS.

EUT. Stop, prithee, stop, Charinus.

CHAR. (*turning*). Who is it that calls me back?

EUT. Eutychus, your friend and companion, your nearest neighbour as well. CHAR. You don't know[3] what a vast weight of my woes I am enduring.

EUT. I do know. I listened to it all at the door: I know the whole matter.

CHAR. What is it that you know? EUT. Your father wishes to sell——

CHAR. You have the whole matter.

EUT. —Your mistress—— CHAR. You know by far too much.

EUT. —Against your wish. CHAR. You know everything. But how do you know that this woman is my mistress?

[1] *Tore Pentheus to pieces*)—Ver. 462. Pentheus, king of Thebes, was torn in pieces by his mother Agave, and the other Bacchanalian women, for obstructing their celebration of the orgies of Bacchus. See the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. 3, l. 720.

[2] *To a doctor*)—Ver. 465 Colman renders "medicum," "an apothecary;" and remarks, that the passage may put the reader in mind of Shakspeare's Romeo in allusion to the passage commencing, "I do know an apothecary," &c.

[3] *You don't know*)—Ver. 468. The note of interrogation in Weise's edition at the end of these words seems out of place.

Eut. You yourself told me yesterday. Char. Isn't it the fact that I had quite forgotten that I told you yesterday?

Eut. It's not surprising it is so. Char. I now consult you. Answer me; by what death do you think that I should die in preference?

Eut. Won't you hold your peace? Take you care how you say that. Char. What then do you wish me to say?

Eut. Should you like me to trick your father nicely?

Char. I really should like it. Eut. Should you like me to walk to the harbour——

Char. What, rather than that you should fly?

Eut. And release the fair one for a sum.

Char. What, rather than you should pay her weight in gold? Eut. Whence is it to come?

Char. I'll entreat Achilles to lend me the gold with which Hector was ransomed Eut. Are you in your senses?

Char. I' faith, if I were in my senses, I shouldn't be seeking you for my physician.

Eut. Do you wish her to be purchased for as high a price as he asks?

Char. Throw in something by way of surplus; even a thousand didrachms more than he shall demand.

Eut. Now, do hold your peace. But what say you *as to this?* Whence will the money come, for you to give, when your father asks for it?

Char. It shall be found, it shall be sought out, something shall be done. Eut. You are worrying me to death. For I'm afraid of that "Something shall be done."

Char. Why won't you hold your tongue?

Eut. You give your commands to one who is dumb.

Char. Is this matter sufficiently pointed out to you?

Eut. Can't you possibly be attending to something else?

Char. It isn't possible. Eut. (*going*). Kindly fare you well.

Char. I' faith, I cannot *fare well*, before you come back to me. Eut. To better purpose, recover your senses.

Char. Farewell, and prevail, and be my preserver.

Eut. I'll do so. Wait for me at home.

Char. Do you take care, then, to betake yourself back just now with the booty.

(*Exit* Eutychus, *and* Charinus *goes into* Demipho's *house*

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Lysimachus, *with* Pasicompsa, *weeping.*

Lys. (*to himself*). I've lent my assistance to my friend in a friendly manner: this piece of goods, which my neighbour requested me, I've purchased. (*Turning to* Pasicompsa.) You are my own; then follow me. Don't weep. You are acting very foolishly: spoiling such eyes. Why, really you have more reason to laugh than to be crying.

Pas. In the name of heaven, prithee, my *good* old gentleman, do tell me——

Lys. Ask me what you please.

Pas. Why have you bought me?

Lys. What, I, *bought* you? For you to do what you are bidden; in like manner what you bid me, I'll do.

Pas. I am determined, to the best of my ability and skill, to do what I shall think you desire.

Lys. I shall bid you do nothing of laborious work.

Pas. Why, really, for my part, my *good* old gentleman, I haven't learnt, i' faith, to carry burdens, or to feed cattle at the farm, or to nurse children.

Lys. If you choose to be *a* good *girl*, it shall be well for you. Pas. Then, i' faith, to my sorrow, I'm undone.

Lys. Why so? Pas. Because in the place from which I have been conveyed hither, it used to be well with the worthless[1].

Lys. (*aside*). By my troth, her talk *alone* is worth more than the sum that she was purchased at. (*To* Pasicompsa.) As though you would say that no woman is good.

Pas. Indeed I don't say so: nor is it my way, to say a thing which I believe all people are acquainted with.

Lys. I want to ask this one thing of you.

Pas. I'll answer you when you ask. Lys. What say you *now?* What am I to say your name is?

Pas. Pasicompsa. Lys. The name was given you from your good looks[2]. But what say you, Pasicompsa? Can you, if occasion should arise, spin a fine woof?

[1] *Well with the worthless*)—Ver. 504. She seems to mean that at Rhodes, where she has lately come from, women of light character are treated better than those who are virtuous.

[2] *From your good looks*)—Ver. 510. Coming from two Greek words, signifying "all graces," or "attractions."

Pas. I can. Lys. If you know *how to do* a fine one, I'm sure you can spin a coarser one.

Pas. For spinning, I fear no woman that's of the same age. Lys. Upon my faith, I take it that you are good and industrious, since, *young* woman, now that you are grown up, you know how to do your duty.

Pas. I' faith, I learned it from a skilful *mistress*. I won't let my work be called in question.

Lys. Well, thus the matter stands, i' faith. Look *now*, I'll give you a sheep for your own, one sixty years old.

Pas. My *good* old gentleman, one so old *as that?*

Lys. It's of the Grecian breed. If you take care of it, it is a very good one; it is shorn very easily.

Pas. For the sake of the compliment, whatever it is that shall be given me, I shall receive it with thanks.

Lys. Now, damsel, that you mayn't be mistaken, you are not mine; *so* don't think it.

Pas. Prithee, tell me, then, whose I am?

Lys. You've been bought back for your own master. I've bought you back *for him*[1]; he requested me *to do so*.

Pas. My spirits have returned, if *good* faith is kept with me. Lys. Be of good courage; this person will give you your liberty. I' troth, he did so dote upon you this day as soon as ever he had seen you.

Pas. I' faith, it's now two years since he commenced his connexion with me. Now, as I'm sure that you are a friend of his, I'll disclose it. Lys. How say you? Is it now two years since he formed the connexion with you?

Pas. Certainly, *it is;* and we agreed, on oath, between ourselves, I with him, and he with me, that I would never have intercourse with *any* man except himself, nor he with *any* woman except myself.

Lys. Immortal Gods! Isn't he even to sleep with his wife?

Pas. Prithee, is he a married man? He neither is nor will he be. Lys. Indeed, I wish he wasn't. I' faith, the fellow has been committing perjury.

Pas. No young man do I more ardently love.

Lys. Why, really he's a child, you simpleton; for, in fact, it's not so very long a time since his teeth fell out.

[1] *Back for him*)—Ver. 523. She imagines all along that by the word "master" he means the young man Charinus; whereas Demipho is really intended.

PAS. What? His teeth? LYS. It's no matter? Follow me this way, please; he requested that I would find you room for one day in my house, since my wife is *away* in the country. (*He goes into his house, followed by* PASICOMPSA.)

SCENE II.—*Enter* DEMIPHO.

DEM. (*to himself*). At last I've managed to ruin myself; a mistress has been purchased *for me* without the knowledge of my wife and son. I'm resolved on it; I'll have recourse again to former habits and enjoy myself. In my allotment *of existence, almost now* run through, the little that there remains of life, I'll cheer up with pleasure, wine, and love. For it's quite proper for this time of life to enjoy itself. When you are young, then, when the blood is fresh, it's right to devote your exertions to acquiring your fortune; and then when at last, you are an old man, you may set yourself at your ease; drink, *and* be amorous; this, *the fact* that you are living, is now *so much* profit. This, as I say, I'll carry out in deed. (*Turning to his house.*) Meanwhile, however, I'll take a look in-doors here at my house; my wife has been some time expecting me at home quite hungry: now, she'll be worrying me to death with her scolding, if I go in-doors. But, in fine, whatever comes of it, i' faith, I'll not go, but I'll first meet this neighbour *of mine* before I return home; I want him to hire some house for me, where this damsel may dwell. And, see, he's coming out of doors.

SCENE III.—*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, *from his house.*

LYS. (*to* PASICOMPSA, *within*). I'll bring him to you directly, if I meet him.

DEM. (*behind*). He's meaning me.

LYS. (*turning about*). How say you, Demipho?

DEM. Is the damsel at your house?

LYS. What do you suppose?

DEM. What if I go see her? (*Moves towards the house.*)

LYS. Why making such haste? Stay.

DEM. What am I to do?

LYS. What you ought to do; take care and consider.

DEM. Consider what? Why troth, for my own part, I think there's need for my going this, going in-doors there, *I mean.*

Lys. What, is it so, you *old* wether? Would you be going in? Dem. What should I do else?

Lys. First listen to this, and attend; there's something even before this that I think it proper you should do. For if you now go in-doors to her, you'll be wishing to embrace her, chatting with her, and kissing her.

Dem. Really you know my feelings; you understand what I would be at. Lys. You will be doing wrong.

Dem. What, with that which you love?

Lys. So much the less *reason*. Would you, full of hungriness, with a foul breath, a stinking old fellow, be kissing a woman? And wouldn't you, as you approached, be setting a female vomiting?

Dem. I' faith, I'm sure that you're in love, as you point out these things beforehand to me. What then, if I give a dinner? If you approve of this, let's lay hold of some cook, who may be cooking away a meal[1] here at your house, even until the evening.

Lys. Well, I'm of that way of thinking. Now you are talking wisely, and like a lover.

Dem. Why are we standing *here?* Why then don't we be off and procure the provisions, that we may be comfortable?

Lys. *For my part*, I'll follow you. And, i' troth, you'll be finding out a lodging for her, if you are prudent; *for*, i' faith, she shan't be at my house a single day beyond the present; I'm afraid of my wife, lest, if she should return from the country to-morrow, she'll be finding her here. (*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Enter* Charinus, *from* Demipho's *house.*

Char. (*to himself*). Am I not a wretched mortal, who can rest quietly nowhere? If I'm at home, my mind's abroad; but if I'm abroad, my mind's at home. To such a degree has love kindled a flame in my breast and in my heart; did not the tears fall from my eyes, *why* then, I doubt, my head would be on fire. I cling to hope; safety I've lost; whether she'll return or no, I know not. If my father seizes her, as he has said, *then* my welfare is gone in exile; but if my companion has done what he promised, *then* my welfare has not departed. But still, even if Eutychus had had gouty feet, he could have been back from the harbour by this. This

[1] *Cooking away a meal*)—Ver. 573. "Prandium" here does not mean the morning meal, similar to our breakfast, but a "feast" or "banquet" in general

is a very great fault of his, that he is too slow, against the wishes of my feelings. But (*looking towards the side*) isn't this he whom I espy running? 'Tis he himself; I'll go meet him. (*Clasps his hands.*) Thou who art the overlooker of Gods and of men and the mistress of mortals as well, inasmuch as thou hast indulged me in this hope that I entertained, I do return thee thanks. Does any *hope* remain? Alas! I'm utterly undone. His countenance by no means pleases me! He moves along in sadness. My breast burns. I am in doubt. He shakes his head. Eutychus!

SCENE V.—*Enter* EUTYCHUS.

EUT. Alas! Charinus. (*He pants.*)

CHAR. Before you take breath, in one word, speak out. Where am I? Here, or among the dead?

EUT. You are neither among the dead nor here.

CHAR. I'm saved, immortality has been vouchsafed me—he has purchased her. He has nicely tricked my father. There's no one living more clever at gaining his purpose. Prithee, do tell me; if I'm neither here nor at Acheron, where am I?

EUT. Nowhere in the world. CHAR. I'm utterly undone! That speech has just put an end to me here. Whatever it is, do come to the material points of the matter.

EUT. First of all, we are ruined.

CHAR. But why don't you in preference tell me that which I don't know? It is an annoying way of speaking, when you should despatch the business, to be beating about the bush[1].

EUT. The damsel has been taken away from you.

CHAR. Eutychus, you are guilty of a capital offence.

EUT. How so? CHAR. Because you are killing your year's-mate and friend, a free citizen.

EUT. May the Gods forbid it! CHAR. You've thrust a sword into my throat; this moment I shall fall.

EUT. Troth now, prithee, don't be desponding in mind.

CHAR. I have none to be desponding in. Tell on, then, the rest of your bad news; for whom has she been purchased?

EUT. I don't know. She had been already knocked down *to the bidder* and taken off *by him*, when I got to the harbour.

[1] *To be beating about the bush*)—Ver. 606. "Longinquum loqui?" Literally, to be talking at a distance."

CHAR. Ah me! Already, indeed, have you heaped burning mountains of woe upon me. Proceed, executioner, torment me on, since you have once begun.

EUT. This is not more a cause of anguish to yourself, than it has proved to me this day.

CHAR. Tell me, who bought her?

EUT. I' faith, I do not know.

CHAR. Well, is this a good friend giving one his aid?

EUT. What would you have me do?

CHAR. The same that you see me *doing*, die *with grief*. But did you make enquiry, what was the appearance of the person that had bought her? Perhaps the damsel might have been traced out by that means.

EUT. Ah! wretch that I am—— CHAR. Do cease lamenting; *attend to* that which you are now about.

EUT. What have I done? CHAR. Proved the destruction of myself, and with myself of your own word.

EUT. The Gods know that that is not any fault of mine.

CHAR. A fine thing, indeed! You mention the Gods, who are absent, as witnesses; how am I to believe you in that?

EUT. Why, it rests with your own self what to believe; with myself, what to say, that rests with me.

CHAR. On that point you are ready, so as to give answer like for like; *but* as to what you are requested, *you are* lame, blind, dumb, defective, *and* weak. You promised that you would trick my father; I myself supposed that I was entrusting the matter to a skilful person, *and* I entrusted it to an utter stone.

EUT. What could I do?

CHAR. What could you do, do you ask me? You should have enquired, *and* asked who he was or whence he was, of what lineage; whether he was a citizen or a foreigner——

EUT. They said that he was a citizen of Attica.

CHAR. At least, you should have found out where he lives, if you couldn't the name.

EUT. No person was able to say he knew.

CHAR. But at least you should have enquired what was the appearance of the man. EUT. I did do *so*.

CHAR. Of what figure, then, did they say he was?

EUT. I'll tell you: grey-headed, bandy-legged, pot-bellied, wide-mouthed, of stunted figure, with darkish eyes, lank jaws, splay-footed rather.

Char. You are mentioning to me not a human being, but a *whole* storehouse, I don't know what, of deformities. Is there anything else that you can tell about him?

Eut. It is just as much as I know.

Char. I' troth, for sure, with his lank jaws he has caused my jaw to drop[1]. I cannot endure it; I'm determined that I'll go hence in exile. But what state in especial to repair to, I'm in doubt; Megara, Eretria, Corinth, Chalcis, Crete, Cyprus, Sicyon, Cnidos, Zacynthus, Lesbos, or Bœotia.

Eut. Why are you adopting that design?

Char. Why, because love is tormenting me.

Eut. What say you *as to this?* Suppose, if when you have arrived there, whither you are now intending to go, you begin there to fall desperately in love, and *there*, too, you fail of success, then you'll be taking flight from there as well, and after that, again, from another place, if the same shall happen, what bounds, pray, will be set to your exile, what limits to your flight? What country or home can possibly be certain for you? Tell me *that*. Say *now*, if you leave this city, do you fancy that you'll leave your love here *behind?* If it is so fully taken as certain in your mind that so it will be, if you hold that as *a point* resolved upon, how much better is it for you to go away somewhere in the country, to be there, to live there, until the time when desire for her and passion have set you at liberty?

Char. Have you now said your say?

Eut. I have said it. Char. You have said it to no purpose; this is my full determination. I'll be off home, to pay my duty to my father and my mother; after that, unknown to my father, I'll fly from this country, or adopt some other plan. (*Goes into* Demipho's *house.*)

Scene VI.—Eutychus, *alone.*

Eut. (*to himself*). How suddenly he has taken himself off and gone away. Ah! wretch that I am! if he goes away, all will say that it has happened through my remissness. I'm determined at once to order as many criers as possible to be

[1] *He has caused my jaw to drop*)—Ver. 639. Literally, "he has given me a great evil." He puns upon the resemblance of the words "malum," an "evil," and "mala," the "jaw."

hired to search for her to find her; after that, I'll go to the Prætor forthwith, *and* beg him to give me search-warrant officers in all the quarters of the city; for I find that nothing else whatever is now left for me *to do*. (*Exit.*

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Dorippa.

Dor. (*to herself*). Since a messenger came to me in the country from my husband, that he couldn't come into the country, I made up my mind, *and* came back to follow after him who fled from me. But (*looking round*) I don't see our old woman Syra following. Aye, look, there she comes at last.

Enter Syra, *with a bundle of green sprigs.*

Dor. Why don't you go quicker? Syr. By my troth, I cannot; so great is this burden that I'm carrying.

Dor. What burden? Syr. Fourscore years and four, and to that are added servitude, sweat, *and* thirst; these things as well which I am carrying weigh me down.

Dor. Give me something, Syra, with which to decorate this altar of our neighbour[1].

Syr. (*holding out a sprig*). Present this sprig of laurel, then. Dor. Now do you go into the house.

Syr. I'm going. (*Goes into the house of* Lysimachus.)

Dor. (*laying the sprig on the altar*). Apollo, I pray thee that thou wilt propitiously grant peace, safety, and health, unto our household, and that in thy propitiousness thou wilt show favour to my son.

Syra *rushes out of the house, clapping her hands.*

Syr. I'm utterly undone! Wretch that I am, I'm ruined! Ah! wretched me! Dor. Prithee, are you quite in your senses? What are you howling for?

Syr. Dorippa, my *dear* Dorippa! Dor. Prithee, why are you crying out?

[1] *Altar of our neighbour*)—Ver. 672. She alludes to Apollo Prostaterius; an altar or statue to whom was placed near the doors of most of the houses Athens; see the Notes to the Bacchides.

Syr. Some woman, I know not who, is here in-doors in the house.

Dor. What? A woman? Syr. A harlot woman.

Dor. Is it so, really? Syr. In serious truth. You know how to act very prudently, in not remaining in the country. A fool even could have found it out that she was the mistress of your very pretty husband.

Dor. By heavens, I believe it.

Syr. (*taking her arm*). Step this way with me, that you, my Juno, may see as well your rival Alcmena.

Dor. I' troth, I certainly shall go there, as fast as I can. (*They go into the house of* Lysimachus.)

Scene II.—*Enter* Lysimachus.

Lys. (*to himself*). Is this too little of a misfortune that Demipho's in love, that he must be extravagant as well? If he had been inviting ten men of highest rank to dinner, he has provided too much. But the cooks he directed in such a way just as at sea the time-keeper[1] is wont to direct the rowers. I hired a Cook myself, but I'm surprised that he hasn't come as I directed him. But who's this, I wonder, that's coming out of my house? The door's opening. (*He stands aside.*)

Scene III.—*Enter* Dorippa, *from the house of* Lysimachus.

Dor. (*weeping*). No woman *ever* will be, or ever has been, more wretched than myself in being married to such a husband. Alas! unhappy that I am! Just see, to what a husband have you committed yourself and the property you have! Just see, to what a person I brought ten talents for a portion; that I should see these things, that I should endure these insults.

Lys. (*behind*). I' troth, I'm undone; my wife's returned from the country already. I do believe she has seen the damsel in the house. But what she says I cannot distinctly ear from hence; I'll go nearer *to her*. (*Approaches her.*)

Dor. Ah! woe to wretched me!

Lys. (*behind*). Aye, and to me as well.

[1] *The time-keeper*)—Ver. 692. The time was given to the rowers by the "pausarius," who is here called "hortator." The directions he gave were called "celeusma," from the Greek κελεύω, "to order." Lysimachus probably means that Demipho has hired whole ranks of them

Dor. I'm utterly undone!

Lys. (*behind*). As for me, i' faith, to my sorrow I'm downright undone! she has seen her. May all the Gods confound you, Demipho!

Dor. I' troth, this was it, why my husband wouldn't go into the country.

Lys. (*behind*). What shall I do now, but go up and speak to her? (*Goes up to her.*) The husband bids health to his wife. Are the country people[1] becoming townsfolk?

Dor. They are acting more decently than those who are not become country people.

Lys. Are the people in the country at all in fault?

Dor. I' faith, less so than the townsfolk, and much less mischief do they meet with for themselves.

Lys. But in what have the townsfolk done wrong? Tell me that. Dor. Whose woman is that in the house?

Lys. What, have you seen her?

Dor. I have seen her. Lys. Whose is she, do you ask?

Dor. I shall find out, in spite of you; i' faith, I long to know. But you are trying me on purpose.

Lys. Do you wish me to tell you whose she is? She, she—— (*Aside.*) Ah me! upon my faith, I don't know what to say.

Dor. Do you hesitate?

Lys. (*aside*). I never saw one *who did it* more.

Dor. But why don't you tell me?

Lys. Nay, but if I may—— Dor. You ought to tell me.

Lys. I cannot, you hurry me so; you press me as though I were guilty.

Dor. (*ironically*). I know you are free from all guilt.

Lys. Speak out as boldly as you please.

Dor. Tell me, then. Lys. I, tell you?

Dor. Why, it must be told, in spite of everything.

Lys. She is—— Do you wish me tell her name as well?

Dor. You are trifling. I've caught you in the fact; you are guilty.

Lys. Guilty of what? If now I had no occasion *for*

[1] *Are the country people*)—Ver. 710. There has been much discussion as to the meaning of this passage; it seems, however, pretty clear that it is only an indirect way of asking Dorippa why she has so suddenly left the country for town. Colman thinks, with some of the older Commentators, that Dorippa pouts, and makes no return to her husband's salutation, on which he observes that the town gentry are grown as unmannerly as the country bumpkins. The context will admit of this explanation, but it seems rather far-fetched.

silence, now I shouldn't tell you[1]. Why, this same woman is——

Dor. Who is she? Lys. She——

Dor. Marry, come up! don't you know who she is?

Lys. Why, yes, I do know. I've been chosen as an arbitrator with respect to her. Dor. An arbitrator? Now I know; you have invited her here to consult with you.

Lys. Why no; she has been given me as a deposit.

Dor. (*ironically*). I understand.

Lys. By my troth, it's not anything of that sort.

Dor. You are clearing yourself too soon[2].

Lys. (*aside*). Too much of a business have I met with; really I'm stuck fast.

Scene IV.—*Enter a* Cook, *at a distance, with* Scullions *and provisions.*

Cook. Make haste, get quickly on, for I've got to cook a dinner for an old gentleman in love. And, in fact, when I think of it again, it's to be cooked for ourselves, not him for whom we've been hired: for a person that's in love, if he has that with which he is in love, he esteems that as food, to see her, embrace her, kiss her, chat with her; but we, I trust, shall return well laden home. Step this way. But see, here's the old gentleman that hired us.

Lys. (*aside*). Why, look! I'm undone! here's the Cook.

Cook (*going up to* Lysimachus). We are come.

Lys. Be off! Cook. How, be off?

Lys. (*in a low voice*). Hush! Be off!

Cook. What, I, be off? Lys. Be off, *I say*.

Cook. Are you not going to have a dinner?

Lys. We are full already.

Dor. But—— Lys. (*aside*). I'm utterly undone.

Dor. What say you? Have those persons ordered these things to be brought to you as well, between whom you were appointed arbitrator?

[1] *I shouldn't tell you*)—Ver. 726. This he says, in his confusion, by mistake for "I should tell you."

[2] *Clearing yourself too soon*)—Ver. 732. "Numero." Rost thinks that this means "you have quite," or "satisfactorily cleared yourself," Dorippa, of course, saying so in an ironical manner. She seems, however, rather to allude to his defending himself before he is accused. Lysimachus pretends that some persons have disputed the possession of Pasicompsa, and that she has been left in his hands by mutual consent, till he has given his decision.

Cook. Is this person (*pointing to* Dorippa) your mistress, whom a little time since you told me you were in love with, when you were buying the provisions?

Lys. Won't you hold your tongue? Cook. A very pretty figure of a woman! I' faith, she does love a sweetheart.

Lys. Won't you be off to perdition?

Cook. She's not amiss. Lys. But you are amiss.

Cook. I' troth, I do fancy she's a nice bed-fellow.

Lys. Won't you be off? I'm not the person that hired you just now.

Cook. How's that? Nay but, upon my faith, you are that very man. Lys. (*aside*). Alas! wretch that I am!

Cook. Your wife's in the country, I suppose, whom you were saying a little time ago you hated full as much as vipers.

Lys. I, said that to you?

Cook. Aye, to me, upon my faith.

Lys. So may Jupiter love me, wife, I never did say that.

Dor. Do you deny that as well?

Cook (*to* Dorippa). He didn't say he hated you, but his wife. Dor. This is made clear, that you detest me.

Lys. But I deny it.

Cook. And he said that his wife was in the country.

Lys. (*pointing to* Dorippa). This is she. Why are you annoying me? Cook. Because you say that you don't know me. Are you afraid of her?

Lys. I'm wise *in being so;* for she's my only *companion.*

Cook. Do you wish to use my services?

Lys. I don't wish. Cook. Give me my pay.

Lys. Ask for it to-morrow; it shall be given you; for the present, be off. (*Aside.*) Alas, wretch that I am! I now find that that old saying is a true one, that some bad comes through a bad neighbour.

Cook (*to the* Scullions). Why are we standing here?

Lys. Why don't you be gone?

Cook (*aside to* Lysimachus). If any inconvenience happens to you, that's not my fault.

Lys. (*aside to the* Cook). Why, you are utterly ruining wretched me

Cook (*aside to* Lysimachus). I understand now what you want. You mean, you wish me to go away from here.

Lys. (*aside to the* Cook). I do wish it, I say.

Cook (*aside to* Lysimachus). I'll be off. Pay me a drachma. Lys. (*aside to the* Cook). It shall be paid.

Cook (*aside to* Lysimachus). Then order it to be paid me, please. It can *be paid* in the meantime, while they are putting down *the provisions.*

Lys. (*aside to the* Cook). Why don't you be off? Can't you cease being troublesome? (*Slips the money into his hand.*)

Cook (*to the* Scullions). Come, do you set down those provisions before the feet of that old gentleman. These baskets I'll order to be fetched from your house either by-and-by or else to-morrow. (*To the* Scullions.) Do you follow me. (*Exeunt, having set down the provisions.*)

Scene V.—Lysimachus, Dorippa, Syra.

Lys. Perhaps you are surprised at that Cook, that he came and brought these things. I'll tell you why it is.

Dor. I'm not surprised if you do anything wrongful or criminal; and, by heavens, I'll not put up with it, that I am married thus unfortunately, and that harlots are brought into my house in this way. Syra, go ask my father, in my name, to come here directly together with you.

Syr. I'll go.

Lys. Prithee, wife, you don't know what the matter is. In set form now will I make oath, that I have never had anything to do with her. (*Exit* Syra.) What, is Syra gone now? By heaven, I'm undone! (Dorippa *goes into the house.*)

Scene VI.—Lysimachus, *alone.*

Lys. (*to himself*). But, see, she's off as well! Woe to wretched me! Then, neighbour *Demipho*, may the Gods and Goddesses confound you, together with your mistress and your intriguings! He has most unjustly loaded me with suspicions; he has stirred up enemies against me. At home my wife is most infuriated. I'll be off to the Forum, and tell this to Demipho, that I'll drag this woman by the hair into the street, unless he takes her hence out of this house wherever he chooses. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hark you! wife, wife! although you're angry at me, you'll order, if you are wise, these things to be carried hence indoors. We shall be able by-and-by to dine all the better upon the same.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* SYRA *and* EUTYCHUS, *at a distance, on opposite sides.*

SYR. (*to herself*). Whither my mistress sent me, to her father ——, he's not at home; they said that he has gone off into the country. Now, I'll take home this answer. I' faith, the women do live upon hard terms, and, wretched creatures, on much more unjust ones than the men. For if a husband has been keeping a mistress without the knowledge of his wife, if the wife comes to know it, the husband gets off with impunity; if, unknown to the husband, the wife goes from the house out of doors, a pretext arises for the husband, the marriage is dissolved[1]. I wish the law was the same for the husband as for the wife; for the wife that is a good one, is content with one husband; why, any the less, should the husband be content with one wife? By my troth, I'd give cause, if men were punished in the same way (if any one should be keeping a mistress unknown to his wife), as those women are repudiated who are guilty of a slip, that there should be more divorced men than there are women now.

EUT. (*to himself, apart*). I'm quite tired with hunting the whole city through; I find nothing whatever about this woman. But my mother has returned from the country; for I see Syra standing before the house. Syra!

SYR. Who is it that's calling me?

EUT. 'Tis I, your master and foster-child.

SYR. (*turning round*). Save you, my foster-child. EUT. Has my mother returned from the country then? Answer me.

SYR. Aye, for her own especial sake and that of the family.

EUT. What is it that's the matter?

SYR. That very pretty father of yours has brought a mistress into the house.

EUT. How *say you?* SYR. Your mother, on arriving from the country, found her at home.

EUT. By my troth, I didn't think my father was a person for those practices. Is the woman now even still in-doors?

SYR. Even still.

EUT. Do you follow me. (*He goes into the house of* LYSIMACHUS.)

[1] *The marriage is dissolved*)—Ver. 803. She alludes to the facility with which at Rome, where the Play was performed, wives were divorced on the merest suspicion of infidelity.

[Syr. (*to herself*). How now[1]? Do I see Peristrata here, the wife of Demipho? She quickens her pace: she glances about with her eyes; she turns herself round; she inclines her neck on one side. I'll observe from here what matter she's about; it's something of importance, whatever scent she's upon. (*Stands aside.*)

Scene VIII.—*Enter* Peristrata *and* Lycissa, *from the house of* Demipho.

Per. The Goddess Astarte[2] is the might of mortals and of the Gods, their life, their health: she, the same, who is likewise their death, destruction, downfall, the seas, the earth, the heaven, *and* the stars. Whatever Temples of Jove we inhabit, they are guided by her nod; her do they obey: to her do they pay regard; what displeases her, the other *Deities* do quickly put aside. Whatever pleases her, that, all things, which live and have sense, do pursue. Some she tortures, destroys; others, with her own milk does she nourish and raise aloft; but those whom she tortures, they live and enjoy their senses; those whom she hastens to rear and raise aloft, these *last* indeed do perish forthwith, and to their sorrow use their senses. *Then*, well-wishers, they lie prostrate, objects of dislike they bite the ground, grovel upon their faces, roar out, and make a riot; and when they think they live, then in especial do they rush on *to ruin*, then, then do they show eagerness in the pursuit *of the object beloved*: young men stumble, aged men likewise are led away. They love themselves; *the object* which they love, they wish to be loved and known. But if at that age they begin to fall in love, much more grievous is their madness. But if they

[1] *How now?*)—Ver. 823. From the commencement of this line to the end of l. 909, is generally considered to be spurious; probably it is the work of some zealous critic of the middle ages, who fondly thought to improve the Play as it stood. He introduces Peristrata as complaining of the conduct of her husband, in depriving her son of his mistress, but never suspecting what is the true state of the case; an opportunity for a Comic dilemma, which Plautus himself, had he intended to introduce the character, would probably not have neglected.

[2] *The Goddess Astarte*)—Ver. 826. Astarte. The author seems to allude to Venus under this name. Cicero tells us that Astarte was the Syrian Venus. This soliloquy of Peristrata is very obscure and confused, and couched in most crabbed language, but her intention seems to be to descant upon the supreme sway of love.

do not love. *then* they hate, they are morose, too, and wayward; tattlers, haters, ill-disposed, passionate, envious for themselves and theirs. What they have formerly been shamelessly guilty of themselves, if it is done in a more quiet way, fathers do not tolerate as they ought to do; but they proclaim it, *and* indecently cry it out aloud.

Syr. (*apart*). So far as I understand, Demipho is treating this lady badly too.

Per. This is the truth. My son is in love and is dying; when his father came to know of it, he was enraged beyond bounds. What insanity is this? This same husband of mine at one time packed my son off to Rhodes to traffic; now, according *to the news* Acanthio brings, he'll be betaking himself into banishment. O unjust father! O unfortunate son! whither will you betake yourself? Where will you leave your mother? Shall I pass my life bereft? Shall I lose my son? I will not endure it. Has his father sold her? Wherever she shall be found, the mother will redeem her. Do you tell me, Lycissa, do they suppose that she was brought into this neighbourhood?

Lyc. (*pointing to the house of* Lysimachus). To that, I fancy; to the house of a certain old gentleman, a friend.

Per. Here, there is no one that I know of besides Lysimachus.

Syr. (*apart*). They are mentioning Lysimachus. It's a wonder if the old fellows, *who are* neighbours, haven't been going halves in the same nest.

Per. I'll go look for Dorippa, his wife. (*The door of the house of* Lysimachus *opens.*)

Lyc. Why go look for her? Don't you see her?

Per. Indeed, I do see her. Let's listen; she's muttering something in a passion, I know not what, to herself. (*They stand aside.*)

Scene IX.—*Enter* Dorippa, *from the house of* Lysimachus.

Dor. (*to herself*). Syra hasn't come back, whom, poor wretch, it's now a long time since I sent to fetch my father; in her very slowness, she has either hardened into a stone, or she has stopped from swelling with the sting of a serpent.

Syr. (*apart*). I'm undone; here's my mistress, she's looking after me.

Dor. (*continuing*). I cannot remain at home; my eyes cannot abide that pretty young harlot; I would have shut her out of doors, but my son Eutychus prevented me. Still, I shan't altogether believe the news he brings.

Lyc. (*apart*). Do you hear, mistress?

Per. (*apart*). I hear; let her go on.

Lyc. (*apart*). I'll let her. Dor. (*to herself*). He says that she has come hither to our house for the sake of an old gentleman, a friend; that he has her for sale, so that he may withdraw her from his son, who's in love with her. This really is a falsehood, either in my husband or my son; the accounts differ. The husband says that she was given him as a deposit; but the son says that she's on sale.

Syr. (*apart*). I'll go meet her on a sudden, that she mayn't find out that I've been loitering.

Dor. In this matter I shan't believe my son, who's acting in compliance with his father; for, for him, like a regular cuckoo[1], has he determined to tell abundance of lies: for my own part I shall believe the Cook, in preference. *But* see, here's Syra. How the *old* witch does run. Syra!

Syr. Who's calling me? (*Stares around her.*)

Dor. The Gods send a plague upon you!

Syr. Mistress, if you are wise, bestow this upon your rival and your husband in preference.

Dor. For saying that, I'm no longer angry with you. But where's your father? Why does he delay? Does gout hinder the man?

Syr. He's lame with neither gout nor chalk-stones[2], whom his feet carry into the country.

Dor. Not at home? Syr. No.

Dor. Where *then?*

Syr. They say he's in the country, and that it's uncertain whether he'll return to-day, he has such a large account with his bailiff.

Dor. Everything is befalling me this day contrary to my wishes. I shan't live till the evening, unless I drive that hussy away from the house. (*She turns to the door.*) I'm going home.

[1] *A regular cuckoo*)—Ver. 866. Plautus, on more than one occasion, calls an adulterer by this epithet.

[2] *Nor chalk-stones*)—Ver. 871. "Articularius" Literally, "having a disease in the joints."

Lyc. (*apart*). The mistress is going away.

Per. (*apart*). What, going away? Call her.

Lyc. (*calling*). Dorippa! Dorippa!

Dor. (*turning round*). What nuisance is this? Who's calling me back?

Per. I'm not a nuisance, but a well-wisher; and it's your friend Peristrata addresses you. Prithee, do stay.

Dor. Why, Peristrata—i' faith, I didn't know you: dreadful vexation is tormenting and agitating me.

Per. This I enquire about—prithee don't deny me. I heard you just now; tell me what annoyance is troubling you.

Dor. Peristrata, so may the Gods prosper your only son, do kindly lend me your attention; none could be given me more agreably: our ages are alike; together we grew up; we have husbands alike in age; with no one do I converse with greater pleasure. I'm really annoyed with good reason. What now would your feelings be, if at this time of life your husband Demipho were to bring a mistress before your eyes?

Per. Has he brought one? Dor. So it is.

Per. She's at your house?

Dor. At my house; aye, and cooks were hired; a banquet was being prepared, if my coming hadn't upset everything. Venus and Cupid are tormenting the wretched old fellow at an unseasonable time.

Per. But these things are trifles, Dorippa. I wish that I wasn't more wretched.

Dor. Trifles? Per. Really trifles.

Dor. What worse could your husband do?

Per. Aye, worse than worse.

Dor. What is it? Prithee do say. As you to me, *so* I to you, let's give advice *to each other* what needs to be done. It's an old saying, that, "he's truly wise who is wise at the risk of another."

Per. Dorippa, I have an only son; do you know *that?*

Dor. I do know it.

Per. Him his father some time ago packed off from his own house to Rhodes.

Dor. For what reason? Per. Because he was in love.

Dor. For that very thing?

Per. Yes, and the very same thing now as well—inasmuch as he had brought a female slave here, his father coming to know of it, took her away, *and* put her up for sale.

Dor. Aye, aye, I know it; my son told me the truth. I fancied she was the mistress of my husband. To whom was she entrusted?

Per. To a certain old gentleman in this neighbourhood, his friend. I think that he has no other friend here except your *husband*.

Dor. (*aside*). It certainly is she. (*To* Peristrata.) What does your son?

Per. He declares that he'll leave this city.

Dor. The matter's in a safe position. What if he finds her? Per. I imagine he'll stay.

Dor. Beyond expectation we are saved; don't doubt it; she's at my house.

Per. At your house? It was she, I suppose, about whom I heard you talking just now. Dor. *It was* she.

Per. O well done; I love you with reason; you've restored *me* my son. Do let me see her.

Dor. Let's go in-doors *then*.

Per. Let's go. (*Turning round.*) Come here, Lycissa. Do you go tell these things to Acanthio. I'll go here to Dorippa's house. (*Exit* Lycissa. Dorippa, Peristrata, *and* Syra *go into the house of* Lysimachus.)]

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Charinus, *from the house of* Demipho, *in a travelling habit.*

Char. (*looking towards the door*). O higher and lower[1] portions of the threshold, now both of you farewell. This day for the last time do I raise this foot within my father's house. The ease, the enjoyment, the in-dwelling, the habitation of this house is henceforth for me cut off, destroyed, *and* alienated. I am undone! The household Gods of my parents, the Lar the father of the family[2], to you do I recommend,

[1] *Higher and lower*)—Ver. 910. According to some writers, the threshold was sacred to Vesta. Tertullian mentions a Deity called "Limentinus," or "the God of the Threshold."

[2] *Father of the family*)—Ver. 915. The "Lares" seem to have been divided

that you will kindly protect the possessions of my parents. I shall *now* seek other household Gods for myself, another Lar, another city, another state. The people of Attica I do detest; for where worse manners are on the increase every day, where, those who are friends, those who are faithless, you are not able to distinguish, and where that is torn away *from you*, which especially pleases your taste, there, in fact, if a kingdom were given one, *that* country is not desirable. (*Stands aside in deep thought.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* EUTYCHUS, *from the house of* LYSIMACHUS, *at a distance.*

EUT. (*to himself*). Thou who art the overlooker of Gods and of men, and the mistress of mortals as well, inasmuch as thou hast indulged me in this hope that I entertained, I do return thee thanks. What Deity is there now that is joyous with gladness like mine? That was at home which I was in search of. There did I find six companions, life, friendship, my native land, festivity, mirth, *and* jollity. On finding these, at the same moment did I utterly destroy ten very bad things, wrath, hatred, folly, ruin, perverseness, grief, tears, exile, want, *and* loneliness. Ye Gods, I pray you grant me a speedy opportunity of meeting him.

CHAR. (*to himself, not seeing* EUTYCHUS). I'm ready prepared, as you see. Pride I cast aside; I'm my own companion, attendant, horse, groom, esquire; I'm my own master, I, too, obey myself; for my own self do I carry what I require. O Cupid! how powerful art thou. For easily dost thou render any one resolute through thy deeds, and then again, the same person diffident forthwith from being over bold.

EUT. (*to himself*). I'm thinking which way to run in search of him.

CHAR. (*continuing*). The matter's resolved upon, that I'll seek her everywhere, wherever in the world she has been carried off from hence; and neither shall any river stand in my way, nor mountain, nor the sea, indeed, nor heat, nor

into two classes—the private and the public Lares. The private, or "familiares," were probably the same as the "Penates," under another name. The public Lares were the "urbani," presiding over the cities; "rustici," over the country; "compitales," over cross-roads; "marini," over the sea.

cold; I dread neither wind nor hail; the torrents of rain I'll submit to; labour, heat, *and* thirst, will I endure. I'll neither stop nor rest anywhere at night, or in the day, assuredly, before I shall have met with either my mistress or my death.

Eut. (*looking round*). Some voice, I know not who's, flew to my ear. Char. (*continuing*). You do I invoke, ye Lares of the roads[1], that you will kindly lend me aid.

Eut. (*seeing* Charinus). Jupiter! isn't that Charinus?

Char. (*turning round*). Fellow-citizens, fare ye well.

Eut. (*aloud*). Charinus, stop, this instant.

Char. Who calls me back? Eut. Hope, Safety, Victory.

Char. What do you want with me?

Eut. To go along with you.

Char. Look for another companion; these companions that have possession of me, will not part with me.

Eut. Who are they? Char. Care, misery, sickness, tears, *and* lamentation.

Eut. Drive away those companions, and look this way and return. Char. If indeed you wish to speak to me, do you follow. (*Moves on.*)

Eut. Stop, this instant! Char. You do amiss, in delaying me as I haste; the sun is setting.

Eut. If you would make haste in this direction, just as you are hastening in that one, you'd be doing more rightly; this way there is now a prospering gale, only tack about. Here is a fair Westerly breeze; there is a showery Southern blast. The one causes a calm; the other stirs up all the waves. Betake yourself towards the land, Charinus, in this direction. Don't you see right opposite? Black clouds and showers are coming on. Look now to the left, how full the heaven is of brightness. Don't you see right opposite?

Char. He has thrown religious scruples[2] in my way; I'll betake myself in that direction. (*Turns towards* Eutychus.)

Eut. You are wise. O Charinus, turn your steps, and

[1] *Lares of the roads*)—Ver. 944. He seems here to allude to the class of Lares who were usually called "Compitales," and whose statues were erected at the cross-roads. Varro tells us that there were 265 stations for Lares at the corners of the streets of Rome.

[2] *Thrown religious scruples*)—Ver. 961. He considers the remark made by Eutychus as ominous, which it would be impious for him to disregard.

turn your feet as well, in the opposite direction. Extend your arm. Catch hold of *me*. Do you hold me now?

CHAR. I'm holding you.

EUT. Hold on, *then*. Whither now were you going?

CHAR. Into banishment. EUT. What to do there?

CHAR. As a wretched person *would*. EUT. Don't fear; this instant shall I restore you to joyousness before you go away.

CHAR. I'm going. (*Moves.*)

EUT. A thing that you especially long to hear, the same shall you hear for you to rejoice at. Stay this instant; I'm come as a friend, full of the kindest feelings.

CHAR. What is it? EUT. Your mistress——

CHAR. What of her? EUT. I know where she is.

CHAR. Prithee, do you? EUT. She's safe and sound.

CHAR. Where is she safe? EUT. I know where.

CHAR. I'd much rather I did.

EUT. Can't you possibly be calm in your feelings?

CHAR. What if my feelings are agitated?

EUT. I'll bring them for you into a safe and tranquil state; don't you fear.

CHAR. Prithee * * * do say where she is —where you've seen her. Why are you mute? Speak—you are torturing to death wretched me by your silence.

EUT. She isn't far from here.

CHAR. Why then don't you point her out, if you see her?

EUT. I' faith, I don't see her at this moment; but I saw her just now.

CHAR. Why, *then*, don't you cause me to see her?

EUT. I will cause it.

CHAR. That means a long time for one in love.

EUT. Are you still in apprehension? I'll disclose it all. No person is there living more beloved by me than is he who has got her; nor is there one to whom it is right that I should be a better wisher.

CHAR. I don't care about that; I'm looking for her.

EUT. About her, then, I'm telling you. Really, this has not come into my mind but this moment, to tell it you——

CHAR. Tell me, then, where she is. EUT. In our house.

CHAR. If you are telling the truth, a worthy house, and aptly built, I deem it. But how am I to credit that? Have you seen her; or do you speak from hearsay?

EUT. I've seen her myself.

CHAR. Who took her to your house?

EUT. Why, you're asking an unfair question. What matters it to you with whom she came?

CHAR. So long as she's there—— EUT. She certainly is.

CHAR. Then, for these tidings, do you wish whatever you please. EUT. What if I do wish?

CHAR. Pray to the Gods to bring its fulfilment.

EUT. You are laughing at me.

CHAR. My fortunes, in fine, are redeemed, if I can see her. But why don't I lay aside this garb? (*Goes to the door of* DEMIPHO's *house, and calls.*) Hallo, somebody, *come* here this instant out of doors. Come out, *and* bring me thence a cloak this way.

EUT. Well, now how much you do gratify me.

CHAR. (*to a* BOY *who enters, bringing his cloak*). *You* boy, who have come with such speed, take my scarf (*giving it*), and now stand aside there; that, if these things are not true, I may hasten to go upon this intended journey. (*To* EUTYCHUS.) Are you telling the truth?

EUT. Really, Charinus, you are not ashamed of anything. Don't you believe me?

CHAR. For my part, I really do believe everything that you tell me. But why don't you introduce me to her, that I may see her?

EUT. Wait a little. CHAR. Why am I to wait?

EUT. It's not a convenient moment to go into the house.

CHAR. You are torturing me to death. EUT. There's no need, I tell you, for you to go into the house just now.

CHAR. Answer me—for what reason?

EUT. She's not at leisure. CHAR. Why so?

EUT. Because it isn't convenient to her.

CHAR. Is it so? Not convenient to her who loves me, *and* whom I love in return? He's trifling with me in every way. I'm too foolish to believe him. He's *only* delaying me. (*Turns to the* BOY.) I'll put on my scarf again.

EUT. Stop a little, and listen to this.

CHAR. (*taking off the cloak*). *You* boy, take this cloak[1], please. (*Puts on the travelling scarf.*)

[1] *Take this cloak*)—Ver. 1001. Though commonly rendered "cloak," the pallium" differed materially from that article of dress. It was a square piece

Eut. Really this hasn't come but this moment into my mind to tell it you. My mother's dreadfully angry with my father, because he has brought into the house a harlot before her *very* eyes, while she was away in the country. She suspects that she's his own mistress.

Char. (*not attending to him*). I've taken up my belt[1]. (*Puts it on.*)

Eut. She's now enquiring into this matter in-doors.

Char. (*inattentive*). Now my sword's in hand. (*Taking it from the* Boy.)

Eut. But if I were now to introduce you?

Char. (*inattentive*). I'll take my bottle, and be off from here. (*Moves.*)

Eut. Stop, stop, Charinus!

Char. You are mistaken; you can't deceive me.

Eut. And, i' faith, I have no wish.

Char. Why, then, don't you allow me to proceed upon my journey? Eut. I won't let you.

Char. I'm delaying myself. Boy, do you this instant be off hence in-doors. (*The* Boy *goes into the house.*) Now I've ascended the chariot; now I've taken the reins in my hands. (*Imitating the action of a charioteer.*)

Eut. You are not in your senses.

Char. Feet *of mine*, why don't ye betake yourselves into

of cloth, which came direct from the loom in that shape, and required no cutting out by the tailor. The "pallia" were mostly worn in an undyed state, consequently white, brown, and grey were the prevailing colours. They were sometimes dyed of crimson, purple, and saffron colour. Sometimes they were striped, like our plaids or checks. Flowers were sometimes interwoven, and occasionally with gold thread. Wool was the most common material. They were not only used for wearing, but for spreading over beds and couches, and covering the body during sleep. Sometimes they were used as carpets, and sometimes as awnings or curtains; and indeed the word as often means "a blanket" as a garment. When worn, the "pallium" was passed over the left shoulder, then drawn behind the back and under the right arm, leaving it bare, and then thrown again over the left shoulder. See Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

[1] *My belt*)—Ver. 1005. The "zona," "girdle" or "belt," would be employed by the traveller to tuck up his long clothing, for the sake of expedition; it was also used either as a purse or for the purpose of holding the purse. The traveller would require his sword for the purposes of safety, while the "ampulla," or "leather bottle," was to hold the oil with which the feet were anointed when galled with walking.

the chariot, straight for Cyprus, since my father determines on my banishment?

Eut. You are silly. Prithee, don't be saying this.

Char. (*as though to himself*). I'm resolved to persist—to use my endeavours to seek her out where she is.

Eut. Why, she's at our house.

Char. (*as though to himself*). For what that person said, he told a falsehood in it.

Eut. Really, I told you the truth.

Char. (*continuing*). Now I've come to Cyprus.

Eut. Nay, but follow me, that you may see her whom you are looking for. (*Moves towards his* Father's *house.*)

Char. (*pretending not to hear*). Enquiring *there,* I didn't find her. Eut. I'll not care then for my mother's anger.

Char. (*still pretending*). I'll still go on to seek her. Now I've got to Chalcis; I see there my *former* host at Zacynthus; I tell him why I've come thither; I make enquiry if he has heard say who has brought her thither, who has got possession of her.

Eut. Why don't you cease that nonsense, and step with me this way in-doors? Char. (*still pretending*). My host answered that figs grew, not bad ones, at Zacynthus.

Eut. He didn't say false *there.*

Char. (*continuing*). But he says that he has heard about my mistress, that she's here at Athens.

Eut. Really, this Zacynthian is *quite* a Calchas[1].

Char. (*continuing*). I get aboard ship, *and* start at once. I'm now at home; now I've returned from banishment. My friend, Eutychus (*turning towards him*), greetings to you! How have you been? How are my parents? Are they well? Do you come to my mother, *you say*—you invite me kindly; you speak politely. At your house to-morrow; for the present at home. So it is proper; so it ought to be done.

Eut. How now? What are you dreaming about? This man's not in his senses. Char. Why don't you, *as* a friend, make haste to cure me then?

Eut. Follow me, please. Char. (*running close behind him*). I'm following.

Calchas)—Ver. 1025. The soothsayer who attended the Grecian army to Troy.

Eut. (*turning round*). Softly, pray; you are treading on my heels. Don't you hear me?

Char. I've heard you for some time past.

Eut. I want a reconciliation to be made between my father and mother; for now she's in a passion——

Char. (*pushing him*). Only do go on. Eut. About that woman——

Char. (*pushing him*). Only do go on.

Eut. Therefore take care—— Char. (*pushing him*). Nay, but do go on then; I'll make her as mild as Juno *is* when she's kind to Jupiter. (*They go into the house of* Lysimachus.)

Scene III.—*Enter* Demipho *and* Lysimachus.

[Lys. Demipho[1], this saying of the wise, I think you have often heard, "Pleasure is the bait for misfortune;" because, by it, not less are men caught than are fishes with the hook. Although aged people fly from it, still you don't pay that regard to your old age: since it hasn't even withdrawn love from you, but has forced you to it *even* more vehemently. Wherefore it utterly confounds yourself and your understanding and your mind, and dazzles your eyesight. Myself too have you brought into great trouble, and I know not what to do.

Dem. Lysimachus, this is the will of the Gods, not of men. If you reflect upon this with yourself, you will be of opinion that you are not doing right, in censuring so heavily a person your friend and the sharer of your secrets.] As though you yourself had never done anything like this action.

Lys. By heavens, never. I took care not to do anything: wretch that I am, *I am* scarcely alive; for my wife is lying all in a ferment about her.

Dem. But I'll undertake to clear you, so that she mayn't be angry. Lys. Follow me—but I see my son coming out.

Scene IV.—*Enter* Eutychus, *from the house of* Lysimachus.

Eut. (*as he comes out, to* Charinus, *within*). I'll go to my father, that he may know my mother's wrath is appeased. I'll return just now.

[1] *Demipho*)—Ver. 1037. This, and the next ten lines, are generally looked upon as spurious. They have probably been inserted by some busy interpolater, to supply what Plautus had intended us to suppose as having transpired between Demipho and Lysimachus before they enter.

LYS. (*to* DEMIPHO). The beginning pleases me. (*Going up to* EUTYCHUS.) What are you about? How goes it, Eutychus?

EUT. Extremely opportunely have you both met me.

LYS. What's the matter?

EUT. Your wife is peaceful and appeased. Give me your right hands this moment. (*Shakes hands with them both.*)

LYS. The Gods are favouring me.

EUT. (*to* DEMIPHO). I bring you word that you have got no mistress. DEM. The Gods confound you. Why, prithee, what affair is this?

EUT. I'll tell you. Give your attention then, both of you.

LYS. Well then, we are giving you our attention, both of us.

EUT. Those who are born of a good family, if they are of bad tendencies, by their own faultiness withdraw nobleness from their rank, *and* disgrace their disposition.

DEM. He says what's true. LYS. Then it's to yourself he says it.

EUT. For this reason is this the more true; for at this time of life, it wasn't just for you to take away from your son, a young man, his mistress, purchased with his own money.

DEM. How say you? Is she the mistress of Charinus?

EUT. (*aside*). How the rogue does dissemble.

DEM. Why, he said that he had bought her as a maid-servant for his mother. EUT. Was it for that reason, then, you bought her, you young lover, you old boy?

LYS. Very well *said*, i' troth! Proceed, proceed. I'll stand by him here on the other side. Let's both load him well with such speeches as he's worthy of.

DEM. (*aside*). I'm done for. EUT. Who has done an injustice so great to his blameless son; whom, in fact, upon my faith, I brought back home *just* when he was setting out in *self*-banishment; for he was going into exile.

DEM. Has he gone then? LYS. What, do you speak, you hobgoblin? At this time of life you ought to abstain from those pursuits.

DEM. I confess it; undoubtedly I've acted wrong.

EUT. What, do you speak, you hobgoblin? You ought at this time of life to have done with these guilty practices. Just as the seasons of the year, so different lines of conduct befit different ages; but if this is proper, that old fellows should be wenching in their old age, where in the world is our common welfare?

Dem. Alas! wretch that I am! I'm undone.

Eut. The young men are more in the habit of giving their attention to following those pursuits.

Dem. Troth, now, prithee, do take her to yourselves, with pigs *and* with basket[1].

Eut. Restore her to your son; let him have her, now, as he wishes.

Dem. So far as I'm concerned, he may have her.

Eut. High time, i' faith, since you haven't the power of doing otherwise.

Dem. For this injury let him take what satisfaction he likes; only do you make peace, I beg of you, that he mayn't be angry with me. I' faith, if I had known it, or if, indeed, he had told me in the slightest way of joke that he was in love with her, I shou'd never have proceeded to take her away from him *so* in love. Eutychus, you are his companion, preserve and rescue me, I beg of you. Make this old fellow your client. You shall say that I'm mindful of a kindness.

Lys. Entreat him that he'll pardon his offences and his youthful age[2].

Dem. Heyday now, are you still persisting in inveighing against me with your airs? I trust that a like opportunity will befall me as well for returning you a similar compliment.

Lys. I've long made an end of those pursuits.

Dem. And really *so shall* I from this time forward.

Lys. Not a bit of it. Through usage your inclinations will be leading you to it again.

Dem. Prithee, do now be satisfied. Rather, scourge me with thongs even, if you like.

Lys. You say right. But that your wife will do, when she comes to know of this.

Dem. There's no need for her to come to know *of it*.

Eut. What's that? She shan't come to know *of it;* don't be afraid. Let's go in-doors; this place isn't a suitable one for your practices, for there to be persons to overhear who are passing through the street, while we are talking.

[1] *With pigs and with basket*)—Ver. 1081. "Cum porcis, cum piscinâ." This was probably a countrified expression, analogous to our phrases "with bag and baggage," "stump and rump."

[2] *And his youthful age*)—Ver. 1090. Of course this is said in a tone of keen and well-merited satire.

Dem. Why, faith, you say what's right; that way the story will be shorter. Let's be off.

Eut. Your son is in-doors here at our house.

Dem. It's very good. We'll pass that way through the garden[1] home. Lys. Eutychus, I want this affair to be settled before I set my foot again within doors.

Eut. What is it? Lys. Each person thinks about his own concerns. Answer me this: do you know for certain that your mother isn't angry with me?

Eut. I do know it. Lys. Take care.

Eut. Trust me for it. Are you satisfied?

Lys. I am. But still, troth now, prithee, do take care.

Eut. Don't you believe me? Lys. Yes, I do believe you; but still I'm dreadfully afraid.

Dem. Let's go in-doors.

Eut. Aye, but I think we must pronounce the law for the old men before we depart, on what terms they are to keep check upon themselves and to be continent. Whoever shall be sixty years of age, if we know of any one, whether husband or, i' faith, whether bachelor, in fact, who goes a wenching, upon these terms shall we deal with him; we shall deem him a fool. And, i' faith, so far as we're concerned, he shall be in want who has squandered away his property. And let no one hereafter forbid his youthful son to be in love and to keep a mistress, so it be done in a decent manner. If he shall forbid him, let him, unknown to himself, suffer more loss than if he had openly permitted him. Let this law, then, from this night forward, be binding upon the old men. (*To the* Audience.) Young men, kindly fare you well; and if this law, enacted for the sake of the old ones, pleases you, it is right that you should give us loud applause.

[1] *Through the garden*)—Ver. 1102. He means that he will be able to go home the back way, so that perhaps his wife may not see whence he has come. This line shows that the houses of Lysimachus and Demipho are on the same side of the street, and not, as Cotter says, one on one side, the other on the other, with their doors opposite.—It may be here remarked, that it is not improbable that a considerable portion of this Play has perished.

CISTELLARIA; OR, THE CASKET.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE GOD OF HELP, who speaks the Prologue in the Second Act.

DEMIPHO, a merchant of Lemnos.
ALCESIMARCHUS, a young man of Sicyon.
LAMPADISCUS, servant of Demipho.

PHANOSTRATA, wife of Demipho.
SILENIUM, their daughter, beloved by Alcesimarchus.
MELÆNIS, a Procuress.
HALISCA, her servant.
A PROCURESS, the mother of Gymnasium.
GYMNASIUM, a Courtesan.

Scene.—Sicyon, in Peloponnesus. Before the houses of DEMIPHO, SILENIUM and the father of ALCESIMARCHUS.

THE SUBJECT.

DEMIPHO, a merchant of Lemnos, having ravished Phanostrata, a young woman of Sicyon, she is brought to bed of a female child. This she gives to her servant Lampadiscus, to be exposed. On this being done, in the sight of Lampadiscus, a Procuress picks up the infant, and afterwards makes a present of it to her friend Melænis, by whom it is brought up, under the name of Silenium. Alcesimarchus, a young man of Sicyon, falls violently in love with her, and takes her under his protection. In the meantime, Demipho, who has married another wife, after her death marries Phanostrata, and comes to live at Sicyon. He and his wife are then anxious, if possible, to regain their lost child. The daughter of Demipho by his first wife is destined by her father to become the wife of Alcesimarchus; on hearing which, Melænis removes her foster-child from his protection. At this conjuncture Lampadiscus finds out the Procuress that had taken up the infant when exposed, and from her discovers that the child of his mistress is with Melænis. He informs his mistress of this, while Melænis is, unknown to them, standing by: upon which she determines to confess the truth, and to restore Silenium to her parents. While she is thinking upon this plan, Alcesimarchus lays hands on Silenium, and carries her off to his father's house. In the confusion attendant on this, Halisca, the servant of Melænis, drops a casket in the street, containing some trinkets which had been worn by Silenium at the time when she was exposed. Phanostrata and Lampadiscus find the casket, and on Halisca coming to search for it, they discover where Silenium is. They go into the house, and Phanostrata discovers her long-lost child.

CISTELLARIA; OR, THE CASKET.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A YOUNG man of Lemnos ravishes (*Comprimit*) a woman of Sicyon. He (*Is*) returns to his country, and becomes father of a daughter by his marriage *there*. The woman of Sicyon (*Sicyonia*) also bears a daughter. A servant takes (*Tollit*) and exposes her, and keeps watch in secret; her (*Eam*), taken up, a Courtesan presents to another. Coming back afterwards from Lemnos (*Lemno*), he marries her whom he had ravished; and his daughter born at Lemnos (*Lemni*) he promises in marriage to a young man captivated by passion (*Amore*) for the one that had been exposed. On making enquiry (*Requirens*), the servant finds her whom he had exposed; and so (*Itaque*) legally and properly does Alcesimarchus (*Alcesimarchus*) gain her recognized as a free woman, whom before he had had *as a concubine*.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter SILENIUM, GYMNASIUM, *and* PROCURESS, *from the house of* SILENIUM.

SIL. Inasmuch as hitherto I have loved you, and have deemed you to be my friend, my *dear* Gymnasium, and your mother as well; so have you shown it to me this day, both you and she. If you had been my own sister, how more you *two* could possibly have held me in esteem I know not; but, according as is my way of thinking, I conceive it could not possibly be; such ready assistance, all other things laid aside, have you given me. For this reason do I love you, and for it a vast obligation have you *both* conferred upon me.

GYM. I' faith, at such a price as this, indeed, it's easy for us to give you our attendance and to do you good offices; so handsomely and so elegantly have you entertained us at breakfast at your house, as we shall ever remember.

SIL. It has been done with hearty good will by me, and will be done, to get those things which I shall think you are desirous of.

[1] *Cistellaria*) A word formed by Plautus from the diminutive of "cistella," "a casket."

Proc. As the man said, who was borne by a prospering breeze on a calm sea: "I rejoice that we came[1] to you;" in such a delightful manner have we been here this day received; nor except in the management, was there anything there at your house but what pleased me.

Sil. How so, prithee?

Proc. Too seldom did *the servant* give me something to drink, and, *as it was*, it clouded the colour of the wine.

Gym. Pray, is that becoming *to be mentioned* here?

Proc. It's both right and proper; there's no other person here. Sil. With reason do I love you both, who esteem and honor me.

Proc. I' faith, my *dear* Silenium, it befits this class to be kindly disposed among themselves, and carefully to keep up friendships, when you see these matrons of elevated rank, born of the noblest families, how they value friendship, and how carefully they keep it united between themselves. If we do that same thing, if we imitate the same *example*, still as it is, with difficulty do we exist with *their* extreme dislike. Of their own enjoyments they would have us to be in want, in resources of our own they would have us not to possess any power, and to stand in need of them in all matters, that we may be their humble servants[2]. If you wait upon them, you'd rather *be giving* your room than your company. So very kind are they before the world to our class; in private, if ever there's the opportunity, underhandedly they pour cold water[3] upon us. They declare that we are in the habit of having commerce with their husbands; they say that we are their supplanters; they attempt to crush us. Because we are the free daughters of slaves[4], both I and your mother, we became Courtesans; she brought up yourself, and I this girl (*pointing to* Gymnasium), by chance-fathers. Nor yet

[1] *That we came*)—Ver. 15. "Ventum." There is probably a poor pun intended on the other meaning of this word, as the accusative case of "ventus," "wind."

[2] *May be their humble servants*)—Ver. 33. "Ut simus sibi supplices." Literally, "that we may be suppliants to themselves."

[3] *Pour cold water*)—Ver. 36. Meaning, in other words, "They try to do us all the mischief they can."

[4] *Free daughters of slaves*)—Ver. 39. The "professæ," or "courtesans," at Rome, were mostly of the class of "libertinæ"—"children of slaves who had been made free," or else freed-women themselves, who had been the mistresses of their former owners. From this circumstance, "to lead a libertine life" came to mean the same as "to pass a loose" or "unchaste life."

for the sake of vanity have I driven her to the calling of a Courtesan, *but* that I mightn't starve.

Sil. But it had been better to give her in marriage to a husband in preference.

Proc. Heyday, now! Surely, faith, she's married to a husband every day; she has both been married to one to-day, she'll be marrying again to-night. I've never allowed her to go to bed a widow. For if she weren't to be marrying, the household would perish with doleful famine.

Gym. It behoves me, mother, to be just as you wish I should be.

Proc. I' troth, I don't regret it, if you will prove such as you say you'll be; for if, indeed, you shall be such as I intend, you'll never be a Hecale[1] in your *old* age, and you'll ever keep that same tender age which you now have, and you'll prove a loss to many and a profit to myself full oft, without any outlay of my own.

Gym. May the Gods grant it.

Proc. Without your own energies[2], the Gods cannot possibly do anything in this.

Gym. I' faith, for my own part, I'll zealously devote my energies to it. But what *mean* you amid this conversation, apple of my eye, my own Silenium? (never did I see you more sad;) prithee, do tell me, why does mirth so shun you? And you are not so neat as you usually are. (Silenium *sighs.*) Do look at that, please, how deep a sigh she heaved. You are pale too. Tell us both what's the matter with you, and in what you want our aid; so that we may know. Prithee, don't by your tears be causing me anxiety.

Sil. My *dear* Gymnasium, I'm sadly affected; I feel ill, I am shockingly distrest; I am pained in spirits, I feel pain in my eyes, I am in pain from faintness. What shall I say, but that my own folly drives me to sadness?

Gym. Take you care, *then,* that you have your folly entombed in that very same place from which it takes its rise.

[1] *A Hecale*)—Ver. 49. "Hecala" seems a preferable reading here to "Hecata." Hecale was a very poor old woman, whom Plutarch mentions as having entertained Theseus on one of his expeditions. "As poor as Hecale," became a proverb. Her poverty is mentioned by Ovid, in the Remedy of Love, in conjunction with that of the beggar Irus.

[2] *Without your own energies*)—Ver. 52. This is very similar to our provert, that "Providence helps those who help themselves."

Sil. What shall I do? Gym. Hide it in darkness, in the very deepest recesses of your breast. Take you care and have it *so*, that you yourself are alone sensible of your own folly, without any other witnesses.

Sil. But I've got the heart-ache.

Gym. Why so? For what reason have you the heart-ache, prithee, tell me, a thing that I neither have, nor any other woman whatever, according as the men say?

Sil. If there's any heart to feel pain, it does feel pain; but if there isn't, still this pains me here. (*Pointing to her left-side.*)

Proc. This woman's in love.

Gym. Come now, to begin to be in love, is it bitter, prithee?

Proc. Why, troth, love is most fruitful both in honey and in gall; inasmuch as it produces sweetness in *a mere* taste, *but* causes bitterness even to repletion.

Sil. Of that character is the malady that afflicts me, my *dear* Gymnasium.

Gym. Love is full of treachery.

Sil. He's taking his spoils of me, then.

Gym. Be of good courage, you'll get the better of this malady. Sil. I trust it will be *so*, if the physician comes that can administer the medicine to this malady.

Gym. He will come. Sil. A hard expression is that to one in love, "He will come," unless he does come. But by my own fault and foolishness, am I, wretched creature, more afflicted, because for him alone have I longed for myself, with whom to pass my life.

Proc. That is more suitable to a married woman, my *dear* Silenium, to love *but* one, and with him to pass her life, to whom she has once been married; but, indeed, a Courtesan is most like a flourishing city; she cannot alone increase her fortunes without a multitude of men.

Sil. I want you to give heed to this matter; the thing on account of which you have been sent for to me, I'll disclose. Now, my mother, because I don't wish myself to be called a Courtesan, complied with my desire; in that matter she indulged myself who have been obedient to her; to allow me to live with him *alone* whom I *so* ardently loved.

Proc. I' faith, she acted foolishly. But look, have you ever kept company with any man?

Sil. With no one, indeed, except Alcesimarchus; nor has

any other person whatever committed an infringement on my chastity. Proc. Prithee, by what means did this man gain your good graces?

Sil. At the festival of Bacchus my mother took me to see the procession. While I was returning home, from a secret look-out he secretly traced me even to the door; after that, he insinuated himself into the friendship of my mother and myself as well, by endearments, presents, *and* gifts.

Proc. I should like a man of that sort to be offered me. How I'd work him.

Sil. What need is there of words? Through intercourse, I on the other hand began to love him, and he myself.

Proc. O my *dear* Silenium——!

Sil. What's the matter? Proc. You ought to pretend to be in love; for if you fall in love at once, you'll be much better consulting the interests of him whom you love than your own.

Sil. But in solemn form he took an oath before my mother that he would take me as his wife. Now, another woman is about to be taken home by him, a Lemnian lady, his relation, who is living here hard by (*pointing to* Demiphio's *house*); for his father has compelled him. Now my mother is enraged with me, because I didn't return home to her, when I came to know of this matter, that he was about to take another as his wife.

Proc. Nothing's unfair in love.

Sil. Now, I entreat you that you'll let her (*pointing to* Gymnasium) be here only for the next three days, and keep house for me; for I've been sent for to my mother's house.

Proc. Although this will be a troublesome three days for me, and you'll be causing me a loss, I'll do so.

Sil. You act kindly and like a friend. But you, my *dear* Gymnasium, if in my absence Alcesimarchus shall come, don't you chide him roughly; however he has deserved of myself, still he has my affections; but, prithee, *act* gently, so that you mayn't say anything that may cause him pain. Take the keys (*giving them to her*); if you have need to take out anything for use, take it out. I wish to go——

Gym. (*weeping*). How you have drawn tears from me.

Sil. My *dear* Gymnasium, kindly, farewell.

Gym. Take care of yourself, there's a dear. Prithee, will you go in this dishabille? (*Pointing to her dress.*)

Sil. It's right that *such* neglect should attend upon my prospects *thus* disarranged.

Gym. At least do lift up that outer garment[1].

Sil. Let it be dragged, while I myself am being dragged down.

Gym. Since so it pleases you, fare you well and prosper.

Sil. If I could, I would. (*Exit.*

Gym. Mother, do you wish anything of me, before I go in-doors? Upon my faith, to me she does seem to be in love.

Proc. For this reason, then, it is, that I'm repeatedly dinning it into your ears, not to be in love with any man. Go in-doors.

Gym. Do you wish anything of me?

Proc. That you may fare well. Gym. Fare you well. (Gymnasium *goes into the house of* Silenium.)

Scene II.—*The* Procuress, *alone.*

Proc. (*to the* Audience). It's the same fault with myself as with a great part of *us* women who are following this calling; who, as soon as ever we have got our load *of food*, are forthwith full of talk; more than is enough do we say. Why, myself now, inasmuch as I'm filled to my heart's content, and because I've charged myself quite full of the choicest of wine, it pleases me to use my tongue more at freedom; to my misfortune I can't keep silent on that which it were necessary to be silent upon. But once upon a time, that girl, who has gone hence in tears, from a lane I carried off a little child exposed. There is here a certain youth, of the highest rank; his father, of a very high family, is living at Sicyon[2]; he is dying desperately in love for this young woman, who has just now gone hence in tears; on the other hand, she is smitten with love. I made a present of her to my friend, this Courtesan; who had often made mention of it to me that somewhere I must find for her a boy or a girl, just born, that she herself might pass *it* off as her own. As soon as ever the opportunity befell me, I immediately granted her request in that which

[1] *Outer garment*)—Ver. 116. "Amiculum" was a general name for the outer garment, such as the "pallium," "toga," or "chlamys," in contradistinction to the "tunica," or "under-clothing."

[2] *Living at Sicyon*)—Ver. 131. This was a very ancient city in the north of the Peloponnesus, not far from Corinth. According to Pliny the Elder, it was famous for its shops, stored with all kinds of metals.

she had asked of me. After she had received this female child from me, at once she was brought to bed of the same female child which she had received from me, without the aid of a midwife and without pain, just as other women bring forth, who seek a trouble to themselves; but she said that her lover was a foreigner, and that by reason of that circumstance she was palming it off. This, we two alone are aware of, I who gave *the child* to her, and she who received it from me; (*to the* AUDIENCE) except yourselves, indeed. Thus was this affair managed; if any occasion should arise, I wish you to remember this circumstance. I'm off home. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter the* GOD OF HELP[1], *who speaks the* PROLOGUE.

(*To the* AUDIENCE.) This old woman is both a much-talker and a much-tippler. Isn't it the fact that she has hardly left room to a Divinity for him to speak, so much has she forestalled him in talking about the substitution of this girl? But if she had held her tongue, still I was about to mention it—a God, who could do it better; for my name is Help. Now (*to the* AUDIENCE) lend your attention, that I may clearly explain this plot to you. Some time since, at Sicyon, there was the Festival of Bacchus; a merchant of Lemnos[2] came hither to the games, and he, an ungovernable young man, ravished a maiden[3] in the dark, in the street, at the dead of night. He, as he knew that he was deserving of a heavy punishment, at once found shelter with his heels, *and* made off for Lemnos, where he then lived. She whom he had ravished, the ninth ensuing month completed, brought forth a daughter here[4]. Since she did not know the person guilty of this deed, who he was, she made the servant[5] of her father partaker of her counsels, *and* gave to that servant the child to be exposed to death. He exposed it; this woman took up the child; that servant, who had exposed it, secretly took note whither or to what house she carried away the child. As you

[1] *God of Help*) For the purposes of the Prologue, which is here introduced, "help," or "assistance," is personified as a Divinity, under the name of 'Auxilium," who is to assist Silenium in the discovery of her parents.

[2] *Merchant of Lemnos*)—Ver. 158. Demipho.

[3] *A maiden*)—Ver. 159. Phanostrata.

[4] *A daughter here*)—Ver. 164. Silenium.

[5] *The servant*)—Ver. 166. Lampadiscus.

have heard her own self confess, she gave this child to the Courtesan Melænis; and she brought her up as being her own daughter, honestly and virtuously. But then, this Lemnian married a neighbour there, his relation, for his wife. She departed this life; *there* she was compliant to her husband. After he had performed the due obsequies to his wife, at once he removed hither; here he married for his wife that same woman[1] whom formerly, when a maid, he ravished. When he understood that it was she whom he had ravished, she told him that, in consequence of the violation, she had brought forth a daughter, and had at once given her to a servant to be exposed. He forthwith ordered this same servant to make enquiries, if anyhow he could discover who had taken it up. Now to that task is the servant always assiduously devoting his attention, if he can find out that Courtesan, whom formerly, when he himself exposed her, he from his hiding-place had seen take her up. Now, what remains *unpaid*, I wish to discharge, that my name may be struck out, so that I 'mayn't remain a debtor. A young man[2] is here at Sicyon, his father is alive; with affection he distractedly dotes upon this exposed girl, who just now went hence in tears unto her mother; and she *loves* him in return, which is the most delightful love *of all*. As human matters go, nothing is granted for everlasting: the father is wishful to give the young man a wife. When the mother[3] came to know of this, she ordered her to be sent for home. Thus have these matters come to pass. Kindly fare you well, and conquer by inborn valour, as you have done before; defend your allies, both ancient ones and new; increase resources by your righteous laws; destroy your foes; laud and laurels gather; that, conquered by you, the Pœni[4] may suffer the penalty. (*Exit.*

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Alcesimarchus *and* Melænis.

Alc. I do believe that Love was the first to invent torture among mankind. This conjecture do I form from myself at

[1] *That same woman*)—Ver. 179. An exactly similar circumstance forms the groundwork of the plot in the Hecyra of Terence.

[2] *A young man*)—Ver. 191. Alcesimarchus.

[3] *When the mother*)—Ver. 197. Melænis.

[4] *The Pœni*)—Ver. 203. This Play was probably written towards the end of the second Punic war

home, not to go seek it out of doors; *I*, who surpass all men, exceed them in the pangs of my feelings. I'm tossed, tormented, agitated, goaded, whirled on the wheel of love in my misery, I'm deprived of sensation, carried *one way*, carried another way, I'm torn *and* rent asunder; such clouded faculties of mind have I, where I am, there I am not; where I am not, there my thoughts are: to such a degree have I now all kinds of feelings in me; what I like, then all at once I like not the same; so much does love trifle with me changing my mind, drive me, pursue, desire, and seize *for itself*, retain, trepan, *and* promise; what it gives, it gives not; it deludes me; what this moment it has persuaded me, it *now* dissuades me from; what it has dissuaded me from, it *now* points out to me that same. After the manner of the sea is it experienced by me; so much does it distract my enamoured feelings; and only in that, in my misery, I do not sink utterly, is there any evil removed from me *thus* ruined; in such a way has my father detained me these six days running in the country, at his house there; nor has it been allowed me in the meantime to visit my mistress. Isn't this dreadful to relate?

Mel. Are you joking for this reason, because you've got another wife engaged, a rich lady of Lemnos? Have her *then!* We are neither of a family so great as you are, nor is our wealth so substantial as yours; but still I have no fears that any one will impeach our oath; you then, if you shall feel any pain, will know for what reason you do feel pain.

Alc. May the Gods confound me—— Mel. Whatever you wish for, I desire it may befall you.

Alc. If ever I'll marry that wife which my father has engaged for me.

Mel. And me, if ever I give you my daughter for a wife.

Alc. Will you allow me to be forsworn?

Mel. *Yes*, and a little more easily than myself and my affairs to go to ruin, and my daughter to be trifled with. Begone! go seek where there is confidence enough in your oaths; here now, with us, Alcesimarchus, you've renounced your title[1] to our friendship.

[1] *Renounced your title*)—Ver. 245. "Confregisti tesseram." Literally, "you have broken your tally," or "ticket." These were pieces of wood cut in half, and fitting each other. They were exchanged by friends, and denoted their

Alc. Make trial *of me* but once. Mel. I have made *that trial* full oft; which I lament has been *so* made.

Alc. Give her back to me. Mel. Under new circumstances I'll use an old proverb: "What I have given, I wish I had not given; what's left, *that* I shall not give."

Alc. Won't you restore her again to me?

Mel. Answer yourself for me.

Alc. You won't restore her *then?*

Mel. You know the whole of my resolution already.

Alc. Is that quite resolved upon by you in your heart?

Mel. Why, in fact, I'm thinking about *something else*; i' faith, I don't at present catch these words of yours with my ears.

Alc. Not *hear?* Why, what are you doing?

Mel. Then do you give heed at once, that you may know what you are doing.

Alc. Then, so may the Gods and Goddesses of above and below, and of middle rank[1], and so may Juno the queen and the daughter[2] of supreme Jove, and so may Saturn his uncle——

Mel. I' troth, his father——

Alc. And so may Ops the opulent, his grandam——

Mel. Indeed, his mother, rather.

Alc. Juno his daughter, and Saturn his uncle, supreme Jove—You are maddening me; it's through you I make these mistakes. Mel. Go on saying *so*.

Alc. Is it that I'm to know[3] what conclusion you are going to come to? Mel. Go on talking; I shall not send her back, that's resolved upon.

Alc. Why then, so may Jupiter, and so may Juno and Saturn, to me, so may—I don't know what to say—Now I know—Yes, madam, listen, that you may know my mind;

readiness, on the presenting thereof, to entertain each other with hospitality. She means that Alcesimarchus has broken his word, and has lost his right to be considered as a friend. See the Pœnulus, l. 1047.

[1] *Of middle rank*)—Ver. 249. "Medioxumi." By these are meant the Demigods.

[2] *And the daughter*)—Ver. 250. In his confusion he calls Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter, his daughter.

[3] *That I'm to know*)—Ver. 255. According to the suggestion of Rost, the reading "sciam," "I may know," has been preferred to "scias," "you may know," in the present passage.

may all the Deities, great and small, and those honored with the platter[1] * * * * cause me not surviving to give a kiss this day to Silenium, if I don't this very day murder you and your daughter and myself, and after that, with the break of day, if I don't to-morrow kill you both, and indeed, by all the powers, if at the third onset I don't demolish *you* all, if you don't send her back to me. I've said what I intended. Farewell. (*Goes into his* FATHER'S *house.*)

MEL. (*to herself*). He's gone in-doors in a rage. What shall I do now? If she comes back to him, matters will be just in the same position. When satiety begins to take possession; he'll be turning her out of doors, when he shall be bringing home this Lemnian wife. But still I'll go and follow him; there's necessity for caution, lest he, in love, should be doing some *mischief.* In fine, since with strict justice a poor person's not allowed *to contend* with a rich one, I'll lose my labour rather than lose my daughter. But who's this that straight along the street is directing his course this way? Both the other matter do I fear, and this do I dread; so utterly in trepidation am wretched I. (*She stands aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* LAMPADISCUS.

LAM. (*to himself*). I've followed the old woman with my clamour through the streets; I've kept her most dreadfully plagued. In what a multitude of ways has she, this day, kept guard upon herself, and been able to remember nothing. How many alluring things, what advantages I've promised her. How many inventions I've applied to her, how many stratagems in questioning her. With difficulty have I extorted it from her that she should tell me, because I promised to give her a cask of wine.

SCENE III.—*Enter* PHANOSTRATA, *from her house.*

PHAN. (*to herself*). I seemed just now to be hearing the voice of my servant Lampadiscus before the house.

LAM. (*stepping forward*). You are not deaf, mistress, you heard aright.

[1] *Honored with the platter*)—Ver. 259. "Patellarii." These were the Lares and Penates, the household Gods, to whom offerings were made of victuals in small plates or platters. Ovid, in the Fasti, B. 2, l. 634, says: "Offer, too a share of the viands, that the presented platter, testimony of the pleasing honor, may feed the well-girt Lares."

PHAN. What are you doing here?

LAM. A thing for you to rejoice at.

PHAN. What's that?

LAM. (*pointing to the house of* SILENIUM). A little while ago, I saw a woman coming out of that house there.

PHAN. Her that took up my daughter?

LAM. You have the matter *right*.

PHAN. What after that? LAM. I told her in what way I had seen her take up the daughter of my mistress from the Hippodrome. Then she was in a fright.

MEL. (*apart*). Now my body's in a shudder, my heart is throbbing; for I recollect that from the Hippodrome the little female infant was brought to me, and that I brought it up as my own.

PHAN. Come, prithee, do go on; my soul's longing to hear how the matter proceeded.

MEL. (*apart*). I *only* wish you couldn't hear.

LAM. I proceed * * * saying[1], "This old woman calls you *her daughter wrongfully*. * * * * * * * * For this woman here is your foster-mother, *so* don't think she is your mother. I'm to take you back and invite you to opulence, where you may be settled in a noble family, where your father may present you with twenty great talents for a portion. For this is not a place where after the Etrurian mode[2] you are disgracefully to earn a dowry for yourself by *prostitution of* your person."

PHAN. Is she, pray, a Courtesan, who took it up?

LAM. Yes, she was a Courtesan. But how it happened, I'll tell you about that matter. I was now winning her over to me by my persuasion. The old woman embraced her knees, weeping *and* entreating that she would not forsake her; *saying* that she was her own daughter; and she took a solemn oath to me that she herself had borne her. "Her," said she, "whom you are in search of, I gave to a friend of mine to bring her

[1] *Saying*)—Ver. 294. We are to suppose that on following the Procuress to her own house, he says this to Gymnasium, taking her for the young woman whom he is in search of. Probably a large portion of the Play is lost here.

[2] *The Etrurian mode*)—Ver. 300. The Tuscans or Etrurians, who were said to have been originally a colony from Lydia, are by some writers stated to have forced their young women to gain their marriage-portions by prostitution. Herodotus alludes to this custom of the Lydians.

up as her own daughter; and she is alive," said she. "Where is she?" immediately said I.

PHAN. Preserve me, ye Gods. I do entreat you.

MEL. (*apart*). But me you are undoing!

PHAN. You ought to have enquired to whom she gave it.

LAM. I did enquire, and she said to the Courtesan Melænis.

MEL. (*apart*). He has mentioned my name? I'm utterly undone!

LAM. When she mentioned her, I straightway asked, "Where does she live?" said I; "take and show me." "She has been carried off hence," says she, "to live abroad."

MEL. He's sprinkling[1] a little *cold* water *now*.

LAM. "Wherever she has been carried off, thither we will follow. Do you trifle in this fashion? You are undone, if, i' faith, you don't disclose this." I insisted to such a degree, that the old woman swore that she would soon inform me.

PHAN. But you oughtn't to have let her go.

LAM. She's all safe; but she said that she wished first to meet a certain woman, a friend of hers, with whom this was a matter of interest in common, and I'm sure she'll come.

MEL. (*apart*). She'll be discovering me, and adding her own distress to mine.

PHAN. Make me acquainted what you now wish me to do.

LAM. Go in-doors, and be of good heart. If your husband shall come, bid him wait at home, lest he should be required by me, if I want him for anything. I'm going to run back to the old woman.

PHAN. Lampadio, prithee, do take care.

LAM. I'll have this matter well managed.

PHAN. I trust in the Gods and in yourself.

LAM. And I in the same — that you'll *now* go home. (PHANOSTRATA *goes into her house.*)

MEL. (*coming forward*). Young man, stay and listen.

LAM. What, are you calling to me, woman? MEL. To you.

LAM. What's the matter? For I'm fully engaged.

MEL. (*Pointing to the house of* DEMIPHO). Who lives there? LAM. Demipho, my master.

[1] *He's sprinkling*)—Ver. 318. This metaphor, which is also used in the Trinummus, is taken from the custom of throwing cold water on persons when in a fainting state.

MEL. It is he, I suppose, that has betrothed his daughter with such great wealth to Alcesimarchus?

LAM. It is he himself. MEL. How now, you? What other daughter, then, are you *people* now in search of?

LAM. I'll tell you; not his daughter by his wife, *but* his wife's daughter.

MEL. What's the meaning of that speech?

LAM. By a former woman, I say, my master had a daughter born.

MEL. Surely, just now you said you were in search of the daughter of her who has been talking *here*.

LAM. Her *daughter* I am in search of.

MEL. In what way then, pray, is she a "former woman," who is now his wife?

LAM. Woman, whoever you are, you weary me with your prating. The middle woman[1] whom he had for a wife, of her this maiden was born that's being given to Alcesimarchus. That wife is dead. Do you understand now?

MEL. I understand that quite well; but it's this knotty point I'm enquiring about, how the first can be the last, the last be the first.

LAM. *The fact is this;* this woman he ravished before he took her home as his wife; before that she was pregnant, and before that she gave birth to a daughter: after she gave birth to her, she ordered the infant to be exposed; I *myself* exposed her; another woman took her away; I was on the look-out; after that, my master married her. That girl, her daughter, we are now in search of. (MELÆNIS *turns aside her head.*) Why now, with face upturned, are you looking up towards the heavens?

MEL. Now, then, be off at once whither you were hastening; I won't detain you; I understand it now.

LAM. I' troth, to the Deities I do give thanks; for if you hadn't understood me, I do think you would never have let me go. (*Exit.*

MEL. (*to herself*). Now it's necessary for me to be honest, whether I will or no, although I had rather not; I find the thing is discovered. Now will I myself lay them under an

[1] *The middle woman*)—Ver. 347. "Medioxumam." The middle woman, although his first wife, and the mother of the daughter whom he had betrothed to Alcesimarchus; he having had Phanostrata the first, as a woman (when he ravished her), but not as a wife until after the death of his first wife.

obligation to me, rather than she shall peach upon me. I'll go home, and I'll bring Silenium to her parents. (*Exit.*

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Melænis, Silenium, *and* Halisca.

Mel. I've disclosed the whole matter to you; follow, my Silenium, that you may rather belong to those to whom you ought to belong, than *be* mine. Although against my will I shall part with you, still I'll reconcile my mind to consult that which in especial conduces to your benefit. (*Giving her a casket.*) For here in this are the trinkets[1], together with which she who gave you to me formerly brought you to me; that your parents may recognize you the more easily. Take this casket, Halisca, and then go and knock at that door (*pointing to the house of* Demipho): say that I request that some one will come from within. Make haste, quickly.

Scene II.—*Enter* Alcesimarchus, *from his* Father's *house, with his sword drawn.*

Alc. (*calling aloud*). Death, receive me unto thyself, a friend and well-wisher *to me!*

Sil. My mother, to our sorrow, we are undone!

Alc. (*aloud, to himself*). Whether shall I pierce my side here (*striking his right side*) or on the left.

Mel. (*to* Silenium). What's the matter with you?

Sil. (*pointing*). Don't you see Alcesimarchus? He's grasping a sword. Alc. (*aloud, in a frantic manner*). What art about? Thou art delaying. Quit the light *of day.*

Sil. Do run and aid him, pray, that he mayn't kill himself. (*They run to assist him, on which* Halisca *drops the casket.*)

Alc. O Safety more healthful than my own safety, you now, whether I wish or don't wish, alone do cause me to live.

Mel. Fie on it! Were you ready to commit such violence?

Alc. I've nought to do with you—to you I'm dead. (*Clasping* Silenium *in his arms.*) Her, as I hold her, I'm determined not to lose. For, by heaven, I am resolved hence-

[1] *Are the trinkets*)—Ver. 371. The discovery in the Rudens depends on a similar circumstance. This custom of attaching trinkets to the persons of children when exposed, will be more fully remarked upon in the Notes to the Translation of Terence.

forth to have her entirely rivetted fast unto me. (*Goes to the door of the house, and calls.*) Where are you, servants? Shut the door with bolts, with bars, when I shall have carried her within the threshold! (*He carries* SILENIUM *into the house, followed by* HALISCA.)

MEL. (*exclaiming, while wringing her hands*). He's gone off: he has carried the damsel away. I'll go—I'll at once follow him in-doors, that he may know of me these same things, if from being angered with me I can render him pleased. (*Goes into the house.*)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter LAMPADISCUS.

LAM. I do believe I never saw a more tormenting old nag than this is. What she just now confessed to me, is she to be denying it? But look, I see my mistress. Why (*seeing the casket on the ground*), how's this, that this casket is lying here with *these* trinkets, and that I see no other person in the street? I must act the child's part[1]; I'll stoop to *pick up* the casket. (*Picks it up.*)

Enter PHANOSTRATA, *from her house.*

PHAN. What are you about, Lampadio?

LAM. (*giving the casket to* PHANOSTRATA). Is this casket from out of our house here, I wonder. For I picked it up, lying here near the door.

PHAN. What news do you bring about the old woman?

LAM. That there's not one other on earth more wicked. She denies all those things which she just now confessed to me. But, i' faith, for me to allow that old jade to be laughing at me, it's preferable for me to die by any kind of death.

PHAN. Ye Gods, I do adjure you by our trust in you! (*Opening the casket.*)

LAM. Why do you call upon the Gods?

PHAN. Save us! LAM. What's the matter?

PHAN. These are the trinkets with which you exposed my little daughter to death. LAM. Are you in your senses?

PHAN. These certainly are. LAM. Do you persist?

[1] *Act the child's part*)—Ver. 392. He alludes to his taking up the toys or trinkets, which were made for children to play with. "Conquiniscam," very unnecessarily it would seem, has an indelicate meaning given to it by Lambinus.

PHAN. These are *they*.

LAM. If any other woman were to speak to me after that fashion, I should say she was drunk.

PHAN. By heaven! I'm talking no nonsense. But prithee, whence in the world did these come, or what Deity placed this before our door? As though for a given purpose, at the very instant sacred Hope comes to my aid?

SCENE II.—*Enter* HALISCA, *at a distance, from the house of the* FATHER *of* ALCESIMARCHUS.

HAL. (*to herself*). Unless the Gods give me some aid, I'm utterly undone; nor do I know whence I am to seek for aid. To such a degree does carelessness possess wretched me in mind, which I sadly fear may be lighting upon my own back, if my mistress knows that I'm so negligent as I *really* am. The casket which I took and held in my hands here before the door, where it is I know not; except, as I fancy, it was dropt by me about this spot. (*Looks about on the ground.*) My *good* sirs (*to the* AUDIENCE), my *kind* Spectators, do give me information if any one has seen *it*, if any one has taken it away, or any one picked it up; and whether in this direction or that he has taken his departure? (*She pauses for a reply.*) I'm none the wiser for asking these persons, or for worrying them, who are always delighted at a woman's mishaps. Now I'll mark if there are any footsteps here; for if no one had passed this way since I went in-doors, the casket would be lying here. Why *say* "here?" It's lost, I guess; it's done for. It's all over with unhappy and unlucky me! It's nowhere, and nowhere am I. This, by its loss, has proved my loss. But still, as I've begun, I'll *e'en* go on; I'll make search; for both within do I fear, and without I am afraid; so much, on either side, does fear agitate me now. In this are mortals intensely wretched. He is now joyous, whoever he is, that has found it, which is of no use at all to any person else; to myself it may be. But I cause delay to myself, while I'm doing this with remissness. Halisca, attend to what you are about: look down upon the ground, and look round about; search with your eyes; guess with shrewdness.

LAM. (*apart, at a distance*). Mistress!

PHAN. (*apart*). Well, what's the matter?

LAM. (*apart*). That's she. (*Pointing at* HALISCA.)

PHAN. (*apart*). Who?

LAM. (*apart.*) She who let fall the casket. Why surely she's tracing out that spot where it fell.

PHAN. (*apart.*) It seems so. HAL. (*to herself, looking on the ground*). But that person has gone this way; this way I perceive the imprint of his shoe[1]; this way I'll follow him. (*She moves along, still looking on the ground.*) In this spot now has he stopped, along with another person. Here now a circle[2] presents itself to my sight, nor did he go straight forward this way; here he came to a pause. This way did he come out of that *circle*. Here was a conference *with some one*. It points to two persons *now*. Who are these? Heyday! I see the footsteps of only one. But he has gone this way. I'll consider it: hither he went from thence; from hence he has never gone. I'm troubling myself to no purpose. What's lost is lost; my hide[3] along with the casket. I'll go in-doors again. (*Going towards the house of the* FATHER *of* ALCESIMARCHUS.)

PHAN. (*calling out*). Hallo, woman—stop; there are some persons who wish to meet with you.

HAL. Who's calling me back?

LAM. A good female and a bad male want you.

HAL. Away with you, bad male; I want a good one. (*To herself.*) After all, he who calls knows better what he wants than I who am called; I'll return. (*Aloud.*) Prithee, have you seen any person hereabouts pick up a casket with some trinkets, which I, to my misfortune, have lost here? For when, just now, we were running into the house of Alcesimarchus, that he mightn't put an end to his life, at that

[1] *Of his shoe*)—Ver. 443. "Socci." The "soccus" was a loose shoe worn especially by the Comic actors. Its use was probably derived from Greece.

[2] *Here now a circle*)—Ver. 445. "Turbo." Schmieder thinks that this means "a whirlwind," and that she intends to say that she has lost the track, in consequence of the wind blowing round the dust, and so obliterating the footmarks. Perhaps, however, she means, that just there the track is lost by its being all in confusion, without beginning or end, so far as she can see. Some would read "turba," a "multitude," as meaning that the throng in the street hinders her from clearly seeing the imprints of the feet.

[3] *My hide*)—Ver. 452. She alludes to the flogging which she may expect for her carelessness, which will cause her to lose her skin, or literally, as Plautus says (quite in accordance with our vulgar parlance), her "leather."

moment I think that, through terror, the casket fell down from me here.

LAM. (*aside to* PHANOSTRATA). This woman's to our purpose; let's then give heed to her a little, mistress.

HAL. To my sorrow, I'm utterly undone. What shall I say to my mistress, who bade me with such earnestness take care of it, through which Silenium might the more readily recognize her parents—who, when little, was adopted by my mistress as her own, and whom a certain Courtesan gave to her?

LAM. (*aside*). She's talking about this matter of ours. According as she gives these indications by her talk, she must *surely* know where your daughter is.

HAL. Now is she desirous of her own accord to restore her to her father and mother, whose daughter she is; prithee, my *good* sir, you are attending to something else; I commend my matter to you.

LAM. I'm giving my attention to this, and this is *as good as* food to me, that you are talking of; but amid my attending to this matter, I was answering this mistress of mine what she was enquiring; now I return to you. If you have need of anything, say you, and give your orders. What were you looking for?

HAL. My *good* sir and my *good* madam, I greet you.

PHAN. And we you. But what are you looking for?

HAL. I'm tracing footsteps here, the way that something has escaped me here, I don't know how.

PHAN. What is it? LAM. What is it, pray?

HAL. Something to bring a loss to another, and a calamity on our family.

LAM. (*aside to* PHANOSTRATA). A worthless baggage is this, mistress, and a crafty one.

PHAN. (*aside*). I' faith, *and* so she seems.

LAM. (*aside*). She imitates a worthless animal and a mischievous.

PHAN. (*aside*). Which one, prithee? LAM. (*aside*). A caterpillar, which twisting about winds itself in the leaf of the vine; just in the same way does she begin a story that twists about. (*To* HALISCA.) What are you looking for?

HAL. A casket, my *good* young man, has flown away from me here.

Lam. You ought to have put it in a cage.

Hal. I' faith, the booty was no great one.

Lam. It's a wonder, if a whole troop of slaves[1] isn't *there* in the casket.

Phan. Do let her speak. Lam. If indeed she would speak.

Phan. (*to* Halisca). Come say you, what was in it?

Hal. Trinkets only. Lam. There's a certain man, who declares that he knows where it is.

Hal. But, by my faith, he'll confer an obligation on a certain woman if he'll discover it. Lam. But this certain man wishes a reward to be given to him.

Hal. But, by my faith, this certain woman, that has lost this casket, declares that she has nothing to give to this certain man.

Lam. But still this certain man looks for some money.

Hal. But still he looks for it in vain.

Lam. But, by my faith, *good* woman, in no matter does this certain man give his pains for nothing.

Phan. Lend me your conversation: it will now be for your own advantage. We confess that we have got the casket.

Hal. Then may Salvation preserve you; where is it now?

Phan. (*producing the casket*). See, here it is, safe. But I wish to discourse with you upon a matter of importance to myself; I take you as a sharer with me in my own preservation.

Hal. What matter is this, or who are you?

Phan. I am the mother of her who had these things with her, *when exposed.*

Hal. Do you live here then? (*Pointing to the house.*)

Phan. You are a diviner. But, prithee, *good* woman, do lay aside *all* mystification, and to the point; tell me at once, whence did you get these trinkets?

Hal. This daughter of my mistress had them.

Lam. You tell a falsehood; for my own *mistress's daughter* had them, not yours.

Phan. Don't interrupt. Lam. I'll be mum.

Phan. *Good* woman, go on speaking. Where is she who had them?

Hal. (*pointing to the house of* Alcesimarchus). Here,

[1] *Troop of slaves*)—Ver. 428. This is said in allusion to the runaway propensities of slaves.

next door. PHAN. By the powers, surely the son-in-law of my husband is living there.

LAM. Surely—— PHAN. (*to* LAMPADISCUS). Interrupting again? (*To* HALISCA.) Go on relating it. How many years old is she said to be?

HAL. Seventeen. PHAN. She is my own *daughter then!*

LAM. 'Tis she, as the number of her years has proved.

HAL. What you are seeking, you have found; I now seek what's mine. LAM. Why, faith, they've found what's their own, I'll seek for number three[1].

PHAN. My daughter, *the object* which I was seeking, I have discovered.

HAL. It's proper to keep *in safety* what has been entrusted in confidence, lest a kindness should turn out a detriment to the well-deserving. This fosterling of ours is assuredly your daughter, and my mistress is about to restore *you* your own, and for that purpose has she come from her house. But, prithee, enquire of her own self; I am *but* a servant.

PHAN. You ask what's just.

HAL. To her rather do I choose this obligation to belong. But I beg that you'll restore me that casket.

PHAN. What's to be done, Lampadio?

LAM. What's your own, keep as your own.

PHAN. But I feel compassion for her.

LAM. This I think ought to be done; give her the casket, and go in-doors together with her.

PHAN. I'll follow your advice. (*Giving it to* HALISCA.) Take you the casket. Let's go in-doors. But what's the name of your mistress?

HAL. Melænis. PHAN. Go first: I'll follow you at once.

(*Exit* LAMPADISCUS. *and the others go into the house of the* FATHER *of* ALCESIMARCHUS.)

ACT V.

Enter DEMIPHO.

DEM. What affair is this, that all persons are talking about in the street—that my daughter has been found?

[1] *For number three*)—Ver. 507. "Quæro tertiam." Literally, "I seek a third." This he says by way of joke: as one has been looking for her daughter another for the casket, he must look for something as well, a mistress, to wit.

They say, too, that Lampadio[1] has been seeking me in the Forum.

Enter LAMPADISCUS.

LAM. Master, whence come you? DEM. From the Senate.

LAM. I rejoice that through my means there is an addition to your children.

DEM. But it don't please me; I don't want that I should be having more children by means of another person. But what is the meaning of this?

LAM. (*pointing to the house of the* FATHER *of* ALCESIMARCHUS). Make haste, and go in-doors here to the house of your neighbour; you'll at once recognize your daughter. Your wife's in-doors there as well. Go quickly.

DEM. I'm resolved that this shall, before all other matters, be attended to. (*They go into the house of the* FATHER *of* ALCESIMARCHUS.)

The Company of COMEDIANS.

Don't you wait, Spectators, till they come out to you; no one will come out; they'll all finish the business in-doors; when that shall be done, they'll lay aside their dress; then, after that, he that has done amiss will get a beating[2]; he that has not done amiss will get some drink. Now as to what's left, Spectators, for you *to do*, after the manner of your ancestors, give your applause at the conclusion of the Play.

[1] *Lampadio*)—Ver. 524. Lampadiscus is called here, and in Act IV., "Lampadio." This was probably intended as a familiar name, by which the family called him; though some Commentators are of opinion that Lampadio is the real name, and Lampadiscus a diminutive.

[2] *Get a beating*)—Ver. 535. It has been already remarked, that as the actors in early times were slaves, it was the custom after the Play was over for the Ædiles to order those to be flogged who had not given satisfaction to the Audience.

TRUCULENTUS; THE CHURL.

Dramatis Personæ.

STRATOPHANES, a Captain in the Babylonian service.
STRABAX, a young man from the country.
DINARCHUS, a young Athenian.
STRATILAX, the Churl, the servant of Strabax.
CALLICLES, an aged Athenian.
GETA, servant of Dinarchus.
CYAMUS, servant of Phronesium.

PHRONESIUM, a Courtesan.
ASTAPHIUM, her servant.
SYRA, the female hair-dresser of Phronesium.
A MAID-SERVANT of Callicles.
PITHECIUM, ARCHYLIS, } Mutes, female-servants of Phronesium.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of PHRONESIUM and of the father of STRABAX.

THE SUBJECT.

TRUCULENTUS; THE CHURL.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

THREE (*Tres*) young men are desperately in love for the same woman—one from the country (*Rure*), another from the city, the third from abroad; and that (*Utque*) she may touch the Captain for a heavy haul, she secretly (*Clam*) passes off as her own *a child* that has been born by stealth. A servant uses great violence (*Vi*) and churlish manners, that Courtesans (*Lupæ*) may not squander the savings of his master; and (*Et*) yet he is softened. The Captain arrives, and for the sake of the child (*Nati*) gives costly presents. At length (*Tandem*), the father of her that has been debauched comes to know all, and agrees that (*Utque*) he shall marry her who has seduced her; and he asks back his own (*Suum*) *child* that has been passed off by the Courtesan as hers.

THE PROLOGUE.

A VERY small portion of room does Plautus ask from out of your vast and pleasant city within the walls, whither, without builders, he may transport Athens. What then? Will you give it or not? They nod assent. I fancied, indeed, that I should obtain it of you without hesitation. What if I were to ask something of your private means? They shake their heads. Only see, i' faith, how the ancient habit *still* indwells among you, to keep your tongues *ever* ready for a denial. But let's to the point, on account of which I came hither. Let this be Athens, just as this is our stage, only for the while that we perform this Play. Here (*pointing to her house*) dwells a female whose name is Phronesium; she has in herself the manners of the present age; she never asks of her lover that which has been given; but what is left, she does her best that it mayn't be left, by begging for it and carrying it off, as is the habit of the women; for all *of them* do this when they discover that they are loved. She is pretending to a Captain that she has been brought to bed, that the more speedily she may sweep away his property from him every atom. Why *say* more? If the life of this

woman should *only* last, he will be sweeping off his substance with his *very* life into her hands. * * * * * * * * * * * *

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. (*to himself*) Not a whole life is sufficient for a lover thoroughly to learn, until he has become full well aware of this, in how many modes he may come to ruin; nor does Venus herself, in whose hands lie the sum and substance of lovers, ever instruct us in that art of reckoning—in how many ways one in love may be deluded, in how many modes he may come to ruin, and with how many modes of entreaty he may be entreated. How many blandishments are there in it, how many pettish ways in it, how many perils must be courted! Ye Gods! by our trust in you! Hey! what ground for perjury as well, besides the *everlasting* presents! In the first place then, there's the yearly allowance; that's her first haul[1]. For that the favour of three nights is granted. In the meantime she's trying for either money, or wine, or oil, or corn, *to prove* whether you are lavish or thrifty. Just like the person that throws a casting-net into a fish-pond; when the net has gone and sunk, then he contracts the folds; but if he has rightly thrown it, he takes care that the fish may not escape; then in this direction and that does he enfold the fish netted well, until he has taken them out *of the water:* just so is the lover. If he gives that which is asked for, and is lavish rather than thrifty, nightly favours are given in addition. Meanwhile he swallows down the hook. If once he has partaken of the cup of love unmixed, and that draught has made its way within his breast, forthwith both himself is ruined, and his fortune, and his credit. If the mistress is angry with her lover perchance, doubly is the lover ruined, both in fortune and in mind; but if one man is preferable to another *in her eyes,* just as much is he ruined; if he enjoys but few of her favours, in mind is he ruined; if he enjoys them in abundance, he himself is joyous, his fortunes are ruined. * * * Thus is it in the houses kept by procurers; before you've given a single thing, she's preparing a hundred to ask for; either a golden trinket's

[1] *Her first haul*)—Ver. 31. "Bolus." This is a metaphorical expression alluding to the casting of the net in fishing.

lost, or a mantle has been torn, or a female servant bought; or some silver vessel, or some vessel of brass, or expensive couch, or a Grecian cabinet, or there's always something to be lost and for the lover to be replacing for his mistress. And with one *common* earnestness do we conceal these losses while we are losing our fortunes, and our credit, and ourselves, lest our parents or our relatives should know something; whom, while we conceal it from them, if we were to make acquainted *with it*, for them in time to restrain our youthful age, we should be giving what has been received from them before to our descendants in reversion; I'd be for causing, that as there are *now* more procurers and harlots, there should be fewer and fewer of spendthrift fellows than there are at present; for now-a-days there are almost more procurers and harlots than flies at the time when it is most hot. For, if they are nowhere else, the procurers with their harlots are around the bankers' shops each day as though on siege. That score is the principal one; inasmuch as I know for certain, that now-a-days there are more harlots ready for the money than there are weights *for weighing it*. And I really don't know what purpose to say it is to serve that these *procurers* are *thus* keeping them at the bankers' shops, except as in the place of account-books, where the sums lent on loan may be set down—*the sums* received I mean, those expended let no one take count of. In fine, in a great nation, amid numberless persons, the state being tranquil and in quiet, the enemy vanquished, it befits all to be in love who have anything to give. Now, this Courtesan (*pointing to the house*) Phronesium, who dwells here, has totally expelled from my breast her own name. Phronesium, for Phronesis is wisdom[1]. For I confess that I was with her first and foremost; a thing that's very disastrous to a lover's cash. The same woman, after she had found another out, a greater spendthrift, who would give more, a Babylonian Captain[2], whom the hussy said was troublesome and odious to her, forthwith banished me from the spot. He now is said

[1] *Phronesis is wisdom*)—Ver. 81. He alludes to the resemblance of the name of Phronesium to the Greek word φρονησις, "prudence," or "forethought." This line, however, is thought by some to be spurious, and to be a mere gloss or explanation.

[2] *Babylonian Captain*)—Ver. 87. He does not mean an officer, a native of Babylon, but probably a Greek, serving for pay in the Babylonian army. Thus Xenophon and the Ten Thousand were Greeks in the pay of the Younger Cyrus.

to be about to arrive from abroad. For that reason has she now cooked up *this* device; she pretends that she has been brought to bed. That she may push me out of doors, and with the Captain alone live the life of a jovial Greek, she pretends that this Captain is the father of the child; for that reason does this most vile hussy need a palmed-off child. She fancies that she's deceiving me! Does she suppose that she could have concealed it from me, if she had been pregnant? Now I arrived at Athens the day before yesterday from Lemnos, whither I have been on an embassy from this place on the public service. But who's this woman? It's her servant-maid Astaphium. With her too as well I've had some acquaintanceship. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* ASTAPHIUM, *from the house of* PHRONESIUM.

AST. (*speaking to the* SERVANTS *within*). Listen at the door and guard the house, that no one who comes may go away more loaded than he came, or who has brought empty hands into our house may take them full out of it. (*To herself.*) I know the ways of people; of such habits are the young men now-a-days. For as soon as ever the jolly companions have arrived at the courtesans' houses, their plans are formed. When they've arrived in-doors, some one of them is incessantly bestowing kisses on his mistress. While they are engaged, the others are pilfering[1]. But if they see that any one is observing them, they play some trick, by which to amuse the observer with pleasantry and sport. Full oft do they devour that belonging to us just as the sausage-makers[2] do. Upon my faith, this is the case, and some of the Spectators (*to the* AUDIENCE), i' faith, you know full well that I tell no lie in this. There with them is the struggle and the valour, to

[1] *Others are pilfering*)—Ver. 107. This is somewhat similar to a passage in Ovid's Art of Love, B. 3, l. 449, where he speaks of the habit of well-dressed thieves getting into the houses of the courtesans, and the consequences. "Perhaps the best dressed of the number of these may be some thief, and he may be attracted by a desire for your clothes. 'Give me back my property!' full oft do the plundered damsels cry; 'give me back my property!' the whole Forum resounding with their cries."

[2] *The sausage-makers*)—Ver. 118. It would appear from this passage that it was the custom to send the ingredients to the sausage-makers to be made up into sausages; and that these worthies gave occasion to complain of their dishonesty, by purloining a portion of what was entrusted to them.

carry off a booty from the plunderers. But we again nicely give a like return to these robbers of us; for they themselves look on, while we are heaping up their property; indeed, of their own accord even do they themselves bring it to us.

Dix. (*apart*). In those words she's surely lashing myself; for I've been heaping up presents there.

Ast. (*in answer to some one who calls from* Phronesium's *house*). I well recollect it. I' troth, his own self, if he's at home, I'll at once bring here with me. (*Runs on.*)

Dix. (*calling out*). Hallo! Astaphium, do stop a moment, before you go away.

Ast. Who's calling me back? Dix. You shall know; look back this way.

Ast. Who is it? Dix. One who wishes many a blessing to yourselves.

Ast. Give them *then*, if you wish us to have them.

Dix. I'll let you have them. Only do look back this way.

Ast. O dear, you're teazing wretched me to death, whoever you are. (*Runs on.*)

Dix. Worst of women, stop. Ast. Best of men, go on; you are troublesome. (*Turns round.*) Is that Dinarchus? Why, it is he.

Dix. He's going to your house; and do you give me your hand (*holding out his*) in return, and walk together with me.

Ast. I am your servant, and *am* obedient to your command. (*Gives her hand.*)

Dix. Yourself, how are you? Ast. I'm well, and am holding *by the hand* one who's well. Since you've arrived from abroad, a dinner must be given[1].

Dix. You speak obligingly. Ast. But, prithee, do let me go whither she ordered me. (*Withdrawing her hand.*)

Dix. (*lets go her hand*). Be off *then*. But how say you—?

Ast. What do you want? Dix. He, that you are on your road to, who is it that you're going to fetch?

Ast. Achiva, the midwife.

Dix. You are an artful damsel.

Ast. I'm as usual *then;* that's my practice.

Dix. You deceitful hussy, I've caught you detected in a lie.

Ast. How so, pray? Dix. Because you said that you

A dinner must be given—Ver. 129. Allusion is here made to the custom of providing an entertainment of welcome, "cœna viatica," for a friend on his arrival from abroad See the Bacchides, l. 94

were going to bring "his own self," *and* not "herself." A woman, then, has been made out of a man. You are an artful one.

Ast. A conjurer! Din. But, pray, tell me, Astaphium, who is this person? A new lover?

Ast. I think that you are a gentleman too much at his ease.

Din. Why now do you think so? Ast. Because you trouble yourself about things that don't concern your own clothing and food.

Din. It's yourselves have made me *a gentleman* at ease.

Ast. Why so? Din. I'll explain it to you. I've lost my property; with my property you've robbed me of occupation. If I had preserved my property, there had been something with which I might have been occupied.

Ast. And do you suppose that you can possibly well manage the affairs of state, or those of love, on any other terms without being a gentleman at ease?

Din. It was she held a public employment, not I; you misinterpret me. But, against the law, in spite of my tax paid for pasturage[1], she has received other cattle beside myself.

Ast. Most persons who manage their property badly, do the same as you are doing; when they haven't wherewith to pay the tax, they blame the farmers of the taxes.

Din. My pasturage contract with you turns out but badly; now in its turn, I wish to have, according to my *narrow* circumstances, a little bit of arable land here with you.

Ast. Here is no arable, but the field is pasture land. If you desire some ploughing, you had better go to those[2] who

[1] *Tax paid for pasturage*)—Ver. 146. "Scripturam." This passage is somewhat difficult to be understood. Dinarchus seems to say that he is reduced to idleness from having squandered his property upon Phronesium, and retorts upon Astaphium, by saying that he himself has no public office, but that Phronesium is a publican, alluding to her calling as a public courtesan; and he then proceeds to accuse her of letting the public pasture, for which he had paid the rent or tax ("scripturam"), to another. Part of the Roman revenue arose from the letting of the uncultivated lands, through the medium of "publicani," or "farmers of the public revenue," who used to sublet them to private persons. He therefore means to say, that Phronesium has undertaken the duties of a publican, but has failed in duly performing them. It is possible that a pun may be intended on the word "scriptura," which also signifies a "writing" or "deed," and may allude to some preceding compact which had been made between Phronesium and himself.

[2] *Go to those*)—Ver. 152. The whole of this passage has been somewhat

are in the habit of ploughing; we hold this public *emolument, the right of pasturage;* those are farmers of other taxes.

Din. Full well enough do I know both sides.

Ast. I' troth, it's that way you are *a gentleman* at ease, since you've been going wrong both in that direction and in this. But the acquaintance of which do you like the best?

Din. You are the more exacting, but they are perjured. Whatever's given to them is lost outright, nor with themselves is there any show at all of it; you, if you gain anything, do at least drink and feast it away. In short, they are unprincipled; you *are* good-for-nothings, and full of airs.

Ast. All this abuse which, Dinarchus, you are uttering against us and them, *you utter* against yourself, both as respects us and them.

Din. How's that? Ast. I'll tell the reason; because he who accuses another of dishonesty, him it behoves to look into himself. You *who are so* prudent, have got nothing from us; we, who are good-for-nothings, have got *all* out of you.

Din. O Astaphium! you were not in the habit of speaking to me in that fashion formerly, but courteously, when I myself possessed that which is now in your possession.

Ast. While he's alive, you may know a person; when he's dead, you may keep yourself quiet. I used to know you when you were alive.

Din. Do you consider me to be dead?

Ast. Prithee, how can it be plainer? He who formerly was esteemed a first-rate lover, for him to be bringing to his mistress nought but lamentations[1].

Din. I' faith, through your own faults it was done, who in former days were in haste to plunder me. You ought to have done it leisurely, that, unscathed, I might last the longer for you.

Ast. A lover is like an enemy's fortress.

Din. On what ground? Ast. The sooner the lover can be taken by storm, the better it is for the mistress.

modified in the translation, as the meaning of Astaphium is gross in the extreme, and so much to the discredit of Dinarchus, that any compassion for the ill-treatment he afterwards experiences would be quite thrown away upon him.

[1] *Nought but lamentations*) — Ver. 169. "Meras querimonias." Literally, mere complaints."

Din. I confess it; but far different is the friend from the lover. I' faith, for sure, the oldest friend's the best one possible for a man. I' faith, my lands and tenements are not yet all gone.

Ast. Why then, prithee, are you standing before the door as a stranger and an alien? Do go in-doors. Really you are no stranger; for, upon my faith, not one person this day does she more love in her heart and soul—(*aside*) if, indeed, you've got land and tenements.

Din. Your tongues and talk are steeped in honey; your doings and dispositions are steeped in gall and sour vinegar. From your tongues you utter sweet words; you make your lovers of bitter heart if any don't give you presents.

Ast. I've not learnt to say what's false.

Din. It was not this liberality of mine that taught you to say what's false, but those niggardly fellows who are struggling against their appetites. You are a sly one, and the same artful coaxer that you used to be.

Ast. How ardently longed for have you returned from abroad! But, prithee, *do come*, my mistress wants to see you.

Din. How so, pray?

Ast. You alone of all mankind does she love.

Din. (*aside*). Well done, lands and tenements; you have come to my aid in good time. (*To* Astaphium.) But how say you, Astaphium——?

Ast. What do you want?

Din. Is Phronesium in-doors just now?

Ast. To you at all events she's in-doors.

Din. Is she well?

Ast. Aye, faith, *and* I do believe she'll be still better when she sees you.

Din. This is our greatest fault: when we're in love, then we are undone; if that which we wish is told us, when manifestly they are telling lies, in our folly we believe it to be true; verily as though with a tide we fluctuate.

Ast. Heyday now—such is not the fact.

Din. Do you say that she loves me?

Ast. Aye, you only, alone.

Din. I heard that she was brought to bed.

Ast. Oh, prithee, Dinarchus, do hold your tongue.

Din. Why so?

Ast. I shudder in my alarm, as often as mention is made of childbirth, with such difficulty has Phronesium survived for you. Prithee, do come in-doors now; do go to see her and wait there *a little*. She'll be out just now; for she was at the bath.

Din. What do you say? She who was never pregnant, how could she be brought to bed? For really, I never, that I am aware of, perceived her to be in a breeding state.

Ast. She concealed it from you and was afraid, lest you should persuade her to have recourse to abortion[1], and *so* destroy the child.

Din. Troth then, who's the father of this child?

Ast. A Babylonian Captain, whose arrival she is now expecting. So much so, indeed, that, according as was reported, they say that he'll be here just now. I wonder he has not arrived by this.

Din. Shall I go in, then?

Ast. Why not? As boldly as at home, into your own house; for even still are you now one of us, Dinarchus.

Din. How soon are you on your return?

Ast. I'll be there this instant; it's close at hand where I was going.

Din. But do return directly; meanwhile I'll wait for you at your house. (*He goes into the house of* Phronesium.)

Scene III.—Astaphium, *alone.*

Ast. (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! I'm at rest, since my plague has gone in-doors; now, indeed, I shall speak according to my own inclination, freely, as I please. My mistress has sung a funeral dirge[2] at our house for this fellow, her lover, over his estate; for his lands and tenements are mortgaged for his treats in his amour. But with him does my mistress speak freely upon the objects of her plans, and so he is rather a friend by way of counsel to her than by way of maintenance. While he had it, he gave; now he has got nothing; what he did have, we have got; what we had, he has now got the

[1] *Recourse to abortion*)—Ver. 203. The practice of procuring abortion was not deemed criminal either at Rome or Athens; though at the latter place there was a law which imposed a penalty on any person who administered a potion to a woman for that purpose.

[2] *A funeral dirge*)—Ver. 213. "Nænia" was a funeral song among the Romans, recited or chanted by hired female mourners, called "præficæ."

same. The common course of things has happened. Fortunes are wont to change upon the instant. Life is checquered. We remember him *as* rich, and he us *as* poor; *our* reminiscences have shifted places. He must be a fool to wonder at it. If he is in want, it's necessary that he should allow us to make a living; that's proper to be done. 'Twere a disgrace for us to have compassion on men that squander away their fortunes. A clever Procuress ought to have good teeth; to smile upon whoever comes, to address him in flattering terms; to design mischief in her heart, *but* to speak fairly with her tongue. A Courtesan it befits to be like a briar; whatever man she touches, for either mischief or loss certainly to be the result. A Courtesan ought never to listen to the plea of a lover, but, when he has nothing to give, do you pack him off home from service as a deserter[1]; and never is any gallant good for anything unless he's one who is the enemy of his own fortune. It's trifling, if, when he has just given, he doesn't take a pleasure in giving afresh. That person's esteemed with us who forgets that that has been given which he has given. As long as he has *anything*, so long let him go on loving; when he has got nothing, *then* let him look out another employment; if he himself has got nothing, let him, with a contented mind, make way for others who have. He's a proper lover who, neglecting his affairs, squanders away his property. But among themselves the men declare that we act ill, and are greedy. Prithee, do we in fact at all act ill? For, by my troth, never did any lover whatever give enough to his mistress; nor, i' faith, have we *ever* received enough, nor has any woman *ever* asked for enough. For when a gallant is barren with his gifts * * * * * * If he denies that he has anything to give, alone * * * * * * Nor do we receive enough, when a person has not enough to give us. It is ever our duty to look after fresh givers, who take from untouched treasures, *and* make presents to us. Just like this young man from the country, who dwells here (*pointing to the house where* STRABAX *lives*), i' faith, a very pleasant

[1] *As a deserter*)—Ver. 229. "Infrequente," a soldier "negligent of his duty"—a deserter." She alludes to a custom among the Romans of dismissing bad soldiers from the service; sometimes, however, they merely secluded them from the other soldiers or as we say "sent them to Coventry."

creature, and a very bounteous giver. But he, without the knowledge of his father, even this very last night, leapt over *the wall* by way of the garden, *and came* to our house. I wish to meet with him. But one servant has he, a very great savage, who, when he sees any one of us near the door, if you approach that way, drives us off just as he scares the geese away with his noise from the corn; he's such a bumpkin. But come what may, I'll knock at the door. (*Knocks at the door, and calls.*) Who, I wonder, has the keeping of this door? Is anybody coming out from in-doors?

SCENE IV.—*Enter* STRATILAX, *from the house of the* FATHER *of* STRABAX.

STRAT. Who's this[1], that's so sturdily plying his battering-ram against our door?

AST. It's I. Look round at me. STRAT. Who's I?

AST. Am I not seen *by you?*

STRAT. (*turning to her*). Woe worth thee! What mean you by this coming so near this door, or *why's this* knocking?

AST. Health to you.

STRAT. Enow of thy health have I; I care nought for't, I've got no health; I'd rather be sick, than be *a bit the* sounder with health from thee. This I want to know, what's owing thee here in our house?

AST. Do keep close——

STRAT. Yea, faith, to my own *good woman* I trust; let him keep close to thee whose habit 'tis. A rare fine joke! a silly hussy to be tempting a countryman to naughty tricks.

AST. *Keep close* your anger, I meant.

STRAT. As thee'st begun with me, so I'd e'en lay a wager[2] there's not another like thee.

[1] *Who's this*)—Ver. 254. Except that in one or two instances he coins words, there is no proof, so far as the language of the original is concerned, that Stratilax, the churl or clodhopper, speaks in any peculiar manner. But from the fact of his being introduced as a perfect specimen of a rude clown, there can be little doubt that on the stage he speaks the Latin language with the burr or patois of a countryman. In the translation, an attempt has been made to denote this probable peculiarity of speech, by making him to substitute "thee" for "thou," before verbs in the second person singular. Warner, in his version, represents him throughout as speaking in a sort of Somersetshire dialect.

[2] *Lay a wager*)—Ver. 262. The meaning of this passage seems to be, "according to the way you have begun, I'd lay a wager your equal can't be found;" but the passage seems hopelessly corrupt, though a dozen different readings have been suggested.

Ast. (*half to herself*). Really this fellow's very churlish.

Strat. Woman, dost thee go on abusing me?

Ast. Why, what did I say to you?

Strat. Why, because thee dost call me churlish. Therefore now, if thee doesn't be off this instant, and tell me quickly what thee want'st, adzookers, woman, I'll be, here this very instant, trampling thee beneath my feet like a sow her piglings.

Ast. This is indeed right country, *and no mistake;* 'tis an abominable and truly a monkey race.

Strat. (*holding up his fist*). Dost thee throw the country in my teeth, when thee hast found a man who's ashamed of what's foul? Hast thee come hither to tempt me with thy decked out bones[1]? Was it for that, shameless slut, thee dyed thy mantle of its smoke-dried colour, or art thee so fine because that thee's been a stealing? Come thee towards me *then*.

Ast. Now you charm me. Strat. How much I wish I *could charm* thee.

Ast. You tell a lie. Strat. Tell me——

Ast. What? Strat. What I ask thee. Dost thee wish to be taken for a bondswoman, who dost carry on thee those rings? (*Pointing to her fingers.*)

Ast. They give them to those who are worthy.

Strat. These are the spoils of Laverna[2] which thee dost possess. (*Lays hold of her.*)

Ast. Don't be touching me. (*Moving away.*)

Strat. I, touch thee? So help me my weeding-hoe, I'd rather i' the country for me to be harnessed *like* an ox with crumpled horns, and with it spend the livelong night upon the straw, than that a hundred nights with thee, with a dinner apiece, were given me for nothing! But what business, woman, hast thee at our house? Why dost thee come running this way as often as we come to town?

Ast. I want to meet with your women.

Strat. What women art thee talking to me about, when there's not *even* a single woman-fly within the house?

[1] *Decked out bones*)—Ver. 269. "Ossibus," "with your bones." Probably, in allusion to her thinness, he insinuates that she is "a skeleton." "Exornatis" may apply either to her dress or to the paint upon her face.

[2] *Spoils of Laverna*)—Ver. 274. Laverna was the tutelary Divinity of thieves and he intends to insinuate that she has stolen the rings.

Ast. What, does no woman live here?

Strat. They've gone into the country, I say. Be off.

Ast. Why are you bawling out, you lunatic?

Strat. If thee doesn't make haste to get away from this with prodigious speed, I'll forthwith be separating even from thy brains those falsified, daintily arranged, corkscrew curls of thine, with all their grease *as well*.

Ast. For what reason, pray? Strat. Why, because thee hast even presumed to approach our door anointed up with thine unguents, and because thee hast those cheeks so nicely painted pink.

Ast. I' troth, it was by reason of your clamour that I coloured in my alarm.

Strat. And is it so? Thee coloured? As though, hussy, thee really hadst left to thy skin the power of receiving any colour. Redden up thy cheeks, thee hast given all thy skin its colour with chalk[1]. Ye are scoundrelly jades. What's the reason, abominable hussies, that this way * * * * * * ? I know more than thee think'st I know.

Ast. Prithee, what's this that you know?

Strat. How Strabax, my master's son, is ruining himself at your house; how you are *all* enticing him to fraud and present-making.

Ast. If you appeared in your senses, I'd tell you. You're uttering abuse *only;* not a person is in the habit of being ruined here at our house; they waste their property; when they've wasted their property, they may go bare thence, if they choose. I don't know *this* young man of yours.

Strat. Indeed so. Ast. In sober truth.

Strat. Aye, but that garden wall[2] that's in our garden says so, which is becoming every night less by a brick, over which he travels to your house on the road to destruction.

Ast. The wall's an old one; it isn't wonderful if the bricks, *being* old, do tumble down.

Strat. And says thee, hussy, that old bricks do tumble down? By my fakes, may never any mortal man henceforth

[1] *Its colour with chalk*)—Ver. 292. Chalk was much used by the Roman females for the purposes of a cosmetic.

[2] *That garden wall*)—Ver. 301. "Maceria." This was a wall made of loose tiles or bricks, laid on each other without mortar.

trust me upon the two *grand* points[1], if I don't inform of these goings on of yours to my elder master.

Ast. Is he a savage *as well?* Strat. Why, he didn't get his money by enriching harlots, but by thriftiness, and living hard; which now, *however*, is being carried off to you, abominable jades. (*Takes her by the shoulders and shakes her.*) There's for thee, six-clawed hussy; a wretched life to *both of* ye. Am I to keep mum about these matters? But, lookye now, I'll be off to the Forum at once and tell these goings on to the old gentleman, that he mayn't somehow be cherishing within this matting[2] a *whole* swarm of misfortunes.

(*Exit.*

Ast. (*to herself*). Upon my faith, if this fellow were living on mustard, I don't think he could possibly be as snappish. But, i' troth, how much a well-wisher to his master he is. Still, although he is a savage, I trust that he can be changed by coaxing, allurements, *and* other arts of the courtesan. I've seen a horse from unruly become tamed, and other brutes *as well*. Now I'll go back to see my mistress. But see, my plague's coming out. (*The door of* Phronesium's *house is opened.*) He's coming out with a sad air; he hasn't even yet had a meeting with Phronesium.

Scene V.—*Enter* Dinarchus, *from* Phronesium's *house.*

Din. I do believe that the fishes, that are always bathing as long as they live, do not take so long in bathing as this Phronesium does in bathing. If women could be loved on as long as[3] they take in bathing, all lovers would be becoming bath-keepers.

Ast. Can't you endure waiting for a short time even?

[1] *The two grand points*)—Ver. 305. Alciatus thinks that the "two things" here mentioned are "yes" and "no." Turnebus thinks that they mean "things human and divine."

[2] *Within this matting*)—Ver. 312. "In segestro." He seems to derive his metaphor from the usage in gardening of covering up trees with straw or bass matting, and of insects getting into the folds and hatching their eggs and swarming there.

[3] *As long as*)—Ver. 322. Warner says that he does not well comprehend this passage. The meaning, however, seems to be, that if women could be courted as long a time as they took in bathing, then lovers would certainly be keeping baths, or becoming bath-men, that they might be able for so long a time to enjoy the opportunity of courting them.

Din. Why, 'pon my faith, I'm wretchedly tired with waiting already.

Ast. I, as well, shall be obliged to go bathe from weariness

Din. But, i' faith, Astaphium, prithee do go in-doors and tell her that I'm here. Do go at once, and persuade her that she has bathed long enough by this.

Ast. Very well. (*Going.*) Din. And do you hear as well?

Ast. What do you want? (*Comes back.*) Din. May the Gods confound me for calling you back. I had nothing to say to you, only do be off.

Ast. Why did you call me back then, you worthless and good-for-nothing fellow? A delay *to me* which has produced *fully* a mile's delay to you. (*Goes into the house of* Phronesium.)

Din. (*to himself.*) But yet why was she standing here so long before the house? Some one, I don't know who, she *certainly* was waiting for; the Captain, I suppose. That's it; see now, how, just like vultures[1], a whole three days beforehand they foresee on what day they are to have a feast. They're all agape for him; on him are all their minds *fixed*. No one will be giving any more attention to myself, when he comes, than if I had been dead two hundred years ago. How delightful a thing it is to keep one's money! Ah wretched me! after it's done I'm punished, who lost what I once had. But now, if any great and splendid fortune should chance to fall to my lot, now, after I know it, what sweets and what bitters come of money, by my troth, I'd so keep it, I'd live in a manner so sparing, that——in a few days I'd make there to be none *at all*. I'd *then* confute those who now censure me. But I perceive that this tide-like door is opening (*the door of* Phronesium's *house is opened*), which sucks up whatever comes within its bolts.

Scene VI.—*Enter* Phronesium, *from her house.*

Phron. Please now, is my door apt to bite[2], that you are afraid to come in, my love?

[1] *Just like vultures*)—Ver. 335. Vultures were supposed, some days beforehand, to scent out a place where a dead carcase was about to be. Pliny the Elder mentions this belief.

[2] *Apt to bite*)—Ver. 350. Taubmann has a notion that this remark refers to the inscription often set up in the Roman vestibules: "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog."

Din. (*aside*). Behold the spring! How all blooming it is! how fragrantly does it smell! how brightly does it shine.

Phron. Why so ill-mannered, as not, on your arrival from Lemnos[1], to give a kiss to your mistress, my Dinarchus?

Din. (*aside*). O dear, by my troth, I'm being punished now, and most terribly——

Phron. Why do you turn yourself away?

Din. My greetings to you, Phronesium.

Phron. Greetings to you *as well*. Will you dine here to-day, as you've arrived in safety?

Din. I'm engaged. Phron. Where will you dine *then?*

Din. Wherever you request me; here.

Phron. You'll give me pleasure by doing so. (*They take their places at a collation spread before the house.*)

Din. I' troth, myself still more. You'll give me your company to-day, I suppose, my Phronesium?

Phron. If it could possibly be done, I would.

Din. Give me my shoes[2] *then*—make haste, remove the table. Phron. Are you in your senses, pray?

Din. By heavens, I cannot drink now; so sick at heart am I. Phron. Stay; something shall be done. Don't go.

Din. Ah, you've refreshed me with *cold* water! My senses have now returned. Take off my shoes[3]; give me something to drink.

Phron. By my faith, you are just the same that you used to be. But tell me, have you sped successfully?

Din. I' troth, successfully *enough*, indeed, hither to you, inasmuch as I enjoy the opportunity of seeing you.

Phron. Embrace me *then*. Din. With pleasure. (*He*

[1] *From Lemnos*)—Ver. 353. This may be intended as a hit at the people of Lemnos, who were remarkable for their rude and unpolished manners.

[2] *Give me my shoes*)—Ver. 362. "Soleas." These were a kind of slipper or sandal much in use among the Romans in the house; but it was considered effeminate to wear them in the street. They were taken off when persons reclined on the "triclinia," or couches, at meals. Dinarchus is calling to the servant to fetch his slippers, as he is going to leave the entertainment given him on his return by Phronesium. This appears to be set out on the stage in the front of the house; but there is probably some portion of the Play lost here, in which Phronesium orders it to be laid out. The last Scene in the Asinaria is somewhat similar.

[3] *Take off my shoes*)—Ver. 365. This he says to the servant whose duty it was to take off the slippers of the guests before they reclined. Limiers suggests, most probably incorrectly, that this is going on inside of Phronesium's house, and that the door is opened wide, so that the Audience can see in.

embraces her.) Oh, this is honey sweeter than sweet honey In this, Jove, my fortune does exceed thine own!

PHRON. Won't you give me a kiss?

DIN. Aye, ten even. (*Kisses her.*)

PHRON. You are not niggardly in that. You promise more than I ask of you. (*Turns away her head.*)

DIN. I only wish that from the first I had been as sparing of my property, as you are now thrifty of your kisses.

PHRON. If I could possibly cause you any saving, i' troth, I could wish it done.

DIN. Have you bathed then? PHRON. I' troth, indeed I have then, to my own satisfaction and that of my eyes. Do I seem to be loathsome to you?

DIN. I' faith, not to myself indeed; but I remember that there was once a time when between ourselves we were loathsome[1], the one to the other. But what doing of yours is this I've heard upon my arrival? What new matter have you been scheming here in my absence?

PHRON. Why, what is it? DIN. In the first place, that you've been blessed with children, and that you've safely got over it, I'm delighted.

PHRON. (*to some* ATTENDANTS *near the door*). Go you away from there into the house, and shut the door. (*They go in, and shut the door.*) You now alone are left to be present at my communication; to you I've ever entrusted my designs. For my own part, I've neither had any child nor have I been pregnant; but I've pretended that I was pregnant; I wasn't *though.*

DIN. For what reason, O my life?

PHRON. On account of a Babylonian Captain, who kept me as though his wife for a year, while he was here.

DIN. *That* I knew. But what means this? For what purpose was your design in pretending this?

PHRON. That there might be a certain bond and tie[2] for him to be returning to me again. Now he has lately sent me a letter hither, that he'll make trial how much I value

[1] *Were loathsome*)—Ver. 379. "Sorderemus unus alteri;" he to her because he had spent all his money, she to him for her covetousness and ill-nature.

[2] *And tie*)—Ver. 393. "Redimiculum." The "redimicula" were, properly strings or ribbons which fell on the shoulders from the "mitra" or headdress of females, and were probably used for the purpose of tying it under the chin. They hung down on each side, over the breast.

him. If I should raise and bring up *the child* which I should bear, that *then* I should have all his property.

Din. I listen with pleasure. In fine, what is it you are contriving?

Phron. My mother ordered the servant-maids, since now the tenth month is arriving close at hand, each to go in some different direction, to seek out and bespeak a boy or a girl, to be passed off as my own. Why need I make many words? You know Syra, the female hair-dresser[1], who now lives hard by our house?

Din. I know her. Phron. She, with the utmost care, went about among the families, *and* secretly found out a child, *and* brought it to me. She said it was given to her.

Din. O shocking traffic! She then hasn't borne this child who at first did bear it, but you who come afterwards.

Phron. You have the whole matter in its order. Now, as the Captain has sent a message before to me, he'll be here no long time hence.

Din. Now, in the mean time, you are treating yourself here as though one who had just lain in?

Phron. Why not, when, without trouble, the matter can be nicely managed? It's proper that every one should be alive at his own trade.

Din. What's to become of me when the Captain comes? Forsaken, can I live without you?

Phron. When I've got from him that which I want, I shall easily find a way how to create discord and a separation between us; after that, my delight, I shall be always at your side.

Din. Aye, faith, but I'd rather it were at my couch[2].

Phron. Moreover, I wish to sacrifice to-day to the Deities for the child, on *this* the fifth day[3], as is proper to be done.

Din. I think *you ought.* Phron. Can't you venture to give me some trifling present?

[1] *The female hair-dresser*)—Ver. 403. "Tonstricem." Warner translates the word "tonstrix," "tire-woman;" but the real meaning is, "a female hair-dresser" or "barber." They were women who used to cut the hair and pare the nails of females.

[2] *At my couch*)—Ver. 420. "Adcubuo." There is a play on the resemblance of this word to that used by her, "adsiduo," "at your side."

[3] *On this the fifth day*)—Ver. 422. The Greeks sacrificed to the Gods and named their children on the fifth day after their birth; the Romans on the ninth, if a male, on the eighth, if a female.

Din. Upon my faith, my delight, I seem to be making a gain for myself when you ask anything of me.

Phron. (*aside*). And I, when I've got it.

Din. I'll take care it shall be here just now. I'll send my servant hither. Phron. Do so.

Din. But whatever it shall be, do take it in good part.

Phron. I' troth, I'm sure that you'll give all attention to your present, of which I shan't be ashamed so long as you send it to me.

Din. Do you wish anything else of me? Phron. That, when you have leisure, you'll come again to see me.

Din. Fare you well.

Phron. Farewell. (*Goes into her house.*)

Din. (*to himself*). O immortal Gods! 'twere the part not of a woman in love, but of a partner of kindred feelings *and* confiding, to do what she just now has done for me, in disclosing to me the palming of the child *upon the Captain*,—a thing that a sister entrusts not to her own born sister. She discloses herself now to me from her very soul, that she will never prove faithless to me so long as she exists. Ought I not to love her? Ought I not to wish her well? I'll rather not love myself, than that love should be wanting for her. Shall I not send her a present? This instant, then, I'll order five minæ to be brought to her from my house, besides catering to the amount of a mina at least. Much rather shall kindness be shown to her who wishes kindly to me, than to myself, who do every mischief to myself. (*Exit.*

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Phronesium, *from her house.*

Phron. (*speaking at the door to the* Servants *within*). Give the breast to that child. (*To herself, coming forward.*) How wretchedly and anxiously are mothers[1] distressed in mind. I' faith, 'twas craftily contrived; and when I revolve this matter in my mind, we are accounted to be much less artful than we naturally are in disposition. I'm *now* speaking of what, but lately, for the first time, I've been taught at home; how great is my anxiety of mind, what pangs I do feel in my heart, lest through the death of the child the

[1] *Anxiously are mothers*)—Ver 448. This, of course, she says ironically, with a smile on her face.

plot should fail. Because I'm styled its mother, for that reason am I the more anxious for its life, who have ventured *thus* secretly to attempt a stratagem so great. In my avarice, for the sake of gain, have I entered on this disgraceful scheme; the pangs of others have I falsely shammed for myself. You must attempt nothing by craftiness, unless you would carry it out with cunning and with care. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) You yourselves now see in what garb[1] I go; I'm now pretending that I'm an invalid from having lain in. A thing that a woman attempts to do in fraud, unless she is perfect in carrying it out, that same is *as bad as* disease to her, that same is *as bad as* old age to her, that to her, wretched creature, is wretchedness: if she begins to do what's right, soon does weariness of it overtake her. How very few are tired who have commenced to do what's wrong; how very few carry it out, if they have commenced to do anything aright. To a female it is a much less burden to do bad than good. In that I'm an artful one, through the agency of my mother[2] and my own artful disposition am I artful, who have *thus* feigned to the Babylonian Captain that I am pregnant. I wish now the Captain may find this artful plot concocted well. He'll be here no long time hence, I suppose; forewarned of that I'm now forearmed, and I'm wearing this garb, as though I had just lain in in pregnancy. (*Calls to the* SERVANTS *within.*) Bring me hither some myrrh and fire for the altar, that I may pay adoration to my Lucina. (*They bring it.*) Place it here (*pointing to an altar near the door*), and go out of my sight. Ho there! Pithecium, help me to lay me down. Come hither; thus is it proper to help one who has just lain in. (*A couch is brought in by* ASTAPHIUM *and two* HANDMAIDS, *and she lays herself down.*) Take off my sandals; throw a coverlet here over me, Archylis. Astaphium, where are you? Bring me hither, holy herbs, frankincense, and sweetmeats. Bring water for my hands. (*The* SERVANTS *go and fetch the things as ordered.*) Now, i' faith, I could wish that the Captain should come. (*The* SERVANTS *stand aside.*)

[1] *In what garb*)—Ver. 461. She alludes to the dress she is wearing—that of a woman who has just lain in.

[2] *Agency of my mother*)—Ver. 469. This may, perhaps, mean the Procuress who had instructed her in her evil ways. These wretches were generally thus called by their disciples.

Scene II.—*Enter* Stratophanes, *at a distance, followed by a* Servant *and several* Female Slaves.

Strat. (*to the* Audience). Don't you be expecting, Spectators, that I should recount my combats; with my hands in battle I'm wont to recount *them, and* not in words. I know that many a soldier have told lies; both the Homeric poetlings[1], and a thousand others besides them could be named, who have been both convicted and condemned for their sham battles. He's not to be commended who trusts another any further than he sees. It pleases me not when those commend more who hear than those who see; of more value is one eye-witness than ten hearsays. Those who hear, speak of what they've heard; those who see, know beyond mistake. I like him not whom the town-gossips[2] are praising, *and* the men of his maniple are mum about; nor yet those whose tongues at home make blunt the edge[3] of our swords. The valiant are much more serviceable to the public than the eloquent and skilled. Valour easily finds for itself a fluent eloquence; without valour, for my own part, I esteem an eloquent citizen as a hired mourner[4], who praises other people, but can't do the same for herself. Now, after ten months, am I come to Athens of Attica to see my mistress, how she gets on, whom I left pregnant by my embrace.

Phron. (*raising herself on the couch, and speaking to* Astaphium). See who's talking.

Ast. (*coming forward, and looking about*). The Captain's now close at hand, my *mistress* Phronesium: Stratophanes is coming to you. (*In a low voice.*) Now is it requisite for you to pretend yourself an invalid.

Phron. (*in a low voice*). Hold your tongue. What, the

[1] *Homeric poetlings*)—Ver. 483. By "Homeronidæ," he probably means "wretched imitators of Homer."

[2] *Whom the town-gossips*)—Ver. 489. He does not admire those would-be heroes whose praises are in the mouths of the gossips about town (scurræ), but whose achievements are never witnessed by the soldiers who serve under their command (manipulares).

[3] *Make blunt the edge*)—Ver. 490. This remark might, perhaps, with some justice be applied to some of the senators of modern times; whose fault it certainly is not if their tongues fail to blunt the edge of the swords of their countrymen when fighting the battles of their fellow-citizens "who live at home at ease."

[4] *A hired mourner*)—Ver. 493. The "præficæ" were the women who chanted the "nænia." See the Note to l. 213.

plague, do I want you for as an adviser in this matter? Is it possible to excel myself in craftiness?

STRAT. (*to himself*). Madam's brought to bed, as I fancy.

AST. (*in a low voice*). Would you like me to accost the gentleman?

PHRON. I wish you. (ASTAPHIUM *moves forward.*)

STRAT. O delightful! Why, see, here's Astaphium coming to meet me. AST. (*affecting surprise*). By all the powers! welcome to you, Stratophanes, that you're safe arrived——

STRAT. I know *it all.* But, prithee, has Phronesium been brought to bed?

AST. She has been delivered of a very fine boy.

STRAT. Is it like me at all?

AST. Do you ask the question? Why, the moment it was born, it asked for a sabre and shield for itself.

STRAT. It's my own; I know it at once from the proofs.

AST. Indeed it is extremely like *you.*

STRAT. Ye Gods above! Is it of full growth already? Has it already chosen some army which it intends to plunder?

AST. Why really, it was only born five days ago.

STRAT. What then, after *it was born?* After so many days, i' faith, something really ought by this time to have been done. What business had it to leave the womb before it could go forth to battle?

AST. Follow me, and wish her joy, and congratulate her.

STRAT. I follow. (*They move to the other side of the stage.*)

PHRON. (*in a faint voice*). Prithee, where is she who has left me here and forsaken me? AST. I'm here; I'm bringing you Stratophanes, so much longed for by you.

PHRON. Prithee, where is he?

STRAT. (*going close to the couch*). Mars, on his arrival from abroad, salutes Neriene his spouse[1]. Since you've well got over it, and since you've been blest with offspring, I congratulate you in that you have given birth to a great glory to me and to yourself.

PHRON. Welcome to you, you who have almost deprived me of life and light; and who have, for your own gratification, centred in my body the cause of great anguish, with the pangs of which I'm even now dreadfully afflicted.

STRAT. Well, well; not to your misfortune, my love, do

[1] *Neriene his spouse*)—Ver. 513. Aulus Gellius also mentions Neria, or Neriene as the wife of Mars.

these pains befall you. You've brought forth a son who'll be filling your house with plunder.

PHRON. By the powers, there's very much greater need to have our granaries well filled with wheat; lest, before he takes the plunder, hunger should be putting an end to us here.

STRAT. Be of good heart.

PHRON. Do, please, take a kiss from me here. I cannot lift up my head; such pain I've felt, and in such pain I now am; and I cannot as yet, of my own strength, walk upon my feet.

STRAT. (*stooping down, and kissing her*). If, right from the middle of the sea, you were to order me to take a kiss from you, I would not hesitate to fetch it, my sweet. You've experienced it *already* so to be; and now shall you experience it, my Phronesium, that I do dote upon you. (*Pointing to a distance behind him.*) See there, I've brought you two female slaves from Syria; I present you with them. (*To a* SERVANT *behind him.*) Do you bring those women this way. Now, these were both of them queens at their own homes; but with *my own* hand I laid waste their country, I present you with them. (*Handing them forward to her.*)

PHRON. Are you dissatisfied with the number of female slaves I have already, that you must be still making additions to the number, to be devouring food for me?

STRAT. I' troth, if this indeed isn't acceptable to you, you boy (*beckoning to the* SERVANT), do you give me that bag. See here, my love, I've brought this mantle from Panchæa[1] for you. Take it for yourself. (*He presents it to her.*)

PHRON. What, is so little as this to be given me in return for pain so great?

STRAT. (*aside*). I' faith, to my misfortune, I'm undone! My son's already costing me his weight in gold. (*To* PHRONESIUM.) Do you still set such little value on me? I've brought you a purple garment from Sarra[2], and two pretty ones from Pontus. (*Takes the garments from the* SERVANT, *and presents them.*) Take *this* for yourself, my love. (*To the* SERVANT.) Take those Syrian women hence out of my sight. (*The* SERVANT *takes them into the house.*) Do you love me at all?

[1] *From Panchæa*)—Ver. 534. Panchæa was a district of Arabia Felix, which was said to produce frankincense.

[2] *From Sarra*)—Ver. 537. Sarra was a name of the city of Tyre, which was so called from the "murex," or shell-fish, from which the Tyrian purple was extracted, and which, in the Phœnician language, was called by that name.

PHRON. Not at all, i' faith; nor do you deserve it.

STRAT. (*aside*). What, is nothing enough for her? Really, to myself she hasn't even said one word. I do believe that these presents would sell for more than twenty minæ, which I have given her. Now she's desperately enraged with me; I perceive and understand it; but I'll address her *still*. (*To* PHRONESIUM.) What say you then? Do you wish me, my love, to go to dinner where I was invited, *and* after that to return hither to your house to sleep? Why are you silent? (*Aside.*) I' troth, beyond a doubt, I'm undone. But what fine affair is this? Who's this fellow that's leading such a long train? I'm resolved to watch whither they are taking it. It's being brought to her, I do believe; but I'll soon know more. (*He stands at a distance.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* GETA, *at a distance, followed by* SLAVES *with presents from* DINARCHUS.

GETA. Get on, get on this way together with you, mules laden with money only to be squandered, *you* emptyers out of the house, *you* carriers off of property by waggon-loads! (*To the* AUDIENCE.) And can't he who is in love do without being good for nought, and cleaning himself out by his disgraceful practices? But how I know this, don't any one be asking that of me; we've a lover at home, who's engaged in disgraceful pursuits; who esteems property just as dung: he's in dread of the public *officers*[1]; most cleanly *in his ways* is he. He wishes his house to be cleaned out; whatever he has at home, it's swept completely "dehors[2]." Since he himself is sending his own self to ruin, for my part, i' faith, I'll help him by stealth, and not through my assistance, indeed, shall he be ruined e'en a bit the less speedily than he may. For now from these provisions, from the one mina I've just now abstracted five didrachms; I've deducted for myself the Herculean share[3].

[1] *The public officers*)—Ver. 555. "Publicos," "the public officers." He alludes to the Ædiles, whose duty it was to see that the streets and houses were kept clean and free from nuisances.

[2] *Dehors*)—Ver. 556. In the text, ἔξω. The Greek word is used just in the way we should employ the French word "dehors," of like meaning.

[3] *Herculean share*)—Ver. 560. "Herculaneam." The share of Hercules, which was the tithe or tenth. From this passage it is clear, beyond all doubt, that 'nummus" means a "didrachm," as he makes five of them the tenth part of a 'mina," which consisted of one hundred drachmæ.

But this is just like as though a person should turn off a stream for himself from a river; if it is not turned off into a channel, still all that water would go into the sea. For this is going into the sea, and is being utterly wasted to no good purpose whatever. When I see these things going on, I pilfer, I purloin, from plunder I plunder take. I take a harlot to be just like what the sea is; what you give her she swallows down, and yet never overflows. But this at least the sea does preserve; what's in it is seen. Give her as much as ever you please, it's never seen either by the giver or the acceptor. For instance, *this* harlot by her blandishments has reduced my poor master to poverty; has robbed him of fortune, life, honor, and friends. (*Catching sight of her.*) Heyday! why look, she's close by. I do think she has heard me saying *all* this. She's pale, as she has been delivered of a child. I'll address her, as though I didn't know her. (*Addressing* PHRONESIUM.) I present you my respects.

PHRON. Our Geta, what is it you're about? How are you?

GETA. I'm well, and I'm come to one who's not so well, and I'm bringing something with which she may get well. My master, the apple of your eye, bade me bring these presents to you, which you see those persons carrying, and these five minæ of silver.

PHRON. I' faith, it's not thrown away, that I'm so very fond of him.

GETA. He bade me beg that you would accept these in kind part.

PHRON. I' troth, I do accept them kindly and thankfully. (*To* CYAMUS, *who comes out of the house.*) Go, Cyamus, *and* order them to be taken in-doors. Do you hear at all this which has been ordered? (*The* SERVANTS *take up the things.*)

GETA. I don't want them to take away the vessels; I'd like to have them emptied.

PHRON. An impudent fellow, i' faith, how busy he is.

GETA. What? do you say that I'm impudent, you who yourself are a receptacle of villany?

PHRON. Tell me, I beg of you, where is Dinarchus?

GETA. At home. PHRON. Tell him, that, for these presents which he has sent me, I love him the most of all men, *and that* in return I hold him in the highest esteem of all, and entreat that he will come hither *to me.*

GETA. This instant. But who's that person, pray (*looking*

towards STRATOPHANES), that's devouring himself[1], scowling with malignant eyes? I' faith, the man's distressed in his mind, whoever he is.

PHRON. I' troth, he's deserving of it.

GETA. What's the matter? PHRON. Prithee, don't you know? He that's yonder used to live with me; he, there, is the father of my child. He ordered it to be brought up till *about* a before-daylight breakfast[2]. I waited *his* coming, I listened to *his injunctions;* I attended to *the child.*

GETA. The good-for-nothing fellow that I knew so well, prithee, is that he?

PHRON. That's he. GETA. He looks at me as he groans. He heaved a sigh from the very bottom of his breast. Observe that *now;* he gnashes his teeth; he strikes his thigh. Prithee, is he deranged[3], that he's beating his own self?

STRAT. (*coming forward*). Now will I at once summon up my ungovernable indignation and my wrath from my breast! (*To* GETA.) Say, whence are you? To whom do you belong? Why have you dared to speak rudely against me?

GETA. It's my pleasure. STRAT. Do you answer me in that way?

GETA. In this way (*snaps his fingers*); I don't care one straw for you.

STRAT. (*to* PHRONESIUM). What *say* you? Why have you dared to say that you love another man?

PHRON. I chose to. STRAT. Say you so, indeed? I'll first make trial of that. Do you, for the sake of such a shabby present, vegetables, and comestibles, and vinegar-water, bestow your love upon an effeminate, frizzle-pated

[1] *Devouring himself*)—Ver. 591. Either he means, that, to judge from his looks, he is feeding upon his spleen; or else, the Captain is standing on one side, gnawing his finger-nails from vexation.

[2] *Before-daylight breakfast*)—Ver. 594. This passage is probably in a corrupt state. If it is not, her meaning seems to be, that the Captain didn't care much about his child, but took care about its support for a very short period, and no longer. Perhaps, as "jentaculum" meant "an early meal, taken before daylight," she may intend to hint that the Captain, on hearing of her pregnancy, interested himself in her offspring, and contributed to her support and that of the child in the embryo state; but that after it came to light, and required a meal (to speak figuratively), beyond the period of the "jentaculum," he took no notice of it, but was ready to allow it to starve.

[3] *Is he deranged*)—Ver. 599. "Hariolus." Literally, "a soothsayer," or "diviner." In their prophetic frenzy, these persons often had the appearance of being mad, and were so considered.

dark-haunt frequenting, drum-drubbing debauchee[1], a fellow not worth a nutshell?

GETA. What new thing's this? Do you dare, you rogue, to speak ill of my master, you spring-head of vice and perjury?

STRAT. Add a single word to that; by the powers, I'll that instant here with this cut you up into mincemeat upon the spot. (*Shaking his sword at him.*)

GETA. Only touch me; I'll that instant be making a lamb of you on the spot, and I'll slice you asunder in the middle. If you have the renown of a warrior with your troops, still I'm a Mars[2] in the kitchen.

PHRON. (*to* STRATOPHANES). If you did the thing that's right, you'd not be abusing my visitors, whose gifts I hold as acceptable and pleasing, and your own which I have received of you as unacceptable.

STRAT. Then, i' faith, I'm both deprived of my presents and undone *as well!*

GETA. Clearly it is so. PHRON. Why then are you now here, with your annoyance, who confess that you are worsted in every point?

STRAT. (*aside*). I' faith, I'm this day undone, if I don't drive this fellow away from you. (*He approaches* GETA.)

GETA. (*holding up his fist*). Only approach this way; only step this way!

STRAT. Scoundrelly fellow, threatening even? Whom this very, very, very instant I'll be chopping up into splinters. What business have you coming here? What business have you to approach her? (*Pointing to* PHRONESIUM.) What business have you, I say, to be knowing my mistress? You shall die this instant if you make the slightest movement with your hand.

GETA. Why shouldn't I move my hand?

STRAT. Do as I commanded; stop; I'll this instant cut you up into mincemeat on the spot.

[1] *Drum-drubbing debauchee*)—Ver. 608. "Typanotriba." Literally, "drum," or "tambourine beater." He alludes to the eunuch-priests of Cybele, who used to beat tambourines in her procession—probably in allusion to debauchees, emasculated by riot and dissipation.

[2] *A Mars*)—Ver. 613. In the text "Ares." This was the Greek name of Mars the God of War.

GETA. (*aside*). I'm done for. STRAT. 'Twere best *to be off*.
GETA. It's a ticklish point; you have a longer sword there than this is (*pointing to a knife in his girdle*); but just let me go seek a spit, if indeed I must be having a battle with you. I'll be off home. Warrior, for *me and* you I'll choose an impartial judge. (*Aside.*) But why am I delaying to betake myself off hence, while with a safe inside I may? (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—PHRONESIUM *and* STRATOPHANES.

PHRON. (*to her* SERVANTS). Give me my sandals[1], and take me at once in-doors; for my head aches shockingly from the air.
STRAT. What's to become of me, to whom the two female slaves cause ache *enough*, with which I presented you? (PHRONESIUM *is led into the house.*) Are you off then? Well, thus one's used in return. How can you possibly shut me out. (*The door is slammed to.*) Prithee, can anything be more clear than that I'm now shut out? I'm finely fooled. Be it so. With how little difficulty (*placing his foot against the door*) might I now be persuaded to break the ankles of this entire mansion! Do the manners of covetous women change at all? Since she has brought forth a son, she has plucked her spirit up. Now it's as though she said to me, "I neither ask you nor forbid you to come into the house." But I won't—I shan't go—I'll make her to be saying in a very few days that I'm a cruel man. (*To his* ATTENDANTS.) Follow me this way. A word's enough. (*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter STRABAX.

STRAB. (*to himself*). One morning a short time since my father ordered me to go hence, to deal out the mast for food for the oxen. After I got there a person arrived at the farm-house (so it pleased the Gods), who was owing money to my father, who had *formerly* purchased some Tarentine sheep of my father; he asked for my father; I said he was in the city;

[1] *My sandals*)—Ver. 628. She gets up from the couch where she has been reclining before her house, and calls for her sandals. Sandals were generally worn by women alone, and the use of them in public by the other sex was regarded as effeminate. Cicero censures Verres and Clodius for wearing them.

I enquired what he wanted with him. The fellow takes a purse from off his neck, *and* gives me twenty minæ; with pleasure I receive *them, and* stow *them* in my purse; these bad sheep[1], the minæ, have I brought in my purse hither to the city. By my troth, Mars has proved very angry with my father; for his sheep are not very far away from the wolves[2]. Now, with this *one* stroke shall I send adrift those finical town gallants, and be bundling them all out of doors. My father, in the first place, I'm quite resolved to ruin, root and branch; then next in turn, my mother. Now to-day I'll carry this money to her whom I love more than my own mother. (*Goes towards the door of* PHRONESIUM, *and knocks.*) Hillo there—is any one *here?* There's not a woman. Is any one going to open this door?

ASTAPHIUM *opens the door.*

AST. Why so a stranger, pray, my *dear* Strabax? Why don't you come in at once? Ought you to have been doing so, you, indeed, who are *so* intimate?

STRAB. I'll go *in then*, that you mayn't think I'm loitering. (*Goes into the house.*)

AST. You act obligingly.

SCENE II.—*Enter* STRATILAX.

STRAT. (*to himself*). It seems marvellous to me, that Strabax, my master's son, hasn't returned from the country, unless perchance he has slily slipt in here into this den of corruption of his.

AST. (*aside*). Now, faith, he'll be roaring at me if he espies me.

STRAT. I'm much less savage now, Astaphium, than I was

[1] *These bad sheep*)—Ver. 650. "Perperas." Literally, "worthless," as having no fleece on them. He is alluding to the common pun upon "mina," the sum of money so denominated, and "mina," the sheep that had no fleece on the belly and he calls the former by the latter appellation. See the Pseudolus, l. 329, and the Bacchides, l. 1129, and the Notes.

[2] *Far away from the wolves*)—Ver. 653. Still calling the money "oves," "sheep," he says that they are not far off from the wolves—alluding to Phronesium, for whom they were destined by him. The pun is improved by the fact that Courtesans were frequently termed "lupæ," "she-wolves." He not improbably mentions Mars, because he was the father of Romulus and Remus, and might be supposed to be indebted to the she-wolf for suckling his children, when exposed by the order of Amulius.

before: I'm not churlish now; don't thee fear. (*She runs to a distance.*) What wouldst thee be at? What?

Ast. What, *say you? Why*, I'm waiting for your churlishness.

Strat. Say, command me what thee dost please, and in what way thee dost please. I've got all my manners anew: my old ones I've parted with. I can e'en fall in love, or take a mistress now.

Ast. Upon my faith, you do tell me fine news. But tell me, have you —— ?

Strat. A mistress[1], perhaps, thee means.

Ast. You've understood nicely what I meant to say.

Strat. Hark you, since I've been so many times backwards and forwards to the city, I've become quite a chatterer; I'm now a right good stalker[2].

Ast. Prithee, what's that? That's nonsense; perhaps you intend to mean "talking."

Strat. Just so; it differs mighty little from stalking.

Ast. Prithee, do follow me in-doors, my love.

Strat. (*holding out some money to her*). Take this for thyself; keep it as a ledger[3] for thee, that thee mayst give me thy company this night.

Ast. (*taking the money*). You are the death of me, with your "ledger." What kind of beast am I to say that is? Why don't you say "pledge?"

Strat. The "r" I make a saving of; just as the Prænestines[4] have "conia," for "ciconia."

[1] *A mistress*)—Ver. 674. "Parasitum." This word, if the correct reading, cannot mean anything else than "a mistress" here, in which sense Lambinus asserts that it was sometimes used. If that is not the case, we must be content to agree with Schmieder, that the passage is corrupt.

[2] *Right good stalker*)—Ver. 678. He means to say "cavillator," a "chatterer;" but instead thereof, mispronouncing the word, he calls it "caullator," which was perhaps a word of no meaning; it has been translated "stalker," from its resemblance to "caulis," "a stalk."

[3] *As a ledger*)—Ver. 683. In his bungling, he calls "arrhabo," a "pledge" or "earnest," "rhabo," which had no meaning. Of course this cannot be literally translated, but something tantamount is given in the Translation, in order to convey the spirit, by making him miscall "pledge" "ledger."

[4] *The Prænestines*)—Ver. 686. In the Trinummus, l. 609, he jokes at the expense of the people of Præneste, for using the expression "tammodo." Here he says that they were in the habit of calling "ciconia," a "stork," "conia." They are also alluded to, apparently as braggarts, in the Fragment at the beginning of the Bacchides.

Ast. Prithee, do follow me. Strat. I'll wait here a little for Strabax, till he comes from the farm.

Ast. Why, Strabax is at our house. He has just come from the farm.

Strat. What, before *he went* to his own mother? Alas, the man's worth nought, i' faith.

Ast. What now, your old habit?

Strat. Well, I'll say nought. Ast. Prithee, do come in-doors. Give me your hand. (*Takes his hand.*)

Strat. *Well*, take it. (*To the* Audience.) I'm being led off into a public-house, where I shall be but poorly entertained for my money. (*They go into the house of* Phronesium.)

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. (*to himself*). There's not a person born, nor will there be born, nor can there be found one, to whom I would now wish praises to be given, or on whom attentions bestowed, rather than on Venus. Ye great Gods, how joyous I am, and how I'm transported with joyousness! Such great tidings of joy has Cyamus brought to me this day; that my presents have been esteemed and deemed acceptable by Phronesium. While this now is a delight, then besides this in especial is rare honey-drink to me, that the Captain's *presents* are held as disagreable and not acceptable. I'm all enraptured! The ball's my own[1]; if the Captain's sent adrift, the woman will be mine. I'm saved, because I'm going to ruin; if I didn't go to ruin, it's clear I should die. Now I'll keep watch, what's going on there, who goes into the house, who comes out of doors; from here at a distance will I observe what is to be my lot. Because I've got nothing, my feelings remind me of one thing; I'll do everything by begging.

Scene II.—*Enter* Astaphium, *from the house of* Phronesium.

Ast. (*speaking to her* Mistress *as she comes out*). I'll cleverly do my duty, mistress; do you only take care that in-doors

[1] *The ball's my own*)—Ver. 701. "Mea pila est." A figure derived from the game of bandy-ball, which appears to have been played by striking the ball with the fists, as we do with the feet. See the Rudens, l. 721, and the Note. We have a similar proverbial saying: "He has the ball at his foot."

you do yours as well; love that which you ought, your own interest; clean that fellow thoroughly out. Now, while it pleases the fellow, while he has got *something*, adapt the opportunity to that purpose. Display all your charms to your lover that you may heighten his joys. I meantime will stay here behind and watch at this *door* so long as he is thus transporting *his presents* home to you; nor, in the meantime, will I admit any one from there to you who may cause you annoyance. Do you go on, just as you please. Are you not diddling these fellows?

DIN. How now, Astaphium, tell me, who is this fellow that's on the road to ruin?

AST. Prithee, were you here?

DIN. What—am I troublesome?

AST. More now than you were; for unless a person is of use to us, he is troublesome to us. But, prithee, do lend me your attention, that I may say what I want.

DIN. Why, what is it? Does it concern myself?

AST. Not a rap. But what hauls he is making present of in-doors. DIN. How? Some new lover?

AST. A fresh one, and a brimming treasure she has hit upon.

DIN. Who is he?

AST. I'll tell you, but you be mum. Don't you know this Strabax? (*Pointing to his* FATHER'S *house.*)

DIN. Why shouldn't I?

AST. He alone rules the roast here at our house. He just now is a landed estate to us. With *right* good spirit is he wantonly wasting away his property.

DIN. He's on the road to ruin; i' faith, I, too, have come to ruin. AST. You are a simpleton, to expect with words to make undone what is done.

DIN. Even Thetis, too, in weeping, made lamentation for her son. Can I not now be admitted in-doors to your house?

AST. Why so rather than the Captain?

DIN. Why, because I've given more.

AST. But you were admitted more, when you were giving *more;* let those who give, in return for that which they give enjoy our services. You've learnt your letters; since you know them *yourself*, let others learn them.

DIN. Let them learn, so long as it is allowed me to con my lesson, that I may not forget what I have paid for.

Ast. In the meantime, while you, *who are* a master, shall be conning your lesson, she, as well, is desirous to con hers.

Din. How so? Ast. In receiving money ever and anon.

Din. For my own part, this very day I gave five minæ of silver to be carried to her, besides one for provisions.

Ast. I know that the same was brought; with it we are now enjoying ourselves upon your liberality.

Din. For these enemies *of mine* here to be devouring my property! By heavens, I'd rather that I were dead than submit to that!

Ast. You are a simpleton. Din. How's that?

Ast. Wait. Din. Why so?

Ast. Because, I' troth, I'd rather that my enemies should envy me, than I my enemies; for to envy because it goes well with another, *and* goes badly with yourself, is wretchedness. Those who are envious, are in want; they who are envied, possess property.

Din. May I not be a partaker of the provisions bought with the mina?

Ast. If you wanted to be a partaker, you should have taken half home. For here an account of the receipts is entered just as at Acheron; we take in-doors; when it's got *by us*, it can't be carried out of doors. (*Turning on her heel.*) Kindly farewell.

Din. (*catching hold of her*). Do stay.

Ast. (*struggling*). Let me go! Leave off!

Din. Do let me go in. Ast. Yes, to your own house.

Din. Aye, but here into your house.

Ast. You cannot go.

Din. I can, very well. Do let me try.

Ast. No, wait here; it's *sheer* violence to try. I'd say that you are here, if she wasn't engaged. (*Runs to the door.*)

Din. Ha! Do stop! Ast. It's of no use.

Din. Are you going to return or not?

Ast. I'd return, but a voice is calling me that has more influence with me than you have.

Din. In one word I'll say it. You'll receive me?

Ast. You are telling a lie—be off. One word, you said; but now three words have you uttered, and *those* untrue. (*Goes into the house, and shuts the door.*)

Din. (*to himself*). She's off, *and* she's gone hence in-doors.

That I should endure these things to be done to me. By heavens, enticer, with my cries I'll be exposing you to ridicule in the street, you who, contrary to law, have received money from many a one. Upon my faith, I'll forthwith cause your name to be before every magistrate[1], and after that I'll sue you for fourfold[2], you sorceress, you kidnapper of children. By the powers, I'll now disclose all your disgraceful deeds. Worthless creature that I am, who have lost everything I had! I'm become desperate, and now I haven't the slightest bit of concern what shoes I wear[3]. But why am I crying here? What, suppose she were to order me to be let in? I could swear in solemn form that I wouldn't do it if she wished. It's nonsense. If you thump a goad with your fists, your hands are hurt the most. It's no good to be angry at a thing of nothing; *a creature* that doesn't value you a straw. (*Starting.*) But what's this? O immortal Gods, I see old Callicles, him who was my connexion by marriage[4], bringing two female slaves in bonds, the one the hair-dresser of this *Phronesium*, the other his own servant-maid. I'm greatly alarmed! inasmuch as one care has so recently taken possession of my heart, I'm afraid lest all my former misdeeds should be discovered. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* CALLICLES, *attended by* SLAVES, *with his* MAID-SERVANT *and* SYRA, *bound.*

CALL. (*to his* SERVANT). Do I use ill language to you, or do I wish you so very ill? According to my ideas, you have *both* pretty well experienced how mild and gentle a

[1] *Before every magistrate*)—Ver. 757. He probably alludes to the Prætor and the Triumviri; which last magistrates had especial jurisdiction over the conduct of courtesans.

[2] *Sue you for fourfold*)—Ver. 758. He will sue her for a fourfold return, which, in cases of fraud and extortion, a person was sometimes condemned to make.

[3] *What shoes I wear*)—Ver. 761. The Romans were very particular as to their dress in the street, and they were especially careful not to wear the shoes which they used in-doors, nor such as were too big, or fitted loosely to the feet. Ovid says, in the Art of Love, B. 1. l. 516, "let not your foot wallop about, losing itself in the shoe, down at heel," enjoining the men to be careful on this point. The expression is used figuratively here, signifying that he will throw off all regard for appearances.

[4] *Was my connexion by marriage*)—Ver. 767. He probably calls him "adfinis," or "connexion," from the fact of himself having been formerly betrothed to his daughter.

person I am. I interrogated you *both*, as you were lashed and hanging up *by the arms;* I well remember it; the way in which you quite confessed each point, I know. Here now, I wish in the same way to learn; do you confess without a punishment. Although you are both of you of the serpent nature, I tell you beforehand, you mustn't be having double tongues, lest with your two tongues I should be putting you to death; unless, perhaps, you wish to be taken to the men who go clink, clink[1].

MAID. Violence forces me to confess the truth; the thongs do so gall my arms. CALL. But, if you confess the truth to me, you shall be relieved from the chains.

DIN. (*apart*). Even now, what's the matter, I'm at a loss to know and uncertain; except that still I'm afraid.

SYRA. What I've done wrong I know not.

CALL. First of all, then, you stand apart. (*They stand apart.*) Aye, so; that's what I mean; that you mayn't be making signs between you, I'll be a party-wall. (*To his* MAID-SERVANT.) Speak you.

MAID. What am I to speak about?

CALL. What was done with the child that my daughter was delivered of? My grandchild, *I mean?* Tell me the circumstances of the case.

MAID. I gave it to her. (*Pointing to* SYRA.)

CALL. (*to the* MAID-SERVANT). Now hold your tongue. (*To* SYRA.) Did you receive the child from her?

SYRA. I did receive it.

CALL. (*to* SYRA). Hold your tongue; I want no more; you've confessed enough.

SYRA. I'm not going to deny it.

CALL. By this you've now caused some relief for your shoulder-blades. So far, the account of each of them tallies.

DIN. (*apart*). Ah wretched me! my doings are now being disclosed, which I hoped would be concealed.

CALL. (*to the* MAID-SERVANT). Speak, you. Who bade you give the child to her?

MAID. My elder mistress. CALL. (*to* SYRA). What *say* you? Why did you receive it?

[1] *Men who go clink, clink*)—Ver. 778. "Tintinnaculos." The executioners or torturers are so called, either from their putting fetters on the persons to be punished, or else from their fastening bells (tintinnabula) upon them, to prevent their running away.

SYRA. My young mistress entreated me that the child might be brought, and that all this might remain secret.

CALL. (*to* SYRA). Speak, you. What did you do with this child? SYRA. I took it to my mistress.

CALL. What did your mistress do with this child?

SYRA. Gave it at once to my mistress.

CALL. Plague on it, to what mistress?

MAID. There are two of them.

CALL. (*to the* MAID). Take you care, unless I ask you anything, only *to answer* that which I ask of you.

SYRA. The mother, I say, made a present of it to the daughter.

CALL. You are saying more than *you did* just now.

SYRA. You are asking more.

CALL. Answer me quickly; what *did* she *do*, to whom it was given? Tell me.

SYRA. She passed it off as—— CALL. Whose?

SYRA. As her own son. CALL. As her own son? Ye Gods, by my trust in you I do appeal to you, how much more easily does another than she to whom it belongs, bring forth another's child! She, by the labours of another, has brought forth *this* child without pain. A child blest indeed! two mothers it has got, and grandams two[1]. I'm now afraid how many fathers there may have been. Do see, please, the shocking deeds of women!

MAID. I' troth, this fraud relates rather to the men than to the women. 'Twas a man, and not a woman, that caused her pregnancy.

CALL. I know that too. You were a trusty guardian for it.

MAID. He can do the most, who is strong the most. He was a man; he was the strongest; he prevailed; what he wanted, he carried off.

CALL. And, i' faith, he too brought a heavy mishap, in fact, upon yourself. MAID. The thing itself experienced, I myself fully know that, even if you had held your tongue.

CALL. Never, this day, have I been able *to make* you declare who he was.

MAID (*aside, on catching sight of* DINARCHUS). I've held my tongue; but now I shan't hold my tongue, since he's here; it's necessary I should tell.

[1] *And grandams two*)—Ver. 804. Plautus must, of course, mean two grandmothers by the mother's side alone; otherwise there was nothing wonderful in a child having two grandmothers.

Din. (*apart*). I'm petrified; in my wretchedness, I dare not move myself; the matter's all out! The trial's now going on here for my life! These *are* my misdeeds, *this* is my folly. I'm in dread how soon I may be named.

Call. (*to the* Maid-servant). Speak out, who was it debauched my maiden daughter?

Maid. I see him near you. Call. Hussy, who was it?

Maid. A supporter of the wall[1].

Din. (*apart*). I'm neither alive nor dead, nor know I what I am now to do; neither know I how to go away hence, nor how to accost him; I'm numbed with fear.

Call. Will you tell me, or no? Maid. It is Dinarchus, to whom you first betrothed her.

Call. (*looking round*). Where is this person whom you mention?

Din. (*stepping forward*). Here I am, Callicles. (*Falling on the ground.*) By your knees I do entreat you that you will bear with wisdom that which was done in folly; and that you will pardon me that, which, losing my senses, I did through the bad influence of wine.

Call. You please me not. You throw the blame on what is dumb[2], that which cannot speak. But the wine, if it could speak, would defend itself. It's not wine that's in the habit of ruling men, but men wine; those, indeed, who are virtuous men; but he who is bad, although he drinks water, or if indeed he abstains from intoxicating liquors, still, by nature he's bad.

Din. Well, I'm sensible that many reproaches must be heard by me, which I would prefer not. I confess that I've offended you, *and* am privy to the crime.

Maid. Callicles, prithee beware that you do injury to no person; the accused is pleading his cause at large, the witnesses you are keeping in bonds.

Call. (*to his* Slaves): Release those women. (*They are unbound.*) Come (*to each of them in turn*), do you be off home, and you home as well. (*To* Syra.) Tell your mistress this. she must give up the child, if any one asks for it. (Syra *goes*

[1] *Supporter of the wall*)—Ver. 818. Dinarchus, in his fright, is sneaking close to the wall. The servant espying him, sneeringly calls him "patronus parieti," "the patron" or "supporter of the wall."

[2] *On what is dumb*)—Ver. 825. By throwing the blame on wine, that could not defend itself.

into the house of PHRONESIUM, *and exit the* MAID-SERVANT.) You, *Dinarchus*, let's go before the judge.

DIN. Why do you wish me to go before the judge? You are the Prætor to me. But I entreat of you, Callicles, that you'll give me your daughter for a wife.

CALL. I' faith, I find, indeed, that you've come to a decision on that point yourself; for you haven't waited till I gave her; you have helped yourself. Now keep her, as you've got her, but I'll fine you this *grand* haul; six great talents will I deduct from her dowry for this folly.

DIN. You act kindly towards me.

CALL. 'Twere best for you to demand your son back from thence. (*Pointing to the house of* PHRONESIUM.) But your wife, as soon as possible, take away from my house. I shall at once, therefore, send a messenger to that kinsman of mine by marriage, *and* tell him to look out for another match for his son. (*Exit.*

DIN. (*to himself*). But I'll demand back the child of her, lest by-and-by she should deny it. That's of no use; for she herself, of her own accord, has discovered the whole matter to me, how it happened. But see, right opportunely, i' faith, is she coming out of doors from her house. Assuredly, a far-darting sting has that woman, who even from that distance is wounding my heart. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PHRONESIUM *and* ASTAPHIUM, *from the house of the former.*

PHRON. (*to herself*). A woman is a spoony and a trolloping slut, if she hasn't a view to her own interests, even in her cups. If her other limbs are soaked in wine, at least let her head be sober. But it's a vexation to me that my hair-dresser has been thus badly treated. She has been telling me that this child has been discovered to be the son of Dinarchus. When I heard that * * * * (*She moves, as if going.*)

DIN. (*apart*). She's going, in whose hands are all my fortune and my children.

PHRON. (*seeing* DINARCHUS). I see him who has constituted me the guardian of his property.

DIN. (*coming forward*). Madam, here am I,

PHRON. It certainly is he. What's the matter, my love?

DIN. No love; cease your trifling. I've nothing now to do with that subject.

PHRON. By my faith, I know what you want, and what you desire, and what you ask for. You want to see me; you desire to caress me; you ask for the child.

DIN. (*aside*). Immortal Gods! how plain she speaks. How, in a few words, has she hit upon the very point!

PHRON. As for me, I know that you are betrothed, and that you have a son by your betrothed, and that a wife is now going to be married by you; that now your thoughts are elsewhere, that myself you are going to consider as forsaken. But still consider, the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is, which never entrusts its life to one hole *only;* inasmuch as, if one hole is blocked up, it seeks another as a place of refuge.

DIN. When there's leisure, then I'll talk to you on those matters more at large; at present, give me up the child.

PHRON. No; do, there's a dear, let it be at my house the few next days.

DIN. Certainly not. PHRON. Do, there's a dear.

DIN. What occasion is there?

PHRON. It's for my interest. This for the next three days at least, until the Captain is circumvented somehow; for that same purpose. If I get anything, it shall be for your own advantage as well. If you take the child away, all hope in the Captain will evaporate from my heart.

DIN. I would have *that* done; but, *when it's taken* home, to do it again[1], if I were to wish it, I have not the opportunity. Now make use of the child, and take care of it, because you have the means by which to take care of it.

PHRON. Upon my faith, I do love you much for this matter. When you shall be afraid of a scolding at home, do you take shelter here in my house. At least, prove a friend, to help me to a profitable speculation.

DIN. (*moving*). Kindly farewell, Phronesium.

PHRON. Won't you any longer call me "apple of your

[1] *To do it again*)—Ver. 873. "Refacere." This, in most of the Editions, is printed as "re facere," "to do in reality;" but that does not seem to be the proper reading. Dinarchus appears to mean, "You may keep the child for the present, in order to carry out your plans; for when I have once taken it home I shall not be able to do it again"—or, in other words, "lend it to you for your purposes."

eye?" Din. That name too, meanwhile, shall be repeated full oft.

Phron. Do you wish for anything *else?*

Din. Fare thee well; when I have leisure, I'll come to your house. (*Exit.*

Phron. Well, he's gone away from here, *and* has taken his departure; we may say here whatever we please. 'Tis a true proverb that's quoted, "Where the friends are, there are the riches." Through him, there's still some hope that the Captain may be duped to-day; whom, by the powers, I love better than my own self,—so long as I get out of him what I want: since, when we have got much, not much of it is seen that has been given. Such are the brilliant prospects of Courtesans!

Ast. Hush! hush! be quiet.

Phron. Prithee, what is it?

Ast. The father of the child is coming.

Phron. *Well*, let him come here. Let him, if it only is he, let him come himself straight up to me here just as he chooses. If he does come, for very sure, i' faith, I'll do him to-day with some cunning tricks. (*They go into the house.*)

Act V.—Scene I.

Phronesium *and* Astaphium *appear before the door of the house.* *Enter* Stratophanes.

Strat. (*to himself*). That I should love[1] for this! I'm taking an atonement for my offences to my mistress! That that may be taken by her in kindly part which I've squandered before, I'll add this as well. But what's *this?* I see the mistress and her maid before the house. I must accost her. (*Addressing them.*) What are you doing here?

Phron. Don't speak to me.

Strat. You are too angry. (*Pats her on the shoulder.*)

Phron. Leave me alone. Can't you possibly cease to be an annoyance to me?

Strat. What is the matter, *my dear* little Astaphium?

Ast. I' faith, she's angry with you with good reason.

[1] *That I should love*)—Ver. 889. "Ec mi amare." It is much more easy to guess at the sense of this passage, than as to what is really the proper reading of it, as it is evidently corrupt.

PHRON. What, I? I'm not even half spiteful enough towards that fellow.

STRAT. My love, if I have at all offended before, I present you with this mina of gold. If you smile upon me, deign me a look.

PHRON. My hand forbids me to believe anything, before it holds in its possession. We require food for the child; we require it for the dame[1], as well, that bathes the child; we require it for the nurse[2], as well, that she may have a leather bottle full of old wine in ample style, that night and day she may tipple; we stand in need of fire; we want coals, too; we want swathes, napkins, the cradle, the cradle-bed; oil we want; the child requires flour, *for pap;* all day we are wanting something; never, in the same one day, can our task be performed, but what there's always need of something; for the children of officers cannot be reared upon medlars[3].

STRAT. Look upon me then. Take this (*presenting the money*), with which to satisfy these necessities.

PHRON. (*taking it*). Give it me, although it's very little.

STRAT. Whatever you shall order, shall be given at your demand. Give me a kiss now. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

PHRON. Leave me alone, I say! You are a nuisance!

STRAT. (*aside*). It's no use, I'm not loved *by her;* the day wears apace. More than ten pounds *of silver* have I lost in this short time by reason of my passion.

PHRON. (*giving the money to* ASTAPHIUM). Take this, and carry it away in-doors. (ASTAPHIUM *carries it in.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* STRABAX, *from the house.*

STRAB. (*to himself*). Where in the world is my mistress? I get on with no business, either in the country or here, *at this rate;* I'm spoiling with mouldiness, I'm grown so dreadfully numbed with lying waiting here upon the couch. But look, I perceive her. Hallo! sweetheart, what are you about?

STRAT. What fellow is that? PHRON. One that, upon my honor, I love far more than yourself.

[1] *For the dame*)—Ver. 898. "Matri." Literally, "the mother."

[2] *For the nurse*)—Ver. 899. Even in those days, nurses were famed for their toping propensities. See the Andria of Terence, l. 229.

[3] *Upon medlars*)—Ver. 904. It is not known whether "setanium" or "setanum" here means "medlars" or "onions." Some Commentators think it means an inferior kind of pulse, used as food for the children of the poor.

STRAT. Than myself? In what way?

PHRON. *Why*, this way, that you are not to be troublesome to me. (*Moves as if going.*)

STRAT. Are you going now, after you've got the gold?

PHRON. What you've given me, I've put away in-doors.

STRAB. Come here, sweetheart; I've got something to say to you.

PHRON. Why, I was just coming to you.

STRAB. To me, my charmer?

PHRON. In serious truth, i' faith.

STRAB. Although I seem a simpleton to you, I like myself to have a bit of recreation. For pretty though you are, you are so to your own loss, unless I amuse myself a bit with you.

PHRON. Should you like me to embrace you and give you a kiss?

STRAB. Do whatever you like, I'll deem it agreable. (*She kisses him.*)

STRAT. What, shall I suffer her to be embracing other men before my eyes? I' faith, 'twere better that I were dead. Woman, take your hands off of him, unless, perhaps, by *this* sword of mine, won from the enemy, you wish yourself and him to die. (*Flourishing his sword.*)

PHRON. There's no use in "badinage[1]," Captain. If you want yourself to be loved, with gold, Stratophanes, not with iron, may you prevent him from loving me.

STRAT. How, the plague, are you pretty or witty, to be fond of a fellow of that description?

PHRON. (*aside, to* STRATOPHANES). Don't it come to your recollection what an actor once said upon the stage? "All people have an eye to their profit, and are not over delicate."

STRAT. That you could *possibly* caress this fellow, so dirty and foul!

PHRON. Although he is dirty, although he is foul, still, he's pretty to me. STRAT. Didn't I give you some gold?

PHRON. To me? You gave money for the child's food.

STRAB. Now, if you hope to have her, another mina of gold is requisite.

STRAT. A sore mishap upon these people, and a weighty one!

STRAB. By all means, keep that by way of provision for your own journey.

[1] *No use in badinage*)—Ver. 923. Φλυαρεῖν, "to trifle," "to play upon;" almost exactly corresponding with our use of the French term "badinage."

STRAT. What does she owe you? STRAB. Three things.

STRAT. What, pray? STRAB. Perfumes, her favours, *and* kisses.

PHRON. (*apart*). He answers him like for like. (*To* STRATOPHANES.) But now, at all events, if you do love me, do you give me some little trifle from your most abundant treasures.

STRAT. Do say, there's a dear, what it is that I'm to give you; only say. If I have it left, you shall have it.

PHRON. Mere kickshaws[1] you're talking about. Be off, be off. (STRABAX *kisses her.*)

STRAT. I've considered this over with myself. My *good* sir, take you care, will you, that she don't inflict a wound upon you, whose teeth are made of iron. She's allowing access to her to all in common. You take your hand off of her.

STRAB. (*striking him*). Then, by my troth, do you take that, with a hearty punch, warlike man!

STRAT. I've given her gold. STRAB. And I, silver.

STRAT. And I a mantle and a purple garment.

STRAB. And I, sheep and wool; and many other things that she shall ask for I'll give. 'Twere better for you to contest it with me with minæ than with menaces[2].

PHRON. Upon my faith you are a funny mortal, my Strabax. Prithee, do proceed—— (*Aside.*) A fool and a madman are contending for their ruin; I'm all right.

STRAT. Come, younker, do you offer something first.

STRAB. Why no; do you squander first, and come to ruin

STRAT. (*to* PHRONESIUM). Well, here's a talent of silver for you. It's in Philippean coins. Take it for yourself.

PHRON. (*taking the money*). So much the better. Be one of our family, but live at your own expense.

STRAT. (*to* STRABAX). Where is that which you are going to give? Open your purse-strings[3].

[1] *Mere kickshaws*)—Ver. 938. Κάμπας. This is from the Greek καμπή, "a caterpillar," and means "nonsensical, trifling stuff." He gives her a hint, in the next line, to beware of the great teeth of the countrymen.

[2] *With minæ than with menaces*)—Ver. 944. "Melius, te minis certare mecum, quam minaciis." He plays upon the resemblance of the word "minis," "with minæ," to "minaciis," "with threats," and means that money is more likely than menaces to have weight with Phronesium.

[3] *Open your purse-strings*)—Ver. 950. "Solve zonam." Literally, "loosen your girdle." The girdle was sometimes used as the purse itself. At other times the purse was placed there for safety

PHRON. That's a challenge.

STRAT. (*to* STRABAX). What are you afraid of?

STRAB. You are from abroad[1]. I live here (*points to his* FATHER'S *house*). I am afraid. STRAT. I *am* not. Walk off, *then.*

STRAB. I'm bringing her some sheep fastened in a purse to my neck.

STRAT. Because I gave that, how I did flounder the fellow[2].

STRAB. Why no, indeed, it's I, who am going to give.

PHRON. (*to* STRATOPHANES). Come in-doors now, prithee, and (*to* STRABAX) do you then stay with me here.

STRAT. You will give me your company then?

STRAB. (*to* PHRONESIUM). What *say* you? PHRON. What?

STRAB. What do you say? What, with this fellow? Am I to be postponed?

STRAT. I have made my present.

PHRON. (*to* STRATOPHANES). You have given; (*pointing to* STRABAX) he's going to give just now; the one I've got, the other I expect. But each of the two shall be indulged to his heart's content.

STRAB. So be it. As I see the matter stands, that must be taken that's offered. STRAT. Indeed, I shall assuredly not be letting you take possession of my couch.

PHRON. (*aside*). I' faith, I've cleverly netted them, and quite to my satisfaction. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) And as I see my affairs successfully managed, yours likewise[3] would I successfully manage. I'll caress you in reality. If you are disposed to be doing anything, take care, will you, and let me know at once. For the sake of Venus, applaud; this Play is in her honor. Spectators, kindly farewell; grant applause, and *then* rise up[4].

[1] *You are from abroad*)—Ver. 951. He alludes to the alleged service of Stratophanes in the Babylonian army, and implies that he hesitates to answer to the challenge because he does not know whether Stratophanes may not turn out to be a sharper.

[2] *Flounder the fellow*)—Ver. 953. Stratophanes plumes himself with the idea that, he having given the money to Phronesium, the other will not dare to answer his challenge.

[3] *Yours likewise*)—Ver. 960. There has been some doubt as to the meaning of this and the next two lines; but, on examination, it is clear that they have an indecent signification.

[4] *Then rise up*)—Ver. 964. Cicero, in his Treatise "On Old Age," informs us that this Play was a favourite one of Plautus. It is difficult to see for what reason, as, compared with many of the others, it seems to be deficient in plot, and the Churl, from whom it takes its name has scarcely any part in the business of it

PERSA; THE PERSIAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

TOXILUS, a servant.
SAGARISTIO, a servant.
SATURIO, a Parasite.
PÆGNIUM, a boy.
DORDALUS, a Procurer.

LEMNISELÆNE, a Courtesan, beloved by Toxilus.
SOPHOCLIDISCA, her attendant.
A YOUNG WOMAN, daughter of Saturio.

Scene.—Athens: before the houses of DORDALUS and of the Master of TOXILUS.

THE SUBJECT.

PERSA; THE PERSIAN[1].

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

His master being absent (*Profecto*), Toxilus purchases (*Emit*) his mistress, and contrives that the Procurer sets her at liberty; and he *then* persuades him to buy of her capturer a young woman, a captive (*Raptam*), the daughter of his Parasite being dressed up (*Subornatâ*) *for that purpose;* and (*Atque*) as he carouses, he makes sport of Dordalus, *thus* cajoled.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Toxilus *and* Sagaristio, *on different sides.*

Tox. (*to himself*). He who, falling in love, destitute of means, has first entered upon the paths of love, has in his own labours exceeded all the labours of Hercules. For with the lion[2], and with the Hydra, with the stag, with the Ætolian boar, with the birds of Stamphalus, with Antæus, would I rather contend than with love. So wretched am I become with hunting after money to borrow; and yet, those whom I ask know of nothing to answer me, except "I have got none."

Sag. (*apart*). The servant that is desirous faithfully to serve his master, i' troth, it surely does behove him to treasure up full many a thing in his breast which he may think will please his master, both present and abroad. I neither serve with cheerfulness, nor am I quite to my master's satisfaction; but, as though from a running eye, my master is

[1] *The Persian*) As "Persa" signifies "a male Persian," the Play is evidently named from the character assumed by Sagaristio, who, as a Persian, sells the daughter of Saturio, dressed up as a captive, to the Procurer Dordalus.

[2] *With the lion*)—Ver. 3 The conquest of the Nemæan lion, the Hydra of Lerna, the brazen-footed stag, the Erymanthian boar, the birds of Lake Stymphalus, and the giant Antæus, formed part of the labours of Hercules. See the Metamorphoses of Ovid, Books 9 and 10.

still unable to keep his hands off me, in giving me his commands, in making me the support of his affairs.

Tox. Who's this that's standing opposite to me?

Sag. Who's that that's standing opposite to me?

Tox. It's like Sagaristio.

Sag. Surely this is my friend Toxilus.

Tox. Certainly it is he. Sag. I think it is he.

Tox. I'll go meet him. Sag. I'll go up and accost him.

Tox. (*meeting him*). O Sagaristio, may the Gods bless you.

Sag. O Sagaristio, the Gods grant you what you may desire. How fare you?

Tox. Just as I can. Sag. What's the matter?

Tox. I *still* live. Sag. Quite then to your satisfaction?

Tox. If the things come to pass which I desire, quite.

Sag. You deal with your friends in a very silly fashion.

Tox. How so?

Sag. Because you ought to give them your commands.

Tox. As for myself, you were already dead to me, because I haven't seen you.

Sag. Business, upon my faith——

Tox. In the iron chain line, perhaps.

Sag. For more than a twelvemonth I've been promoted in chains to be commanding officer in the basting line[1] at the mill.

Tox. Why, that's your old line of service.

Sag. Have you been quite well all along?

Tox. Not very.

Sag. I' faith, it's with reason then you are *so* pale.

Tox. I've been wounded in the battles of Venus; Cupid has pierced my heart with his arrow.

Sag. Do servants then fall in love here?

Tox. Why, what could I do? Was I to be struggling against the Gods? Was I, like the sons of Titan, to be waging war with the Deities, with whom I am not quite able to cope?

Sag. Do you only take care that "catapultæ" made of elm[2] don't pierce your sides.

[1] *In the basting line*)—Ver. 22. "Tribunus vapularis." Literally, "a vapulary Tribune." By this droll expression he means, promoted above all others to the distinction of a flogging. The military Tribune was an officer high in rank in the Roman armies.

[2] *Made of elm*)—Ver. 28. He means the elm-twigs, which were especially used for the punishment of slaves.

Tox. In right royal manner I'm celebrating the feast of Freedom[1].

Sag. How so? Tox. Because my master's gone abroad.

Sag. Do you say so? Is he gone abroad?

Tox. If you can bear to be enjoying yourself, do you come: you shall live with me; you shall be treated with right royal entertainment.

Sag. Out upon it (*rubbing himself*); my shoulder-blades are quite itching now, because I've heard you mention these things.

Tox. But this one thing is torturing me.

Sag. Why, what is it?

Tox. This day is the very last day, *to determine* whether my mistress is to be free, or whether she is to endure lasting servitude.

Sag. What, then, do you now desire?

Tox. You have it in your power to make me your friend for ever.

Sag. In what way?

Tox. In lending me six hundred didrachms, for me to pay the same for her freedom, which I will forthwith refund you in the next three or four days. Come, do be good-natured; give me your help.

Sag. With what assurance, you impudent *fellow*, do you venture to ask so much money of me? Why, if I myself were to be sold all in one lot, it's hardly possible for as much to be received as you are asking me for; for now you are asking for water from a pumice-stone, which is *all* a-dry itself.

Tox. Ought you to be treating me in this fashion?

Sag. What am I to do?

Tox. Do you ask the question? Beg it on loan from somebody.

Sag. You do the same as you are asking me.

[1] *Feast of Freedom*)—Ver. 29. "Agito Eleutheria." He is speaking of his njoying full range in the absence of his master, and for that purpose borrows a igure from the Eleutheria, or "Feast of Liberty," a festival which the Greeks, fter the battle of Platæa, instituted in honor of Jupiter or Zeus Eleutherius, The Deliverer." This festival was not only a mark of gratitude to the Deity, o whom they believed themselves indebted for their victory over the Persians, ut employed as a bond of union among themselves. It was celebrated each ear at Platæa, and every fifth year with additional solemnities, and contests No slaves were allowed to minister on the occasion of this festival.

Tox. I've been trying; I've found it nowhere.

Sag. I really will try, if any one will trust me.

Tox. Am I then to consider it[1] as a thing in possibility?

Sag. If I had had it at home, I'd promise it at once. This is in my power, to use my best endeavours.

Tox. Whatever it is, come you home to me.

Sag. Still do you try to get it; I'll carefully *do* the same. If anything shall turn up, I'll let you know at once.

Tox. I entreat you, *and* entreat over and over again, do give me your stanch help in this.

Sag. O dear! you are worrying me to death by your importunity.

Tox. It's through the fault of love, *and* not my own, that I'm now become a silly prater to you.

Sag. Then, i' troth, I'll *now* be taking my leave of you. (*Moving.*)

Tox. Are you going away, then? A good walk to you. But betake yourself back as soon as you can, *and* do take care that I haven't to seek you; I shall be close at home until I have cooked up a mishap for the Procurer.

(*Exit* Sagaristio, *and* Toxilus *goes into the house.*

Scene II.—*Enter* Saturio.

Sat. (*to himself*). The old and ancient calling of my forefathers do I follow, and hold, and cultivate with great care. For never was there any one of my forefathers, but that by acting the parasite they filled their bellies: my father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather, his father, and his grandfather, just like mice, always fed on the victuals of others, and in love of good eating no one could excel them. Hard Heads[2] was their surname. From them have I derived this calling, and the station of my forefathers; nor do I wish myself to turn informer[3], nor indeed does it

[1] *Am I then to consider it*)—Ver. 47. "Nempe habeo in mundo?" Literally, "I have it in the world, I suppose?" implying that he presumes, that if possible, Sagaristio will comply with his request.

[2] *Hard Heads*)—Ver. 62. "Duris capitonibus." Literally, "hard large heads" He probably alludes to the necessity which there was for Parasites to have particularly hard heads, in order to be proof against the ill-usage to which they were subjected. The expression would be more likely to catch a laugh from a Roman Audience, as there was a noble family at Rome of the surname of Capito.

[3] *To turn informer*)—Ver. 64. "Quadruplari." He seems to think that he is

become me, without risk of my own, to go seize upon the goods of other people; nor do those persons please who do so; I'm speaking out. For whoever does this, more for the sake of the public than of his own benefit, my mind can be induced *to believe* that he is a citizen both faithful and deserving; but if he should not prosecute to conviction the breaker of the laws, let him pay one half *of the intended penalty* to the public. And let *this*, too, be written in that law; when an informer has prosecuted any one, let the other in his turn[1] sue him for just as much, and upon equal terms let them come before the Triumvirs[2]. If that were done, assuredly I'd make those nowhere to be seen, who here with their whitened nets[3] lay siege to the property of others. But am I not a simpleton, to be taking care of the public interests when there are the magistrates, whose duty it is to take care of them? Now I'll in-doors here; I'll go look after the scraps from yesterday, whether they have rested well or not; whether they have had a fever[4]; whether they've been well covered up or not, so that no one could creep up to them. But the door is opening; I must pause in my steps.

SCENE III.—*Enter* TOXILUS, *from the house of his* MASTER.

TOX. (*to himself*). I've hit upon the whole matter, so that with his own money the Procurer may this day make

reduced to the alternative of getting a living either by being a Parasite or an informer, and prefers the first. Informers were called "quadruplatores" at Rome, because they received the fourth part of the fines paid by the persons against whom they informed.

[1] *Let the other in his turn*)—Ver. 73. In case of his not obtaining a conviction. It is not improbable that the practices of informers were an especial annoyance at the time when this Play was written.

[2] *The Triumvirs*)—Ver. 74. For an account of the magistrates called "Tresviri," or "Triumviri," see the Notes to the Aulularia and the Amphitryon.

[3] *Whitened nets*)—Ver. 76. By the use of the word "albo," "white," Gronovius is led to think that the passage refers to the white book or paper upon which the rules and ordinances of the Prætor were written, and that the allusion is to the habit of informers hampering people, by repeated accusations of infringing the Prætor's rules. It seems, however, not improbable that he likens the accusations of the informers (who of course pretended that they were only actuated by a desire for the public good) to whitened nets, by reason of their speciousness, and the difficulty of avoiding the meshes which they spread in every direction.

[4] *Had a fever*)—Ver. 80. By this expression he probably means, "whether they have been warmed up again."

her his freed-woman. But see, here's the Parasite whose assistance I have need of. I'll make believe as though I didn't see him; in that way I'll allure the fellow. (*Goes to the door, and calls to the* SERVANTS *within.*) Do you attend, you there, and quickly make haste, that I mayn't have any delay when I come in-doors. Mix the honied wine; get ready the quinces and the junkets[1], that they may be nicely warmed upon the dishes, and throw in some *scented* calamus[2]. I' faith, that boon-companion of mine, I fancy, will be here just now.

SAT. (*apart*). He's meaning me—bravo!

TOX. I think that he'll be here just now from the baths when he has bathed.

SAT. (*apart*). How he does keep everything in its *due* order.

TOX. Take you care that the gravy-cakes[3] and the cheese-biscuits[4] are hot; don't be giving them to me unbaked.

SAT. (*apart*). He's speaking the very fact; they are worth nothing raw, only if you swallow them warm. Then, unless the broth for the gravy-cakes is of a thick consistency, that miserable, thin, pale, transparent stuff, is worth nothing at all. The broth for a gravy-cake ought to be like a soup. I don't want it to be going into my bladder, I want it for my stomach.

TOX. (*pretending not to see him*). Some one, I know not who, is talking near me here.

SAT. (*accosting him*). O my earthly Jupiter, your fellow-feaster addresses you.

TOX. O Saturio, you've come opportunely for me.

[1] *The junkets*)—Ver. 89. "Colutea." These, according to some, were the fruit of a tree called by the same name; others take the word to mean a large kind of quince. As there is some doubt on the subject, a general name has been adopted in the Translation. Warner thinks that the word means "myrrh;" but it is pretty clear that he is mistaken. Quinces were used in the wines of the ancients, as we learn from Columella.

[2] *Calamus*)—Ver. 90. Supposed to be "sweet-scented rush." This was used, probably, for flavoring the wine.

[3] *The gravy-cakes*)—Ver. 94. "Collyræ." These were cakes eaten with broth or gravy.

[4] *The cheese-biscuits*)—Ver. 94. "Colliphia." These were made of a mixture of flour and new cheese.

Sat. Upon my faith, you are telling a lie, and it becomes you not; for *as* Hungerio[1] I'm come, not as Saturio am I come.

Tox. But you shall have something to eat; for now the creature-comforts for the stomach are smoking away in-doors. I've ordered the remnants to be warmed.

Sat. Why, it's the proper thing for the gammon to be served up cold the day after.

Tox. I've ordered it so to be done.

Sat. Any caviare[2]?

Tox. Get out—do you ask the question?

Sat. You have a capital notion of what's good[3].

Tox. But do you at all remember the matter about which I was making mention to you yesterday?

Sat. I recollect; that the lamprey and the conger ought not to be made warm; for they are much better stripped of their meat[4] when cold. But why do we delay to commence the engagement? While it's the morning, it befits all people to eat.

Tox. It's almost too early in the morning.

Sat. The business that you begin to do in the morning, that same lasts on throughout the day.

Tox. Prithee, do give your attention to this. For yesterday I mentioned it to you, and entreated you to lend me six hundred didrachms.

Sat. I recollect it and am aware, both that you did ask me, and that I hadn't any to lend. A Parasite's good for nothing that has got money at home; he has a longing at once to begin upon an entertainment, *and* to gobble away at his

[1] *Hungerio*)—Ver. 105. In the original, "Esurio," "Hungerer." He puns on his name, which he says ought to have no relation to "satur," "full," but rather to "esuriens," "one who is hungry."

[2] *Any caviare)*—Ver. 109. "Halec," or "alec," was a "pickle," or "salt liquor," made from fish, and, perhaps, especially herrings. It was probably used for much the same purposes as anchovy sauce with us.

[3] *A capital notion of what's good*)—Ver. 110. "Sapis multum ad Genium;" more literally, "you have much good taste for enjoyment."

[4] *Stripped of their meat*)—Ver. 113. "Oppectuntur." This word comes from "pecten," "a comb," and was not improbably used in especial reference to fish, as the picking the meat off of a conger or a lamprey does reduce it to somewhat of the appearance of a comb. As to eating fish cold, see the words of Periplecomenus in the Gloriosus, l. 760, and the Note.

own expense, if he has anything at home. A Parasite ought to be a right down needy Cynic; he ought to have a *leather* bottle[1], a strigil, an utensil[2], a pair of slippers, a cloak, *and* a purse; *and* in that a little of the needful, with which he may just cheer up the existence of his own household.

Tox. I don't want money now; lend me your daughter.

Sat. By my troth, never to any person whatsoever have I lent her as yet.

Tox. Not for that purpose which you are insinuating.

Sat. Why do you want her *then?* Tox. You shall know; because she's of a pretty and genteel figure.

Sat. Such is the fact. Tox. This Procurer (*pointing to the house of* Dordalus) neither knows yourself nor your daughter.

Sat. How should any one know me, except him who finds me food?

Tox. Such is the fact. This way you can find some money for me. Sat. I' faith, I wish *I could.*

Tox. Then do you allow me to sell her.

Sat. You to sell her?

Tox. Why no, I'll depute another person to sell her, *and* to say that he is a foreigner; since it isn't six months since that Procurer removed hither from Megara[3].

Sat. The remnants are spoiling; this, however, can be *done* afterwards.

Tox. Do you understand on what terms it can? Never, on my word, shall you eat here this day, so don't be mistaken, before you declare to me that you'll do this that I'm requesting; and unless you bring your daughter with you hither at once as soon as you can, by my faith, I'll cashier you from

[1] *A leather bottle*)—Ver. 126. "Ampullam." This was probably the bottle in which unguents were kept by the Parasite for the convenience of bathers. See the soliloquy of Gelasinus the Parasite, in the Stichus, l. 228.

[2] *An utensil*)—Ver. 126. "Scaphium." If this word has not the same meaning here as "matula," it will probably signify a bottle, which he ought to be in the habit of carrying about with him, for taking home any wine left after the entertainment. The use of the "socci" would show that his avocations were more confined to in-doors than the street, where the use of them was considered effeminate. On the "strigil," see the Notes to the Stichus, l. 228.

[3] *From Megara*)—Ver. 139. This was a city not far from Athens, on the confines of Attica.

this squad. What now? What's the matter? Why don't you say what you will do?

Sat. I' troth, prithee sell even myself as well, if you like, so long as you sell me with my stomach full.

Tox. If you are going to do this, do it.

Sat. For my part, I'll do what you desire.

Tox. You act kindly. Make haste, be off home; cleverly tutor your daughter beforehand, instruct her cunningly, what she is to say, where she is to declare she was born, who were her parents, how she was kidnapped. But let her declare that she was born at a distance from Athens; and let her shed tears when she makes mention of it.

Sat. Now won't you hold your tongue? Three times more artful is she than you would have her be.

Tox. I' troth, you say what's excellent. But do you know what you are to do? Get a tunic and a girdle, and bring a scarf and a broad-brimmed hat for him to wear who is to sell her to this Procurer——

Sat. Well—capital! Tox. As though he were a foreigner.

Sat. I approve of it——

Tox. And do you bring your daughter cleverly drest up after a foreign fashion.

Sag. "Où sont[1]" the dresses? Tox. Borrow them of the chorus-leader[2]. He ought to lend them; the Ædiles[3] have contracted for them to be found.

Sat. I'll have them here just now. But I'm to be acquainted with nothing of these matters?

Tox. I' faith, nothing, in fact. But, when I've got the money, do you at once claim her of the Procurer.

Sat. Let him keep her for himself, if I don't immediately carry her off from him.

[1] *Où sont*)—Ver. 161. The word "whence" is expressed in the text by the Greek πόθεν. It has been previously remarked, that the Romans interlarded their dialogue with Greek expressions, in the same way that we adopt French words and phrases.

[2] *The chorus-leader*)—Ver. 161. "Choregus." As to the "choragus" or "master of the wardrobe," see the Curculio, Act IV., Sc. 1 (and the Note), where he is introduced as one of the Dramatis Personæ. See the Notes also to the Trinummus, l 858.

[3] *The Ædiles*)—Ver. 162. It has been observed in previous Notes that the Ædiles had the management of the representations on the stage; and probably they had a contract with the "choregi" that they should always have dresses and "properties" in readiness for the use of the actors.

Tox. Be off and attend to this. (*Exit* Saturio.) In the meantime, I want to send a boy to my mistress; that she may be of good courage, *and* that I shall manage it to-day. I'm talking too much at length. (*Goes into the house.*)

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Sophoclidisca *and* Lemniselene, *from the house of* Dordalus.

Soph. It were enough to tell an untaught, thoughtless, silly girl *the same thing* so many times over; really, in fact, I do imagine that I'm quite looked upon by you as a blockhead and a country booby. Although I do drink wine, still I'm not in the habit of swallowing down your commands together with it. I really had fancied that both myself and my ways had now been sufficiently proved by you; for, as for me, I've attended you now these five years; whereas, in that time, a cuckoo even, I do believe, if he had gone to school, could by now have been made to know his letters well; while, in the meantime, whether speaking or not speaking[1], you have not made yourself acquainted with my disposition. Can you not hold your tongue? Can you not cease advising me? I remember, and I know, and I understand, and I keep in mind; i' faith, you are in love, poor thing; on that account your mind's disturbed. I'll cause that that shall be calmed for you.

Lemn. Wretched is the person that's in love. (*Goes into the house.*)

Soph. (*to herself*). Good for nothing, indeed, he certainly is, who is in love with nothing. What need has that person of life? I ought to go, that I may prove obedient to my mistress; that through my aid she may the sooner become a free woman. I'll go meet this Toxilus, *however;* his ears I'll stuff with what has been enjoined upon me. (*Stands aside.*)

Scene II.—*Enter, from the house,* Toxilus *and* Pægnium.

Tox. Are these things quite clear and certain to you—do you quite remember and understand them?

[1] *Or not speaking*)—Ver. 176. Schmieder thinks, that by this expression Sophoclidisca alludes to the habitual taciturnity of Lemniselene; indeed, her quiet and inoffensive disposition is observable throughout the Play. In the concluding Scene the Procurer calls her "ignavia." "lump of laziness."

PÆG. Better than you who have instructed me.

TOX. Say you so, you whip-rascal?

PÆG. I really do say so. TOX. What did I say then?

PÆG. I'll tell it to her *all* correctly.

TOX. I' faith, you don't know it.

PÆG. Troth now, lay me a wager that I don't remember and know it all.

TOX. Why, for my part, I'll lay a wager with you on this, whether you know your own self, how many fingers you have this day upon your hand.

PÆG. Without hesitation—if you are desirous to lose.

TOX. A fair truce rather let there be.

PÆG. For that reason, then, do you let me go.

TOX. I both bid and permit you. But I wish you so to attend to it, that you are back home while I'm thinking that you are there.

PÆG. I'll do so. (*Moves towards their own house.*)

TOX. Whither are you now going?

PÆG. Home; that I may be at home while you are thinking that I am there.

TOX. You are a rascal of a boy, and——for this service I'll give you something to add[1] to your savings.

PÆG. I'm aware how want of shame is wont to be imputed to a master's word, and that *masters* cannot ever be compelled to appear before the judge on account of those promises.

TOX. Be off now.

PÆG. I'll give you reason to command me.

TOX. But, Pægnium, take you care and give that letter to Lemniselene herself, and tell her what I bade you.

SOPH. (*apart*). Do I delay to go whither I was sent?

PÆG. I'm off. TOX. Then do be off; I'll off home. Take care and manage this business with attention. Fly post haste. (*Goes into the house.*)

PÆG. That's what the ostrich[2] is wont to do in the Circus.

[1] *Give you something to add*)—Ver. 191. "Peculiabo." Some Commentators will have it that an indecent allusion is intended here. Possibly they are not mistaken; but it is a rather far-fetched one.

[2] *The ostrich*)—Ver. 198. "Marinus passer." Literally, the "sea-sparrow." Pægnium alludes to the mode in which the ostrich runs, in answer to the order of Toxilus, who tells him to fly. The ostrich, as it runs, flaps it wings as though flying. Referring to Roman customs, Pægnium speaks as though he had seen

He's off from here m-doors there. But who's this woman that's coming towards me?

SOPH. (*advancing*). Surely this is Pægnium.

PÆG. This is Sophoclidisca, the private servant of her to whom I'm sent.

SOPH. (*aside*). There's not a person this day that's reported to be more artful than this boy. I'll accost him.

PÆG. At this bar[1] I must come to a stop.

SOPH. Pægnium, my charmer of a boy, save you; how are you? How do you do?

PÆG. Sophoclidisca, the Gods will favour me.

SOPH. Why "me?" Which of us?

PÆG. I' faith, I don't know. But if they were to do as you deserve, by my troth they'd hold you in hate, and treat you but badly.

SOPH. Do leave off your abusive talking.

PÆG. Since I'm saying just as you I'm talking to deserve properly, not abusively.

SOPH. What are you about *now?*

PÆG. Standing opposite *to you*, looking at a worthless woman.

SOPH. For my own part, assuredly, I do not know any more good-for-nothing boy than yourself.

PÆG. What mischief do I do, or to what person do I speak abusively? SOPH. I' faith, to every one that you have the opportunity.

PÆG. Not an individual has ever thought so.

SOPH. But, i' faith, full many a one knows that so it is.

PÆG. Heyday, indeed! SOPH. Heyday, indeed!

PÆG. According to your own disposition you judge of the ways of others.

SOPH. I certainly do confess that I'm just as befits one of a Procurer's household *to be.*

ostriches in the Roman Circus. These, and wild beasts of every description, were hunted there at the "Venationes," for the amusement of the people. It is not improbable that ostriches had been recently introduced into Rome, as forming part of the spoil of the Carthaginians. The Emperor Probus, several centuries after this period, gave a "Venatio" of a thousand ostriches in the Circus.

[1] *At this bar*)—Ver. 202. Seeing Sophoclidisca, he knows that she will stop him for a bit of gossip, and he consequently styles her an "obex," a "bar" or "impediment."

PÆG. I've now had enough of your chattering.

SOPH. What say you? Do you plead guilty to what I take you to be?

PÆG. If I were so, I should confess it.

SOPH. Be off then; you've got the victory.

PÆG. Now then be off with you.

SOPH. Do you then tell me this—whither are you going?

PÆG. Whither are you? SOPH. Say you.

PÆG. Say you. SOPH. I was the first to ask.

PÆG. Then you shall be the last to know.

SOPH. I'm going not far hence.

PÆG. And I, indeed, not far.

SOPH. Whither then, you rascal?

PÆG. Unless I know first of you, you shall never know this of me that you are enquiring.

SOPH. On my honor you shall never this day know before I've heard it of you.

PÆG. Is such the fact? SOPH. Is such the fact?

PÆG. You are a worthless one.

SOPH. Rogue. PÆG. That befits me.

SOPH. Me then it does not befit.

PÆG. What do you say? Are you quite determined, you hussy, to conceal whither you are going?

SOPH. And are you quite resolved to hide whither you are betaking yourself, you scoundrel?

PÆG. You are giving answer to what I say like for like; be off with you then, since such is your determination. I don't care at all to know. Good-bye. (*Moving.*)

SOPH. Stop! PÆG. But I'm in a hurry.

SOPH. And, i' faith, I as well.

PÆG. Have you got anything? (*Pointing to her hand.*)

SOPH. Have you anything? (*Pointing likewise.*)

PÆG. Really nothing whatever.

SOPH. Show me your hand then.

PÆG. (*showing his right hand*). Is this the hand?

SOPH. Where is that other, the pilfering left hand?

PÆG. (*hiding his left hand*). Why, it is at home, d'ye see; I've not brought one hither.

SOPH. (*trying to seize his hand*). You've got something, what it is I know not.

PÆG. (*pushing her away*). Don't be mauling me about, you she-groper.

Soph. But suppose I'm in love with you.

Pæg. You employ your pains to no purpose.

Soph. Why so? Pæg. Why, because you are in love with nothing at all, when you are in love with one who doesn't return it.

Soph. It befits these *youthful* looks and age to be on the watch *for pleasure* in good time; so that, when your hair comes to change its hue, you may not be always in a grovelling servitude. Why, really, as yet you are not eighty pounds in weight.

Pæg. Still, that warfare is waged much more *successfully* by spirit than by weight. But I'm losing my pains.

Soph. Why so?

Pæg. Because I'm teaching those who know it all. But I'm loitering *here*. (*Moves.*)

Soph. (*taking hold of him*). Do stop.

Pæg. You are annoying to me.

Soph. And so I shall be then, if I don't find out whither you are betaking yourself.

Pæg. To your house.

Soph. And I to your house, i' faith.

Pæg. Why thither?

Soph. What's that to you?

Pæg. (*standing before her*). Why, you shan't go now, unless, in return, I know.

Soph. You are teazing. Pæg. I choose to.

Soph. Never, upon my faith, shall you wring this out of me, so as to prove yourself more artful than I am.

Pæg. It's a misery to contend with you in artfulness.

Soph. You are a mischievous baggage.

Pæg. What is there for you to fear?

Soph. The very same that there is for you.

Pæg. Say then, what is it?

Soph. But I'm forbidden to tell this to any person, and *am instructed* that all the dumb people are to speak *of it before myself.*

Pæg. And most especially was I cautioned not to trust this to any person, so that all the dumb people were to mention this before myself.

Soph. Still, do you do so; on giving our words, let's trust *each other.*

Pæg. I know *this*—all procuresses are light of faith, and

the weight of a water-gnat[1] is not more light than is the word of a procurer.

SOPH. Tell me, there's a dear.

PÆG. Tell me, there's a dear.

SOPH. I don't want to be your dear.

PÆG. You'll easily prevail upon me *in that*.

SOPH. Keep it yourself. PÆG. And you be mum about this. (*Showing her a letter.*)

SOPH. It shall be kept a secret.

PÆG. It shall not be known. (*She shows him a letter.*)

SOPH. I'm carrying this letter to Toxilus, your master.

PÆG. Be off; he's there at home. And I am carrying this pinewood *tablet* sealed, to Lemniselene, your mistress.

SOPH. What's written there. PÆG. If you don't know, pretty much like yourself, I don't know, except soft words, perhaps.

SOPH. I'm off. PÆG. And I'll be off.

SOPH. Move on *then*. (*They go into the respective houses.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* SAGARISTIO.

SAG. (*to himself*). To Jove the opulent, the renowned, the son of Ops[2], the strong, the mighty in power, who riches, hopes, kind plenty does bestow, joyously and gratefully do I offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, inasmuch as in a friendly way they have bestowed for my friend this opportunity of satisfying his necessity *and* of borrowing the money, so that I can lend him aid in his need. Whereas I no more dreamed, or thought, or imagined that I should have this opportunity—that same has now fallen from heaven as it were. For my master has sent me to Erctria[3]; he

[1] *Weight of a water-gnat*)—Ver. 243. "Tipulæ," a "water-gnat," or "water-rider." This is a very pretty illustration. On a sunny day these little animals may be seen in hundreds skating over the surface of still water. Warner suggests that this simile may have been a proverbial one.

[2] *The son of Ops*)—Ver. 250. He seems to intend a jingle on the resemblance tween "Jove the opulent" and "the son of Ops." The Goddess Ops of the mans was the same Divinity as the Rhea of the Greeks, and was daughter of elus and Terra, and became the mother of Jupiter by her husband Saturn. e was also known by the name of Cybele, Bona Dea, Magna Mater, and Tellus.

[3] *Eretria*)—Ver. 260. This was a city in the island of Eubœa, on the Eastern ast of Greece.

has given me the money to purchase some trained oxen for him; but he said that the fair would take place seven days hence; a simpleton to trust this money to me whose propensity he knew; for this money I shall misapply in some other purpose: there were no oxen for me to buy. Now I'll both promote the success of my friend, and will give my inclination full enjoyment. The pleasures that belong to a long time will I serve up in a single day. Crack, crack[1] it will be upon my back; I don't care. Now, to a person that is my friend I shall present *these* trained oxen from out of my purse; for this, in fact, is a delightful thing, handsomely to bite your thrice-dotted niggardly, antiquated, covetous, spiritless people, who against their servant seal up the salt-cellar with the salt. It's a virtue, when occasion prompts, to hold them in contempt. What will he do to me? He'll order me to be beaten with stripes, the fetters to be put on. I may get a beating. Don't let him fancy that I shall go pegging to him. Woe be unto him! Nothing new can now be inflicted upon me but what I have *already* experienced it. But see, here comes Pægnium, Toxilus's boy.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PÆGNIUM, *from the house of* DORDALUS.

PÆG. (*to himself*). My task that was set me I've finished; now I'm hastening home.

SAG. Stop, although you are in haste—Pægnium, listen *to me.*

PÆG. You ought to buy a person, for you to desire to be obedient to you. (*Moves on.*)

SAG. Stop there, *I say.* PÆG. You'd be giving some trouble, I fancy, if I were to be owing you anything, who are now so troublesome.

SAG. You rascal, will you look back then?

PÆG. I am aware of what age I am; for that reason you shall get off for this abuse with impunity.

SAG. Where is Toxilus, your master?

PÆG. Wherever he pleases, and he don't ask your advice.

SAG. Won't you tell me, then, where he is, you villain?

[1] *Crack, crack*)—Ver. 265. "Tax, tax." The noise of the cracking of th

Pæg. I don't know, I say, you elm-twig spoiler[1].

Sag. You are abusive to your senior.

Pæg. As you deserved it first, do you put up with it. My master bade me hold my labour at his bidding, my tongue in freedom.

Sag. Will you not tell me, where is Toxilus?

Pæg. I tell you that—you may go to perdition everlasting.

Sag. This day you shall be flogged with a rope's end.

Pæg. On your account, indeed, you cuckoo! I' faith, you carrion, if I were to give you a broken head, I shouldn't be afraid *of that*.

Sag. I understand you, you've been up to[2] some bad work just now.

Pæg. So I have. What business is that to you? But I haven't, like yourself, all for nothing.

Sag. Assurance!

Pæg. I' faith, I certainly am; for I am assured that I shall be free; don't be hoping that you'll ever be *so*.

Sag. Can't you cease your impertinence?

Pæg. That which you are mentioning, you can't do *yourself*. Sag. Away with you to utter perdition.

Pæg. And off home with you; for there it's all ready prepared for you.

Sag. He summons me[3] on my recognizances.

Pæg. I only wish the sureties may be out of the way, so that you may get to prison.

Sag. Why's this? Pæg. *Aye*, why is it?

Sag. Still abusing me, rascal?

Pæg. *Why*, inasmuch as you are a slave, it ought at least to be allowed a slave to abuse you.

[1] *Elm twig spoiler*)—Ver. 279. "Ulmitriba." This word is composed of the Latin "ulmus," "an elm," and the Greek τριβὼ, "to rub" or "wear;" and may mean either "one beaten" or "rubbed with elm-twigs," or "one that wears elm-twigs."

[2] *You've been up to*)—Ver. 285. This passage is somewhat modified in the translation.

[3] *He summons me*)—Ver. 290. The meaning of this allusion is somewhat obscure; but it seems likely that when Pægnium uses the word "præsto," "ready," or "in preparation," Sagaristio understands him to speak of "præs," "a surety" or "bail;" on which he remarks that Pægnium is calling him on his surety.

Sag. And is it so? *Just* look (*holding up his fist*) what I shall give you.

Pæg. Nothing; for nothing have you.

Sag. May all the Gods and Goddesses confound me, if I don't this very day, if I lay hold of you, fell you to the ground with blows.

Pæg. I am your friend; I trust that what you wish may befall you, and that it may come to pass; if you fell me[1], may others make you feel yourself fixed to the cross before long.

Sag. But you may the Gods and Goddesses——You understand what I was going to say after that, if I hadn't been able to restrain my tongue. Can't you be off?

Pæg. You drive me off with ease; for already my shadow's getting[2] a whipping in-doors. (*Goes into the house.*)

Sag. (*to himself*). May the Gods and Goddesses confound that fellow! just like a crawling serpent he has got a double tongue, and is a wicked one. Upon my faith, I'm glad he's gone. (*Going towards the door.*) Open, you door. But look! he's coming from within, the person that I most especially wished to meet with.

Scene V.—*Enter* Toxilus, *from his* Master's *house, followed by* Sophoclidisca.

Tox. (*to* Sophoclidisca). Tell her that it's now arranged whence the money is to come. Bid her be of good heart, tell her that I love her exceedingly. When she cheers up then does she cheer me up. What I've told you to tell her do you quite understand it?

Soph. Better than your legs[3] under-stand you, do I understand it.

[1] *If you fell me*)—Ver. 296. "Tu ut me defigas, te cruci ipsum propediem affigant." Literally, "should you fix me down, may others before long be fixing yourself up to the cross;" the play being upon the verbs "defigo" and "affigo." An attempt has been made to give a somewhat similar pun in the Translation.

[2] *My shadow's getting*)—Ver. 299. Being close to the house, and in a hurry to get home, he says that his shadow is in the house already, getting the beating which awaits its owner for having been so long on his errand.

[3] *Better than your legs*)—Ver. 307. "Magis calleo, quam aprugnum collum callet." This pun cannot be appreciated in a literal translation, and another is substituted, for which we are indebted to Warner. The play is upon the resem-

Tox. Make all haste, be off home. (SOPHOCLIDISCA *goes into the house of* DORDALUS.)

SAG. (*apart*). Now I'll make myself a perfect droll towards him; I'll carry myself with arms a-kimbo, and assume a lordly air[1]. (*Struts along.*)

Tox. But who's this that's walking like a two-handled jug[2]?

SAG. (*apart*). I'll spit about me in a dignified style. (*Spits about.*)

Tox. Why, surely this is Sagaristio. How are you, Sagaristio? How do you do? Is there any tiny hope in you as to that which I entrusted to you?

SAG. (*in a lofty way*). Step this way; it shall be seen to; I would have it done. Advance—move forward.

Tox. What's this swelling[3] here upon your neck? (*Touches his neck.*)

SAG. It's a tumour; forbear to press it, for when any person touches it with a rude hand, pain is the result.

Tox. When did that first come upon you? SAG. To-day.

Tox. You should order it to be lanced.

SAG. I'm afraid to lance it before it's ripe, lest it should cause me more trouble.

Tox. I'd like to examine your complaint. (*Comes nearer.*)

SAG. (*retreating*). Be off, and do be careful, will you, of the horns. Tox. Why so?

SAG. Because a couple of oxen are here in the purse.

Tox. Do let them out, please; don't starve them with hunger—do let them go to pasture.

SAG. Why, I'm afraid that I mayn't be able to drive them back to their stall, lest they should wander.

lance of "calleo," "to understand," "calleo," "to be hard," and "collum," the hard part," or "brawn, of a boar's neck." Literally translated, it is, "I understand in a better degree than the brawn of a boar's neck is hard." This un occurs also in the Pœnulus, l. 577.

[1] *Assume a lordly air*)—Ver. 308. "Amicibor." By the use of this word, he early refers to some peculiar way of assuming a jaunty air, probably by tucking p a portion of the dress. In the same way we read in our old Novelists of ilitary men "cocking their hats" to look fierce. To spit with noise and gesture as also considered to give an air of importance.

[2] *Like a two-handled jug*)—Ver. 309. "Ansatus." His arms being a kimbo, compares him to a jug with two handles.

[3] *What's this swelling*)—Ver. 313. He has the purse slung round his neck, nderneath his dress. This bulges out, and Toxilus asks him what it is. There a somewhat similar Scene in the Asinaria, between Libanus and Leonida.

Tox. I'll drive them back; be of good heart.

Sag. You shall be trusted *then;* I'll lend them yc Follow this way, please (*taking the purse from his neck*); in this there is the money which you were asking me for a short time since.

Tox. What is it you say?

Sag. My master has sent me to Eretria to purchase some oxen; at present my Eretria shall be this house of yours.

Tox. You speak quite enchantingly; and I shall very soon return you all the money safe; for now I've arranged and put in readiness all my devices, in which way I'm to get this money out of this Procurer.

Sag. So much the better.

Tox. Both for the damsel to be set at liberty, and, still further, for himself to pay the money. But follow me; I have need of your assistance in this affair.

Sag. Make use of it just as you please. (*They go into the house.*)

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Saturio *and his* Daughter[1], *in the habit of a* Persian.

Sat. May this same matter turn out well for me, and for yourself, and for my stomach, and for everlasting victuals for it as well for all time to come; that I may have more than enough, a superfluity, and that it may outlast me Follow me this way, my daughter, with the Gods' good leave. The matter to which we are to give our attention, you know, you remember, you understand; to you I have communicated all my designs. For that reason have I dressed you out after this fashion; young woman, to-day you are to be sold.

Dau. Prithee, my *dear* father, although you do eagerly long for victuals at another's cost, are you for the sake of your appetite going to sell your own daughter?

Sat. It is a wonder, indeed, if I don't sell you, who are my own, for the sake of King Philip or Attalus[2], rather than my own.

[1] *Daughter*) Her name is not given in the Play though she pretends, when asked by Dordalus, that it is Lucris.

[2] *Philip or Attalus*)—Ver. 340. Attalus was the name of three wealthy kings of Pergamus. Philip was the name of several of the Macedonian monarchs.

Dau. Whether do you regard me as your slave or as your daughter?

Sat. I' faith, that of the two which shall appear most for the interest of my stomach; it's my authority over you, I suppose, not yours over me.

Dau. This power is yours, father; but still, although our circumstances are but very limited, it's better to pass our lives with frugality and moderation; for if disgrace is added to poverty, poverty will be more unendurable, our character more frail.

Sat. Why really you are impertinent.

Dau. I am not, nor do I think that I am, when, *though* of youthful age, I give good advice to my father. For enemies carry about slander not in the form in which it took its rise.

Sat. Let them carry it about, and let them go to utter and extreme perdition. I don't value all their enmities any more than if an empty table were now set before me.

Dau. Father, the scandal of men is everlasting; even then does it survive, when you would suppose it to be dead.

Sat. What? Are you afraid lest I should sell you?

Dau. I am not afraid *of that*, father; but I wish you not to pretend *to do so*.

Sat. Then it's in vain you wish me not; this shall be done rather after my own fashion than yours.

Dau. Shall be done!

Sat. What is the matter, *now?*

Dau. Father, reflect upon these words: if a master has threatened punishment to a slave, although it is not intended to be, *still*, when the whip is taken up, while he is taking off his tunics, with what an amount of misery is he afflicted. Now, that which is not to be, I'm still in fear of.

Sat. Damsel or woman none will there *ever* be, but what she must be good for nothing, who is too wise to be giving satisfaction to her parents.

Dau. Damsel and woman none can there be, but what she must be good for nothing, who holds her peace if she sees anything going on wrong.

Sat. 'Twere better for you to beware of a mischief.

Dau. But if I cannot beware, what am I to do? For it's as to yourself I wish to beware.

SAT. What, am I a mischief?

DAU. You are not, nor is it becoming for me to say so; but for this purpose am I using my endeavours, that others may not say so who have that liberty.

SAT. Let each one say what he pleases; from this purpose I shall not be moved.

DAU. But, could it be after my own way, you would be acting prudently, rather than foolishly.

SAT. It is my pleasure. DAU. I know that I must let it be your pleasure so far as I'm concerned; but it should not please you to be your pleasure, if I had my way.

SAT. Are you going to be obedient to your father's orders or not? DAU. To be *obedient*.

SAT. Do you know then what I instructed you?

DAU. Everything. SAT. Both this, how you were stolen?

DAU. I understand it perfectly well.

SAT. And who your parents were?

DAU. I keep it in my memory. You cause me of necessity to be artful; but take you care, when you wish to give me in marriage, that this story doesn't cause the match to be given up.

SAT. Hold your tongue, simpleton. Do you not see the customs of people now-a-days, that marriage is easily effected here with a reputation of any kind? So long as there's a marriage-portion, no fault is reckoned as a fault.

DAU. Then take you care, and let this occur to your thoughts, that I am without a fortune.

SAT. Take you care, please, how you say that. By my faith, through the merits of the Gods and of my ancestors I'll say it, you must not say that you are without a fortune who have a marriage-portion at home. Why look, I've got a *whole* carriage-full[1] of books at home. If you carefully give your attention to this matter in which we are exerting ourselves, six hundred bon-mots shall be given you out of them as a fortune, all Attic ones[2], too; you shall not receive

[1] *Whole carriage-full*)—Ver. 393. "Soracum." This, which was also called "sarracum," was, according to Festus, a vehicle especially used for the purpose of carrying dresses, scenery, and theatrical properties.

[2] *All Attic ones*)—Ver. 396. In this remark he refers to the pure language of Attica, in contrast with the *patois*, or mixture of Greek and Latin, spoken by the Sicilians. It is not improbable that the Parasite alludes to the example

a single Sicilian one. With this for a fortune, you might *safely* marry a beggar even[1].

Dav. Why, then, don't you take me, father, if you are going to take me anywhere? Either do you sell me, or do *with me* what you please.

Sat. You ask what's fair and right. Follow me this way.

Dav. I'm obedient to your command. (*They go into the house, to* Toxilus.)

Scene II.—*Enter* Dordalus, *from his house.*

Dor. (*to himself*). I wonder what I'm to say my neighbour is going to do, who swore to me that he would pay the money to-day? But if he should not pay it, and this day go by, I shall have forfeited the money, he his oath. But the door there makes a noise. I wonder who's coming out of doors?

Scene III.—*Enter* Toxilus, *from his* Master's *house, with a purse in his hand.*

Tox. (*speaking at the door to the* Persons *within*). Take you care of that in-doors; I shall betake myself home just now.

Dor. Toxilus, how are you? Tox. How now!—pimping filth mixed up with mud! How now!—public dung-heap! dirty, dishonest, lawless, enticer, disgrace to the public; you hawk after money, greedy and envious; you impudent, rapacious, craving fellow (in three hundred lines no person could run through your villanies), will you take the money? (*Holding out the purse.*) Take the money, will you, shameless fellow. Take hold of the money, will you. Are you going to take the money, then? Can I make you take the money, filth? (*Keeps moving it away.*) You didn't suppose that I should have had so much money—you, who didn't venture to trust me at all except upon oath?

Dor. Do let me recover breath, so as to give you an answer. Fellow, dregs of the populace, you stable for she-slaves, you liberator of harlots, you surface for the lash, you wearer-out of the fetters, you citizen of the treadmill, you

Homer, who, Ælian informs us, was said to have given his "Cyprian poems" as a portion to his daughter.

[1] *Marry a beggar even*)—Ver. 397. As being sure of always being above want

slave everlastingly, you gormandizer, glutton, pilferer, runaway, give me the money, will you. Give me the money, impudence. Can I get the money out of you? Give me the money, I say. Why don't you give me the money? Are you ashamed of nothing? You impersonation of slavery, a Procurer is asking money of you for the liberation of your mistress, so that all may hear it.

Tox. Troth now, prithee, do hold your tongue. For sure your voice is in first-rate strength.

Dor. I've got a tongue made for returning a compliment. Salt is provided for me at the same price as for yourself; Unless this tongue protects me, it shall never lick a bit of salt.

Tox. I'll cease to be angry now. It was for this I blamed you, because you refused to trust me for the money.

Dor. 'Twas a wonder, *indeed,* that I didn't trust you, that you might do the same to me that some of the bankers do[1]. When you've entrusted them with anything, they immediately run more quickly away from the Forum than a hare, when, at the games[2], he's let out of the entrance *of his cage.*

Tox. (*holding out the money*). Take this, will you.

Dor. Why don't you give it then?

Tox. (*giving it*). There will be here six hundred didrachms, full weight *and* counted; cause the damsel to be set at liberty, and bring her out here forthwith.

Dor. I'll have her here this moment. I' faith, I don't know to whom now to give this money to be tested[3].

Tox. Perhaps you are afraid to entrust it to any one's hands? Dor. Strange if I wasn't. More quickly, now-a-

[1] *Some of the bankers do*)—Ver. 435. As to the character of the "argentarii," or "bankers," at Rome at this period, see the Curculio, l. 373, and the Pseudolus, l. 296, and the Notes to those passages.

[2] *When, at the games*)—Ver. 437. He probably alludes to the games in the Circus at the Floralia, or Festival of Flora, when hares and deer were hunted. See the Fasti of Ovid, B. 5, l. 372. These animals were sometimes brought in nets, and sometimes in cages, the "porta," or "door," of which is here mentioned. Probably, one reason for hunting the hare was the fact that it is destructive to flowers (especially pinks and carnations), which were under the tutelage of Flora.

[3] *To be tested*)—Ver. 441. The "argentarii" were licensed to be "probatores," "triers" or "assayers" of the goodness of the coin in circulation.

days, do bankers abscond from the Forum, than a wheel spins round in a race.

Tox. (*pointing*). Do you go that way, through the alleys, the back way to the Forum[1]; let this damsel pass through the same way to our house, through the garden.

Dor. I'll have her here this moment.

Tox. But not in public view. Dor. Very discreet.

Tox. To-morrow she must go to return thanks[2].

Dor. I' faith, just so indeed.

Tox. While you've been loitering, you might have got back. (*Exit* Dordalus; Toxilus *goes into the house.*)

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Toxilus.

Tox. (*to himself.*). If you give attention to any matter with steadiness or with good management, that same is wont properly to thrive to your satisfaction. And, by my faith, pretty nearly according as each man gives attention to his business, in the same manner do the results[3] finally ensure him success. If he is knavish or a rogue, the business turns out badly which he has commenced; but if he uses good management, it results profitably. Cleverly and skilfully did I commence upon this business; for that reason do I trust that it will turn out well for me. Now, I'll this day have the Procurer so hampered, that he shan't know himself which way to extricate himself. (*Goes to the door.*) Saga-

[1] *Back way to the Forum*)—Ver. 445. Dordalus is to go through his house which adjoins that of the master of Toxilus) to the Forum, for the purpose of procuring the manumission of Lemniselene from the Prætor, who sits in court here. The reason for his being advised by Toxilus to go the back way probably is, that he does not wish, by their walking in the main street, to attract attention to the fact that he has purchased her freedom. The Procurer, too, having to carry the money to the assayers, probably would not like to attract too much attention to his precious burden. As they are to come back the same way, Lemniselene is to enter the house where Toxilus lives at the back entrance, which accounts for her coming thence, in the Fifth Act, without having appeared on the stage since she went back, after speaking with Sophoclidisca, into the house of Dordalus.

[2] *Go to return thanks*)—Ver. 448. It was the custom solemnly to return thanks to the Deities on liberation from servitude.

[3] *The results*)—Ver. 453. "Postprincipia" Literally, "the continuance of a thing after it is once begun."

ristio, hallo! Come forth, and bring out the young woman, and that letter which I sealed for you, which you brought me all the way from Persia, from my master.

SCENE II.—*Enter* SAGARISTIO *and the* DAUGHTER *of* SATURIO, *from the house, each dressed in Persian costume.*

SAG. Have I delayed at all?

TOX. Bravo! bravo! dressed out in splendid style. (*To* SAGARISTIO.) The tiara[1] does finely set off your dress. Then, too, how beautifully does the slipper become this stranger damsel! But are you thoroughly up in your parts?

SAG. Tragedians and Comedians have never been up so well.

TOX. Troth, you are giving me kind assistance. Come, be off that way (*pointing*), to a distance out of sight, and hold your tongue. When you see me conversing with the Procurer, that will be the time to accost us; now be off, you,—away with you. (SAGARISTIO *and the* DAMSEL *go aside, out of sight.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* DORDALUS.

DOR. (*to himself*). The man to whom the Deities are propitious, in his way they throw some profit. For I this day have made a saving of two loaves daily; this way, she who this day was my slave is now her own; by his cash he has prevailed; this day then she'll be dining at the expense of another, she'll be tasting nothing of mine. Am I not a worthy man, am I not a courteous citizen, who this day have made the extensive state of Attica still larger, and increased it by a female citizen? But how obliging have I been to-day! To how many have I given credit, and have from no person taken surety; so readily did I give credit to all: and I don't fear that of *those* whom I've trusted to-day any one will forswear himself against me upon trial. I wish from this day forth to be honest—a thing that never will be and never was.

TOX. (*apart*). This fellow, this very day, by clever contrivances, I'll catch in a springe; and so the snare is cunningly

[1] *The tiara*)—Ver. 465. The "tiara" was a head-dress with a large high crown which covered the ears, and was worn especially by the Armenians, Parthians and Persians. The King of Persia wore an erect "tiara," while that of his subjects was soft and flexible, falling on one side.

laid for him; I'll accost the fellow. (*Aloud.*) What are you about? Dor. Giving credit.

Tox. Whence do you betake yourself, Dordalus?

Dor. I'm going to give you credit[1].

Tox. May the Gods grant whatever you may desire. How now, have you given the damsel her liberty by this?

Dor. I'm going to give you credit, i' faith, I'm going to give you credit, I repeat.

Tox. Are you now increased in number by one freed-woman? Dor. You worry me to death. Why, I tell you that I'll give you credit.

Tox. Tell me in sober truth, is she now at liberty?

Dor. Go, go to the Forum, to the Prætor[2]; make all enquiries, since you don't choose to give me credit. She is at liberty, I say. Do you hear me at all?

Tox. May all the Deities bless you then. And never from this time forward, will I wish to you or yours what you don't wish.

Dor. Be off: don't be swearing *that*. I quite believe you.

Tox. Where is your freed-woman now?

Dor. At your house.

Tox. Do you say so? Is she at our house?

Dor. I do say so, I tell you; she is at your house, I say.

Tox. So may the Deities favour me, for this thing many blessings from me are in store for you: for there's a certain matter, which I refrained from mentioning to you; now I'll disclose it, *and* from it you can make a very large profit. I'll give you cause to remember me so long as you exist.

Dor. My ears are wanting some kind deeds by way of assistance to these kind words.

Tox. It's *only* your deserts, that I should do as you deserve. And that you may know that I will do so, take this letter (*showing him a letter*); read it over.

[1] *To give you credit*)—Ver. 484. He probably says this satirically, as Toxilus has really paid him the money. If so, we must suppose that his soliloquy is spoken in a bantering manner, on the absurdity of trusting people. Perhaps he has been just requested at the Forum to give credit to some intended customers. It is not improbable that a portion of this Play is lost here, or that it is in a very corrupt state.

[2] *To the Prætor*)—Ver. 488. Who has just manumitted the damsel, by his actor laying upon her the "vindicta," or "festuca," the rod of liberty," and then registering her name.

Dor. What has this got to do with me?

Tox. Why yes, it bears reference to yourself, and it does relate to you. But it has just now been brought me from Persia, from my master.

Dor. When? Tox. Not long since.

Dor. What does it say?

Tox. Make enquiry of its own self: it will tell you itself.

Dor. Give it me, then. (*Taking it from* Toxilus.)

Tox. But read it aloud.

Dor. Be silent while I read it over.

Tox. I'll not utter a word.

Dor. (*reading*). "Timarchides sends health to Toxilus and all the family. If you are well, I am glad; I am quite well, and carrying on my business, and am making money; and I am not able to return home for these eight months, for there is some business which detains me here; the Persians have taken Chrysopolis[1], a city of Arabia, full of good things, and an ancient town; there the booty is being collected, that a public auction may be made; this matter causes me to be absent from home. I wish attention and hospitality to be shown to the person who brings *this* letter to you. Attend to what he wants; for at his own house at home he has shown me the greatest attentions." What has it to do with me or my welfare, what matters the Persians are about, or what your master *is doing?*

Tox. Hold your tongue, silly babbler; you don't know what blessing awaits you. It's in vain that Fortune is ready to light for you her torch that leads to profit.

Dor. What Fortune is this that leads to profit?

Tox. (*pointing to the letter*). Ask that which knows: I know about as much as yourself, except that I was the first to read it through. But as you've begun, learn the matter from the letter.

Dor. You counsel me aright. Keep silence.

Tox. Now you'll come to that which does relate to your interest.

Dor. (*reading on*). "The person that brings this letter, has taken with him a well-bred female of engaging charms, who has been stolen, *and* brought from the in-

[1] *Chrysopolis*)—Ver. 515. Chrysopolis (Golden City) would have peculiar charms for the ear of Dordalus; of course there was no such place in reality.

most parts of Arabia; I wish you to take charge of her that she may be sold there; but he who makes purchase of her, must buy her at his own risk; nobody will promise or give a warranty. Take you care that he receives money full weight and counted. Pay attention to this, and give attention that the stranger is attended to. Farewell."

Tox. What then? After you have read over what has been committed to the wax, do you believe me now?

Dor. Where now is this stranger that brought this letter? Tox. He'll be here just now, I believe; he has sent for her from the ship.

Dor. I don't want any lawsuits or quirks at all. Why should I be laying out so much money at such a distance? Unless I get her on warranty, what need have I of this purchase?

Tox. Will you, or will you not, hold your tongue? I never did believe you to be such a blockhead. What are you afraid of?

Dor. I' faith, I really am afraid; I've experienced it now so many times, and it will not befall me without having already experienced it, to be getting stuck in such a quagmire.

Tox. There seems to be no risk.

Dor. I know that; but I'm afraid about myself.

Tox. It matters nothing whatever to me, so far as I'm concerned; it's for your sake I mentioned it, that I might at the earliest moment give you an opportunity of advantageously purchasing her.

Dor. I return you thanks; but it's a nicer thing for you to become wise through others, than for others through yourself.

Tox. Surely no person can follow after her from the inmost parts of Arabia. Will you make purchase of her, then?

Dor. Only let me see the commodity.

Tox. You say what's fair. But look, most à propos, the stranger is coming himself, who brought this letter hither.

Dor. (*pointing down the side-scene*). Is that he?

Tox. That's he. Dor. And is that the girl that was stolen?

Tox. I know just about as well as yourself, except that I

have seen her. Upon my faith, she certainly is genteel looking, whoever she is.

Dor. Faith, she has pretty regular features.

Tox. (*aside*). With what contempt the hang-dog *does speak of her.* (*To* Dordalus.) Let's examine her beauty in silence.

Dor. I approve of your advice. (*They stand aside.*)

Scene IV.—*Enter* Sagaristio *and the* Daughter *of* Saturio, *dressed as* Persians.

Sag. Doesn't Athens seem to you a rich and opulent place?

Dau. I've seen the appearance of the city; the customs of the people I've observed but little of.

Tox. (*apart*). At the very outset has she forborne to make a wise remark.

Dor. (*apart*). I cannot by her very first words form an estimate of her wisdom.

Sag. What as to that which you have seen? How does the city seem fortified to you, with its wall?

Dau. If the inhabitants have good morals, I think it's properly fortified. If Perfidiousness, and Peculation, and Avarice are exiled from the city, Envy in the fourth place, Ambition in the fifth, Scandal in the sixth, Perjury in the seventh.

Tox. (*apart*). Bravo!

Dau. Idleness in the eighth, Injustice in the ninth, Immorality, which is the very worst in its attack, in the tenth. If these things shall not be away from it, a wall a hundred-fold were too little for preserving its interests.

Tox. (*apart*). What say you? Dor. (*apart*). What do you mean?

Tox. (*apart*). You are among those ten companions; you must depart in banishment from here.

Dor. (*apart*). Why so? Tox. (*apart*). Because you are perjured.

Dor. (*apart*). Really she has spoken not without some cleverness.

Tox. (*apart*). That's to your advantage, I say; you buy her.

Dor. (*apart*). Upon my faith, the more I look at her, the more she pleases me.

Tox. (*apart*). If you do buy her, immortal Gods, no other Procurer will be more wealthy than yourself; at your will you'll be turning people out of their estates *and* households; you'll be transacting business with men of the highest rank; they'll be longing for your favour; they'll be coming to make merry at your house.

Dor. (*apart*). But I shan't allow them to be admitted.

Tox. (*apart*). But then at night they'll be singing[1] before your threshold, *and* be burning down your door; do you at once order your house to be fastened with a door of iron[2], change for a house of iron, fix in thresholds of iron, a bar of iron and a ring; if you don't prove sparing of the iron, do you order thick fetters of iron to be rivetted upon yourself.

Dor. (*apart*). Away to utter perdition! Tox. (*pushing him*). Go then, make purchase of her, and follow my advice.

Dor. (*apart*). Only let me know how much he asks for her.

Tox. (*apart*). Should you like me to call him here?

Dor. (*apart*). I'll go to him.

Tox. (*accosting him*). How fare you, guest?

Sag. I'm come; I've brought her (*pointing to the* Damsel), as I just now said *I would*. For yesterday at night the ship arrived in harbour: I want her to be sold, if she can; if she cannot, I intend to go away from here as soon as I can.

Dor. Greetings to you, young man. Sag. If indeed I shall dispose of her at her own price——

Tox. (*pointing to* Dordalus). Why, you'll either sell her handsomely with him for your purchaser, or you can to no one.

Sag. Are you a friend of his? Tox. In the same measure as all the Divinities who inhabit the heavens.

Dor. Then you are an assured enemy to me; for to the race of procurers no God was ever so kind as to prove propitious.

[1] *They'll be singing*)—Ver. 577. "Occento" seems to have a twofold meaning—"to sing to" or "serenade," or "to sing against," "to defame in abusive songs." Perhaps the latter is the meaning in the present passage.

[2] *With a door of iron*)—Ver. 578. De l'Œuvre suggests that Plautus here alludes to the story of Jupiter and Danaë.

SAG. Attend to the business in hand. Have you any need to purchase her?

DOR. If you have need for her to be sold, I, too, *have need* to purchase her; if you have no sudden occasion *to sell*, just in the same degree have I *to buy*.

SAG. State a sum; name a price. DOR. The commodity is your own; it's for you to name a sum.

TOX. (*to* SAGARISTIO). He asks what's right.

SAG. Do you wish to buy at a bargain?

DOR. Do you wish to sell at a handsome profit?

TOX. I' faith, I'm sure that both of you would like to do so.

DOR. Come, boldly name your price.

SAG. I tell you beforehand; no one will dispose of her to you on warranty. Do you so understand it, then?

DOR. I understand it. Declare what's the lowest price at which you'll offer her, for which she may be taken *by the purchaser*.

TOX. Hold your tongue, hold your tongue. Really, upon my faith, you are a very simple man, with your childish ways.

DOR. Why so?

TOX. Why because I wish you first to make enquiries of the damsel which relate to your interest.

DOR. And really, upon my faith, you've given me no bad advice. Look at that, will you. I, an experienced Procurer, had almost fallen into the pit, if you had not been here. How important a point it is to have a person your friend at hand when you are about anything.

TOX. I want you to make enquiry *of her*, of what family or in what country she was born, or of what parents, so that you mayn't say that you've bought her at hazard by my persuasion or suggestion.

DOR. On the contrary, I approve of your counsel, I tell you.

TOX. (*to* SAGARISTIO). Unless it's troublesome, he's desirous to make a few enquiries of her.

SAG. By all means; at his own pleasure.

TOX. (*to* DORDALUS). Why do you delay? Go to him yourself; and do you yourself ask him as well, that you may be allowed to make such enquiries as you please; although he has told me that he gives permission *to do so* of her, still I had rather that you yourself should go to him, that he mayn't be holding you in contempt.

Dor. You give me very proper advice. (*Accosting* Sagaristio.) Stranger, I should like to ask some questions of her. (*Pointing to the* Young Woman.)

Sag. From earth to heaven, whatever you like.

Dor. Just bid her to step this way to me.

Sag. (*to the* Young Woman). Go you, then, and humour him. (*To* Dordalus.) Make enquiry, question her, just as you please.

Tox. (*to* Dordalus). Well, well[1], get on then; make your preparations. (*Aside to the* Young Woman.) Take you care to commence with a good omen.

Dau. The auspices are favourable.

Tox. (*Aside to the* Young Woman). Hold your tongue. (*To* Dordalus.) Step you aside here; I will now conduct her to you.

Dor. Do what you think is most for my interest.

Tox. (*to the* Young Woman, *who advances with him*). Follow me. (*To* Dordalus.) I've brought her, if you are wishful to make any enquiries of her.

Dor. But I want you to be present.

Tox. I cannot do otherwise than pay attention to this stranger (*pointing to* Sagaristio), whom my master bade me *show courtesy to*. What if he doesn't choose that I should be present together with you?

Sag. Yes, but do come.

Tox. (*to* Dordalus). I'll lend you my assistance, then.

Dor. You're lending it yourself as well when you are assisting your friend.

Tox. Examine her. (*Aside to the* Young Woman.) Hark you, be on your guard.

Dau. (*aside*). Enough has been said *to me*. (*Aloud.*) Although I am a slave, I know my duty, so that whatever he asks I'll tell the truth as I have heard it.

Tox. (*pointing to* Dordalus). Young woman, this is an honorable man. Dau. I believe you.

Tox. You'll not be long in servitude with him.

Dau. I' faith, *and* so I trust, if my parents do their duty.

Dor. I do not wish you to be surprised, if we make enquiries of you about either your country or your parents.

[1] *Well, well*)—Ver. 614. In Weise's Edition these words are given to Sagaristio, but they seem better in the mouth of Toxilus.

DAU. Why should I be surprised at that, my *dear* sir? M state of servitude has forbidden me to be surprised at an misfortune of my own.

TOX. (*aside*). May the Gods confound her! so cunnin and crafty is she. She has got shrewd sense: how *readil* she does say what's needed.

DOR. What's your name?

TOX. (*aside*). Now I'm afraid she'll be tripping.

DAU. My name was Lucris[1] in my own country.

TOX. The name and the omen are worth any price. Wh don't you make purchase of her? (*Aside.*) I was great afraid that she would be tripping. She has got herself fre

DOR. If I make purchase of you, I trust that you'll pro Lucris to myself as well.

TOX. If you do make purchase of her, never, on my wor do I think that she'll remain your slave throughout t month.

DOR. *And* so indeed I'd hope, i' faith.

TOX. That what you wish may come to pass, employ yo own energies. (*Aside.*) In nothing even as yet has she ma a slip.

DOR. Where were you born?

DAU. According to what my mother told me, in the kitche in a corner on the left hand.

TOX. (*to* DORDALUS). This woman will prove a luc Courtesan for you; she has been born in a warm spot, whe full oft there is an abundance of all good things. (*Asid* The Procurer was taken in when he asked where she w born. She has played him off nicely.

DOR. But I ask of you, what is your country?

DAU. What should be mine but that where I now am?

DOR. But this I'm asking, what was?

DAU. Everything that was, do I consider as nothing, sin it was, *and is not now.* Just like a man when he has breath forth his spirit; why enquire of him who he was?

[1] *Was Lucris*)—Ver. 633. He is enchanted with her name of Lucris, beca it so closely resembles "lucrum," "profit" or "gain."

[2] *In the kitchen*)—Ver. 637. This is the first of her evasions of a direct ans to Dordalus. The cleverness of all of them is admirable, and shows a wis possible, to save her conscience in the awkward position in which she has b placed by the gluttony of her father.

Tox. (*aside*). So may the Deities kindly favour me, right cleverly. And yet I really do pity her.

Dor. But still, young woman, come, tell me at once which is your country? Why are you silent?

Dau. For my part, I really am telling you my country. Since I'm in servitude here, this is my country.

Tox. Do cease now making enquiries about that. Don't you see that she's unwilling to declare, lest you should recall to her the remembrance of her misfortunes?

Dor. What's the matter? Is your father in captivity?

Dau. Not in captivity; but what he had, he has lost.

Tox. She will prove to be born of a good family; she knows how to say nothing but the truth.

Dor. Who was he? Tell me his name?

Dau. Why should I tell of him, wretched man, who he was? For the present 'twere proper for him to be called Miserable, and me Miserable.

Dor. What kind of a person was he considered by the public?

Dau. Not a person more acceptable; slaves and free persons *all* liked him.

Tox. You do speak of a miserable man, inasmuch as he's almost lost himself, and has lost his friends.

Dor. I shall purchase her, I think.

Tox. What, still "I think?"

Dor. I imagine that she's of a noble family.

Tox. You'll make riches by her.

Dor. May the Gods grant it so.

Tox. Do you only buy her.

Dau. Now this I tell you: my father will be here directly, when he knows that I've been sold, and will ransom me *thus* separated *from him.*

Tox. What say you now? Dor. What's the matter?

Tox. Do you hear what she says?

Dau. For although his fortunes are broken, he still has friends. (*Pretends to cry.*)

Dor. Don't weep, please; you'll soon be at liberty, if—you have sweethearts enough[1]. Would you like to belong to me?

[1] *Have sweethearts enough*)—Ver. 662. This is a somewhat modified transiation of the passage. The Procurer uses a brutal expression, which well befits his character.

Dau. So long, indeed, as I don't belong to you too long; I'd like.

Tox. How well she does keep in mind her liberty. She'll be producing you fine hauls. About it, if you are about it. I'll go back to him. (*To the* Young Woman.) Do you follow me? (*To* Sagaristio.) I've brought her back to you.

Dor. Young man, are you disposed to sell her?

Sag. I'd like it, rather than lose her.

Dor. Do you compress it then into a few words; state the price at which she's offered.

Sag. I'll do so, as I see you wish it. Take her for a hundred minæ.

Dor. That's too much. Sag. For eighty.

Dor. That's too much.

Sag. There can't a didrachm be abated from the price which I shall now name.

Dor. What is it, then? Speak out at once and name it.

Sag. At your own risk, she's offered at sixty minæ.

Dor. Toxilus, what am I to do?

Tox. (*aside to* Dordalus). The Gods and Goddesses are pursuing you with their vengeance, you rogue, for not making haste to purchase her.

Dor. Take them, *then*.

Tox. Well done, you have got a rich prize! Be off, and fetch the money out here. On my faith, she's not dear at three hundred minæ.

Sag. Hark you, for her clothing there'll be ten minæ added to this as well.

Dor. Yes, be deducted, not added.

Tox. Do hold your tongue, will you; don't you see that he's seeking an excuse to have *the bargain* broken? Why don't you be off and fetch the money?

Dor. (*to* Toxilus, *as he is going*). Hark you, do you keep an eye upon him.

Tox. Why don't you then go in?

Dor. I'll go and fetch the money. (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene V.—*The* Daughter *of* Saturio, Toxilus, *and* Sagaristio.

Tox. Upon my word, young lady, you have given us praise worthy aid, good, and wise, and sensible.

Dau. If for good persons anything good is done, the same s wont to be both important and pleasing.

Tox. Do you hear, you Persian, when you've got the money of him, do you pretend as though you are going straight to the ship.

Sag. Don't teach me.

Tox. Betake yourself back again to our house, that way (*pointing*) down the lane through the garden.

Sag. You are naming what's intended to be done.

Tox. But don't you at once be changing your quarters with the money, I recommend you.

Sag. What's worthy of yourself, do you take to be worthy of me?

Tox. Hold your tongue; lower your voice; the spoil is coming out of doors.

SCENE VI.—*Re-enter* Dordalus, *from his house, with a bag of money.*

Dor. Sixty minæ of assayed silver are here (*pointing at the bag*), less two didrachms.

Sag. What's the meaning of those didrachms?

Dor. To pay for this bag, or else to cause it to come home again.

Sag. Lest you mightn't be enough of a Procurer, did you bear, wretched, filthy, avaricious *creature*, that you might lose your bag?

Tox. Pray, let him alone; since he is a Procurer, he isn't doing anything surprising.

Dor. I've judged from omens that I should make some profit to-day; nothing is of value so small to me, but that I grudge to lose it. Come, take this, will you? (*Holds out the bag to* Sagaristio.)

Sag. Place it around my neck, if it is not too much trouble.

Dor. Certainly, it shall be done. (*Hangs it round his neck.*)

Sag. Is there anything else that you wish with me?

Tox. Why are you in such haste?

Sag. My business is of that nature; the letters that have been entrusted me, I want to deliver; and I've heard that my twin-brother's a slave here; I wish to be off to seek him out, and redeem him.

Tox. And, i' faith, you've not badly put me in mind of it; I think that I've seen here one very like you in figure, of just the same size.

Sag. Why, it must *surely* be my brother[1].

Dor. But we'd like to know what your name is.

Tox. What does it matter to us to know?

Sag. Listen then, that you may know; *my name is* Lying-speakerus[2], Virgin-seller-onides, Trifle-great-talker-ides, Silver-screwer-outides, Thee-worthy-to-talk-to-ides, Wheedler-out-of-coin-ides, What-he-has-once-got-hold-of-ides, Never-again-part-with-it-ides.

Dor. Dear me; upon my faith, *this* name of yours is written in many ways.

Sag. Such is the way with the Persians; we have long names of many words twisted together. Do you wish for anything else?

Dor. Farewell!

Sag. And you *farewell;* for my mind's aboard ship *already*

Dor. You'd better have gone to-morrow, *and* dined here to-day. (Sagaristio *is going.*) Farewell!

(*Exit* Sagaristio.

Scene VII.—Toxilus, Dordalus, *and the* Daughter *of* Saturio.

Tox. Since that fellow's gone, I may say here whatever I please. This day has assuredly shone a gainful one for you; for you've not been buying her, but making a *clear* profit of her.

Dor. He indeed quite understands what he has been about

[1] *Be my brother*)—Ver. 705. Sagaristio is afraid that Dordalus may remember having seen him before about the city, and he artfully preoccupies the ground by saying that he is searching for his twin-brother, whom he has lost.

[2] *Lying-speakerus*)—Ver. 709. He here uses an assemblage of long words made for the occasion, and coined out of Latin and Greek, hashed up together which, however, contain in themselves an account of the part which he is then acting towards the Procurer. The lines in the original are as follows:

Vaniloquidorus, Virginisvendonides,
Nugipolyloquides, Argentiexterebronides,
Tedigniloquides, Nummorumexpalponides,
Quodseme arripides, Nunquampostereddides.

in having sold me a stolen woman at my own risk; he has got the money, *and* taken himself off. How do I know now whether she mayn't be claimed at once? Whither am I to follow him? To the Persians, nonsense.

Tox. I imagined that my services would be a cause for thankfulness with you.

Dor. Why, yes, indeed, I do return you thanks, Toxilus, for I found that you zealously gave me your assistance.

Tox. What, I, to you?

Dor. In seriousness, yes. By-the-bye, I forgot just now to give some directions in-doors, which I intended to be given. Do keep watch on her. (*Pointing to the* Young Woman.)

Tox. She's all safe, for certain (Dordalus *goes into his house.*)

Dau. My father's delaying now.

Tox. What, if I put him in mind?

Dau. It's full time.

Tox. (*going to the side of the stage, and calling aloud*). Hallo! Saturio, come forward; now's the opportunity for taking vengeance on the enemy.

Enter Saturio.

Sag. See, here I am. Have I delayed at all?

Tox. Well, go you off there at a distance out of sight; keep silence. When you see me talking to the Procurer, do you then make a row.

Sat. A word's enough to the wise. (*He withdraws out of sight.*)

Scene VIII.—*Enter* Dordalus, *from his house, with a whip in his hand.*

Dor. On coming into the house, I lashed them all with the whip; my house and furniture are in such a dirty state.

Tox. Are you returned at last?

Dor. I'm returned.

Tox. Assuredly, I have this day done you many services.

Dor. I confess it; I give you thanks.

Tox. Do you want anything else with me?

Dor. That happiness may attend you.

Tox. I' faith, all that indeed I shall surely enjoy at home

now; for I shall now go take my place *at table* with your freed-woman. You, when I'm gone——

Dor. Why don't you hold your tongue? I know what it is you want. (Toxilus *goes into the house.*)

Scene IX.—*Enter* Saturio, *in a seeming rage.*

Sat. If I don't prove the destruction of that fellow——

Dor. I'm undone.

Sat. And most luckily there he is, himself, before the door.

Dau. (*running towards him*). Most welcome, my *dear* father. (*She embraces him.*)

Sat. Welcome, my child.

Dor. (*aside*). *That* Persian has utterly ruined me!

Dau. (*to* Dordalus). This is my father.

Dor. Ha!—what?—father? I'm utterly undone! Why then, in my misery, do I delay to bewail my sixty minæ?

Sat. By my faith, you scoundrel, I'll give you cause to bewail your own self as well. Dor. I'm undone!

Sat. Come, walk before a magistrate, Procurer.

Dor. Why do you summon me before a magistrate?

Sat. I'll tell you there, before the Prætor. But before the magistrate I summon you.

Dor. Don't you summon[1] a witness?

Sat. What, for your sake, hangdog, am I to be touching the ear of any being that's free—*you*, who are here trading in persons, free citizens?

Dor. Let me but speak—— Sat. I won't.

Dor. Hear me. Sat. I'm deaf. Walk on—follow me this way (*dragging him*), you villanous mouser after maidens! Follow after me this way, my daughter, to the Prætor.

Dau. I'll follow. (*Exit* Saturio, *dragging* Dordalus, *his* Daughter *following.*)

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Toxilus, *from the house.*

Tox. (*to himself*). The foe subdued, the citizens safe, the state in tranquillity, peace fully ratified, the war finished, our

[1] *Don't you summon*)—Ver. 753. See the Notes to the Curculio, i. 621. A slave, or a person of infamous character, might be dragged by force, when summoned to appear before the Prætor.

affairs prospering, the army and the garrisons untouched; inasmuch, Jupiter, and all you other Deities potent in the heavens, you have kindly aided us, for that reason do I return and give you thanks; because I have been fully revenged upon my foe. Now, for this reason, among my partners will I divide and allot the spoil. (*To the* SLAVES *in the house, who obey his orders.*) Come out of doors; here, before the entrance and the door, I wish to entertain my commates with hospitality. Lay down the couches here; place here the things that are usual. Here am I determined that my eagle[1] shall be first pitched; from which spot I'll cause all to become merry, joyous, and delighted, by the aid of whom those things which I wished to be effected have been rendered for me easy to be done; for worthless is the man who knows how to receive a kindness, and knows not how to return it.

Enter LEMNISELENE, SAGARISTIO, *and* PÆGNIUM, *from the house.*

LEM. My Toxilus, why am I without you? And why are you without me?

TOX. Come then, my own one, approach me, and embrace me, please. LEM. Indeed I *will*. (*Embraces him.*)

TOX. O, nothing is there more sweet *than this*. But, there's a dear, apple of my eye, why don't we at once betake us to the couches?

LEM. Everything that you wish, the same do I desire.

TOX. It's mutual. Come, come—come then. You, Sagaristio, recline in the upper place.

SAG. I don't at all care for it. Give me but equal shares in what I've earned. TOX. All in good time.

SAG. For me that "good time" is too late.

TOX. Attend to the matter in hand. Take your place; this delightful day let's keep as a joyous birthday of mine. (*To the* SLAVES.) Bring water for our hands; arrange the table. (*The* SLAVES *obey, and the* GUESTS *take their places.*) To you, blooming one (*addressing* LEMNISELENE), I give this blooming wreath. (*Places a garland on her head.*) You shall be our governess here. Come, lad, commence these

[1] *That my eagle*)—Ver. 765. He looks upon himself as a general who has led his troops to victory; and alludes to the eagles or standards of the Roman army, which were entrusted to the Primipilus, or first Centurion of the Legion

games from the top with a round of seven cups. Bestir your hands; make haste. Pægnium, you are slow in giving me the cups; really, do give them. Here's luck to me, luck to you, luck to my mistress, luck to us all. This much wished-for day has been sent me by the Gods this day, inasmuch as I am allowed to embrace you a free woman. (*He drinks.*)

LEM. By your own agency it was effected. (*Giving him the cup.*) This cup my hand presents to you, as it becomes a mistress to her love.

TOX. Give it me. LEM. Take it. (*Gives him the cup.*)

TOX. Here's luck to him who envies me, and to him who rejoices in this joy. (*Drinks.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* DORDALUS, *at a distance.*

DOR. (*to himself*). Those who are, and those who shall be, and those who have been, and those who are to be hereafter, all of them I singly by far surpass, in being the most wretched of men alive. I'm undone, ruined quite! This day has shone upon me the most unfortunate of days; that ruiner Toxilus has so outmanœuvred me, and has so laid waste my property! A *whole* cartload of silver, to my misfortune, have I upset, *and* lost, and have not that for which I did upset it. May all the Deities utterly confound that Persian, and all Persians, and all persons *besides!* in such a way has Toxilus, the wretch, conjured this up against me. Because I didn't trust him for the money, for that reason has he contrived this plan against me,—*a fellow*, that, by my faith, if I *only* live, I'll bring to torture and the fetters; if, indeed, his master ever returns here, as I trust *he will.* (*Catching sight of the* REVELLERS.) But what is it I see? Do look at that. What play is this? By my troth, they're carousing here surely. I'll accost them. (*He goes up to them.*) O worthy sir (*to* TOXILUS), my greetings to you—you, too (*to* LEMNISELENE), *my* worthy freed-woman.

TOX. Why surely this is Dordalus.

SAG. Invite him, then, to come.

TOX. (*to* DORDALUS). Come here, if you like. (*Aside.*) Come, let's sing his praises. (*Aloud.*) Dordalus, most delightful fellow, welcome, here's a place for you; take your place here (*pointing to a couch*). Bring water for his feet

(*to the* SLAVES.) Are you going to give it, lad? (*Is going to pat* DORDALUS *on the shoulder.*)

DOR. Don't you, please, be touching me with a single finger, lest I should fell you to the ground, you villain.

PÆG. (*holding up a cup*). And I this very instant will be striking out your eye with this tankard.

DOR. What do you say, gallows[1], you wearer-away of the whip? How have you imposed upon me[2] to-day? Into what embarrassments have you thrown me? How have I been baulked about the Persian?

TOX. You'll be off with your abuse from here, if you are wise.

DOR. (*to* LEMNISELENE). But, my worthy freed-woman, you knew of this, and concealed it from me.

LEM. It's folly for a person who can enjoy himself to turn to brawling in preference. 'Twere more proper for you to arrange about those matters another time.

DOR. My heart's in flames.

TOX. Give him a goblet, *then;* put out the fire, if his heart's in flames, that his head mayn't be burnt.

DOR. You're making sport of me, I find.

TOX. Would you like[3] a new playfellow for you, Pægnium? (*Pointing at* DORDALUS.) But sport on as you are wont, as this is a place of freedom. (PÆGNIUM *struts about round* DORDALUS.) O rare! you do stalk in a princely style and right merrily.

PÆG. It befits me to be merry, and I've a longing to play this Procurer some pranks, since he's deserving of it.

TOX. As you commenced, proceed.

PÆG. (*striking him*). Take that, Procurer!

DOR. I'm undone! he has almost knocked me down!

PÆG. Hey—be on your guard[4] again. (*Strikes at him.*)

[1] *Gallows*)—Ver. 800. "Crux." Literally, "cross;" in allusion to it as peculiarly the instrument of the punishment of slaves.

[2] *Imposed upon me*)—Ver. 801. "Manus adita est." Literally, "your hand was gone to." This is probably an allusion to the practice of kissing the hand in irony to a person when he is loudly complaining of having been imposed upon.

[3] *Would you like*)—Ver. 807. This passage has been somewhat modified in the Translation.

[4] *Be on your guard*)—Ver. 814. In Weise's Edition, "servo," in this line, seems to be not so conformable to the sense of the passage as "serva," which has been adopted.

Dor. Sport on just as you please, while your master's away from here.

Pæg. (*skipping around him*). Don't you see how obedient I am to your request? But why, on the other hand, are not you obedient to my request as well, and *why don't you* do that which I advise you?

Dor. What's that?

Pæg. Do you take a stout rope for yourself, and go hang yourself.

Dor. (*shaking his stick*). Take you care, will you, that you don't touch me, lest I give you a heavy return with this walking-stick. Pæg. Make use of it; I give you leave.

Tox. Come, come, Pægnium, put an end to it.

Dor. By my faith, I'll utterly destroy you *all*.

Tox. But he, who dwells above[1] us, wishes you all ill, and will do you all ill. It's not they that tell you so, but I.

Tox. Come (*to the* Slaves), carry round the honied wine[2]; give us drink in goblets quite full: it's a long time now since we last drank; we've been athirst too long.

Dor. May the Gods grant that you may drink that which may never pass through you.

Pæg. I cannot forbear, Procurer, from at least dancing a hornpipe[3] for you, which Hegea formerly composed. But *just* look if it quite pleases you. (*He dances.*)

Sag. (*rising*). I'd like also to repeat that one which Diodorus formerly composed in Ionia. (*Goes close to* Dordalus.)

Dor. I'll be doing you a mischief, if you are not off!

Sag. Still muttering, impudence? If you provoke me, I'll just now be bringing you the Persian again.

Dor. I' faith, I'm silenced now. Why, you are the Persian that has been fleecing me to the quick!

Tox. Hold your tongue, simpleton; this is his twin-brother.

[1] *Who dwells above*)—Ver. 826. He alludes to Jupiter, the King of Heaven.

[2] *The honied wine*)—Ver. 828. He probably mentions "mulsum," because that was the draught with which soldiers were regaled after victory.

[3] *A hornpipe*)—Ver. 831. "Staticulum." This was probably danced, the performer not moving from the spot; and perhaps was something similar to our hornpipe-dances. Of Hegea and Diodorus, the dancing masters, no records are left.

Dor. Is it he? Tox. *Aye*, and a very twin of twins.

Dor. May the Gods and Goddesses rack both yourself and your twin-brother.

Sag. *Him, you mean*, who has been ruining you; for I don't deserve anything.

Dor. But still, what he deserves, I hope that that may prove to your undoing.

Tox. (*to* Sagaristio). Come, if you like, let's have some sport with this *fellow*, unless he isn't *deemed* worthy of it.

Sag. Just now it's right.

Lem. (*aside*). But it isn't proper for me.

Tox. (*aside*). For the reason, I suppose, that he made no difficulties when I purchased you.

Lem. (*aside*). But still——

Tox. (*aside*). No "still." Beware, then, of a mishap, will you, and obey me. It becomes you to be heedful of my orders; for, i' faith, had it not been for me and my protection, he would before long have made a street-walker of you. But such are some of those who have gained their freedom, unless they thwart their patron, they don't appear to themselves free enough, or wise enough, or honest enough, unless they oppose him, unless they abuse him, unless they are found ungrateful to him who has been kind.

Lem. (*aside*). I' troth, your kindnesses command me to pay obedience to your commands.

Tox. (*aside*). I clearly am your patron, who paid the money for you to that man (*pointing to* Dordalus); in return for that, I choose that he shall be made sport of.

Lem. (*aside*). For my part, I'll do my utmost.

Dor. For sure, these persons are consulting to do something, I know not what, to injure me.

Sag. Hark you. Tox. What do you say?

Sag. Is this person here, Dordalus the Procurer, who deals in free women? Is this he who was formerly *so* stalwart?

Dor. What means this? (Pægnium *strikes him.*) Oh, oh! he has given me a slap in the face! I'll do you a mischief. (*Shakes his fist at him.*)

Tox. But we have done you one, and shall do it again too.

Dor. (Pægnium *pinching him*). Oh, oh! he's pinching my behind.

Pæg. Of course; it has been many a time twitched before this.

Dor. Are you still prating, you bit of a boy?

Lem. (*to* Dordalus). My patron, do, there's a dear, come in-doors to dinner.

Dor. My lump of laziness, are you now scoffing at me?

Lem. What, because I invite you to enjoy yourself?

Dor. I don't want to enjoy myself.

Lem. *Then* don't.

Tox. How then? The six hundred didrachms, how are they? What disturbances they do cause.

Dor. (*aside*). I'm utterly undone! They understand full well how to return the compliment to an enemy.

Tox. Have we *now* had satisfaction enough?

Dor. I confess it; I hold up my hands[1] to you.

Tox. And, ere long, you shall be holding them beneath the bilboes[2]. Be off in-doors.

Sag. To perdition!

Dor. (*to the* Audience). Have these *fellows* here worked me in too slight a degree? (*Goes into his house.*)

Tox. (*calling after him*). Keep in mind that you met with a Toxilus. (*To the* Audience.) Spectators, kindly fare you well. The Procurer is demolished. Grant us your applause.

[1] *Hold up my hands*)—Ver. 860. "Manus dare," "to extend the hands," was a term applied to the gladiators in the Amphitheatres, who extended their hands for mercy, when they acknowledged themselves defeated.

[2] *Beneath the bilboes*)—Ver. 861. "Furca." This instrument, in shape of the letter V, was placed round the neck of offenders, and their hands tied to the ends of it.

CASINA;
OR, THE STRATAGEM DEFEATED.

Dramatis Personæ.

STALINO, an aged Athenian.
CHALINUS, the armour-bearer of Euthynicus, son of Stalino.
OLYMPIO, bailiff of Stalino.
ALCESIMUS, a neighbour of Stalino.
A COOK.
MALE SLAVES.

CLEOSTRATA, wife of Stalino.
PARDALISCA, her maid-servant.
MYRRHINA, wife of Alcesimus.
TWO MAID-SERVANTS of Cleostrata.

Scene.—Athens: before the houses of STALINO and ALCESIMUS.

THE SUBJECT.

A SERVANT, having obtained from a woman a female infant which was about to be exposed, brings it to his mistress, Cleostrata, who brings it up with the greatest care. The child is called Casina; and when she grows up, both Stalino, the husband, and Euthynicus, the son of Cleostrata, fall in love with her. Cleostrata, being aware of this, and favouring the passion of Euthynicus, is desirous to give Casina in marriage to Chalinus, his armour-bearer, as a covert method of putting her in the power of Euthynicus. On the other hand, Stalino wishes her to be married to Olympio, the bailiff of his farm, as a means of getting her into his own possession. It is at last arranged that the matter shall be decided by lot, which being drawn, Olympio is the winner. Cleostrata then resorts to a stratagem to defeat her husband's plan. With the assistance of Myrrhina and her own female servants, she dresses up Chalinus to represent Casina, who is taken by the bridegroom Olympio to a house in the vicinity, which has been secretly engaged by Stalino. The Play concludes with Olympio and Stalino rushing out of the house in dismay, after having been soundly beaten by Chalinus. Stalino implores pardon of his wife, which, at the intercession of Myrrhina, is granted. It is then discovered that Casina is really the daughter of Alcesimus, and the Audience is informed that she is to be given in marriage to Euthynicus.

CASINA;
OR, THE STRATAGEM DEFEATED.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

Two fellow-servants seek their fellow-servant (*Conservam*) as a wife: the old man prompts the one (*Illum*), his son the other. A decision by lot (*Sors*) favours the old man: but he is deceived by a stratagem: and so (*Ita*) for him, in place of the damsel, a rustically (*Nequam*) servant is substituted, who thrashes his master and the bailiff. The young man (*Adolescens*) marries Casina, when known to be a citizen.

THE PROLOGUE[1].

I BID you, most worthy Spectators, welcome; who most highly esteem *the Goddess* Faith[2], and Faith *esteems* you. If I have said the truth, *then* give me loud applause, that even now, from the very beginning forward, I may know that you are favourably disposed towards me. Those who make use of aged wine, I deem to be wise; and those as well, who, through choice, are the spectators of ancient Plays. Since antique works and words are pleasing to you, 'tis just that ancient Plays should in preference please you; for the new Comedies which come out now-a-days are much more worthless than the new-coined money[3]. We, since we have

[1] *The Prologue*) This Prologue appears to have been written many years after the death of the author, and indeed bears internal marks of having been composed at a period nearer to the Augustan age than the time of Plautus. Judging, however, from the fourteenth line, there were, at the time when it was written, some persons still surviving who had been present at the original representation of the Play.

[2] *Faith*)—Ver. 2. She was worshipped under the name of Fides. Further reference is made to her in the Aulularia, where her Temple is represented.

[3] *The new-coined money*)—Ver. 10. He seems to refer to the circulation of some coin of a base or alloyed character, probably much to the annoyance of the public.

heard the report in public, that you ardently wish for the Plays of Plautus, have brought forward this ancient Comedy of his, which you, who are among the older ones, have *formerly* approved. But I am aware that those who are among the younger ones are not acquainted with it; still, that they may make acquaintance with it, we will carefully use our best endeavours. When this was first represented, it surpassed all *other* Plays. In those days there was the *very* élite of the poets, who have now departed hence to the place common *to all*. But *though* departed, yet do they prove of advantage to those who are *still* existing. All of you, with the greatest earnestness, I would have entreated that you'll kindly lend attention to *this* our company. Dismiss from your thoughts cares and monies due; let no man stand in dread of his duns. 'Tis a holiday this—to the bankers a holiday has been given. 'Tis *now* a calm; about the Forum these are Halcyon days[1]. Reasonably do they act: during the games[2] they ask no man *for money;* but during the games to no one do they pay. If your ears are disengaged, give *me* your attention; I wish to mention to you the name of the Play. "Clerumenæ[3]" this Comedy is called in Greek; in Latin, "Sortientes." Diphilus wrote it in Greek, *and* after that, over again, Plautus with the barking name[4] in Latin afresh. (*Pointing to the house of* STALINO.)

[1] *Halcyon days*)—Ver. 26. "Alcedonia," "days of calm." This figure is derived from the circumstance that by the ancients the sea was supposed to be always calm when the female kingfisher (alcedo) was sitting; and the saying became proverbial. Ovid, in the Metamorphoses, B. 11, speaking of Ceyx and Halcyon, who were changed into kingfishers, says, l. 744 *et seq.*, "Nor, when now birds, is the conjugal tie dissolved; they couple and they become parents; and for seven calm days, in the winter-time, does Halcyone brood upon her nest, floating on the sea. Then the passage of the deep is safe; Æolus keeps the winds in, and restrains them from sallying forth, and secures a smooth sea for his descendants."

[2] *During the games*)—Ver. 27. The public games, or shows, at Rome, were represented on days that were "nefasti," when no law-suits were carried on, and no person was allowed to be arrested for debt.

[3] *Clerumenæ*)—Ver. 31. The Greek word κληρούμενοι, the "lot-drawers." This passage is considered by some Commentators to prove that the Greek οι was pronounced like the Latin "æ."

[4] *With the barking name*)—Ver. 34. It is not fully ascertained whether the "barking name" alludes to that of Plautus or of Casina; the former is, most probably, the case. Indeed, Festus tells us that "plautus" actually was the name of a species of dog with long, loose ears, which hung down. Some Commenta-

An old married man is living here; he has a son; he, with his father, is dwelling in this house. He has a certain slave, who with disease is confined—aye, faith, to his bed, *he* really *is*, that I may tell no lie. But sixteen years ago, it happened that on a time this servant, at early dawn, beheld a female child being exposed. He went at once to the woman who was exposing it, *and* begged her to give it to himself. He gained his request: he took it away, *and* carried it straight home. He gave it to his mistress, *and* entreated her to take care of it, *and* bring it up. His mistress did *so;* with great care she brought it up, as though it had been her own daughter, not much different. Since *then* she has grown up to that age to be able to prove an attraction to the men; but this old gentleman loves this *girl* distractedly, and, on the other hand, so does his son as well. Each of them now, on either side, is preparing his legions, both father and son, each unknown to the other. The father has deputed his bailiff to ask her as his wife; he hopes that, if she's given to him, an attraction out of doors will be, unknown to his wife, provided for him. But the son has deputed his armour-bearer to ask her for himself as a wife. He knows that if he gains that request, there will be *an object* for him to love, within his abode. The wife of the old gentleman has found out that he is gratifying his amorousness; for that reason, she is making common cause together with her son. But this father, when he found out that his son was in love with this same woman, and was a hindrance to him, sent the young man hence upon business abroad. His mother, understanding *this*, still lends him, *though* absent, her assistance. Don't you expect it; he will not, in this Play, to-day, return to the city. Plautus did not choose it: he broke down the bridge that lay before him in the way. There are some here, who, I fancy, are now saying among themselves, "Prithee, what means this, i' faith?—the marriage of a slave[1]? Are slaves to be marrying wives, or asking

ors reject this explanation, and think that the "au" in "Plautus" suggested e notion, from its resemblance to the baying of a dog. This is, however, very roblematical.

[1] *Marriage of a slave*)—Ver. 68. The ingenious Rost suggests this explanation the passage: The slaves at Rome were not allowed to contract marriages tween themselves, or what was in legal terms called "matrimonium." They

them for themselves? They've introduced something new—*a thing* that's done nowhere in the world." But I affirm that this is done in Greece[1], and at Carthage, and here in our own country, and in the Apulian country; and that the marriages of slaves are wont to be solemnized there with more fuss than even those of free persons. If this is not the fact, if any one pleases, let him bet with me a stake towards a jug of honied wine[2], so long as a Carthaginian is the umpire in my cause, or a Greek in fact, or an Apulian. (*A pause.*) What now? You don't take it? No one's thirsty, I find. I'll return to that foundling girl, whom the *two* slaves are, with all their might, contending for as a wife. She'll be found to be both chaste and free, of freeborn parents, an Athenian girl, and assuredly of no immodesty at all will she be guilty[3] in this Comedy at least. But i' faith, for sure, directly afterwards, when the Play is over, if any one offers the money, as I guess, she'll readily enter into matrimony *with him, and* not wait for *good* omens. Thus much *I have to say.* Farewell; be prosperous in your affairs, and conquer by true valour, as hitherto you've done[4].

were, however, permitted to live together in "contubernium," or what was in common parlance called "quasi matrimonium." This he supposes to have in time come to be styled, in common parlance, "matrimonium" by the lower classes, and consequently to have given great offence to some martinets, who insisted on giving, on all occasions, the strict legal term to the unions of slaves. He therefore excuses this shock to their feelings, by pleading the example of the Greeks, Carthaginians, and Apulians.

[1] *Done in Greece*)—Ver. 71. Rost remarks, that in reality, "matrimonium," or "marriage," in the strict legal sense, was no more permitted by the Greeks to their slaves than it was by the Romans. He is of opinion, however, that Plautus here refers to the superior humanity and kindliness of the Greeks, who did not object to call the union of slaves by the name of marriage, in common parlance, although those unfortunate persons were denied all the immunities of married people. As to the usage among the Carthaginians and Apulians, with relation to the intermarriages of slaves, no account has come down to us.

[2] *Jug of honied wine*)—Ver. 75. As he only ventures to wager a jug of mulsum" on his correctness, it is not improbable that the speaker of the Prologue is not very careful in what he asserts as to the customs of other nations.

[3] *Will she be guilty*)—Ver. 83. Warner thinks that these words imply that in the Greek Comedy, from which the present one was taken, Casina was introduced on the stage, and represented as acting immodestly.

[4] *Hitherto you've done*)—Ver. 88. The conclusion of this Play is similar to that of the Cistellaria.

Act I[1].—Scene I.

Enter Olympio, Chalinus *following him.*

Ol. Isn't it to be allowed me for myself to speak and think about my own affairs by myself, just as I choose, without you as an overlooker? Why the plague are you following me about?

Cha. Because I'm resolved, just like *your* shadow, wherever you go, to follow you about. Why troth, even if you are ready to go to the cross, I'm determined to follow you. Hence judge of the sequel, whether you can or not, by your artifices, slily deprive me of Casina for a wife, just as you are attempting.

Ol. What business have you with me? Cha. What say you, impudence? Why are you creeping about in the city, you bailiff[2], so very valuable in this place?

Ol. *Because* I choose. Cha. But why ain't you in the country, at your post of command? Why don't you rather pay attention to the business that has been entrusted to you, and keep yourself from meddling in city matters? Have you come hither to deprive me of my betrothed? Be off to the country—be off to your place of command, and be hanged to you.

Ol. Chalinus, I have not forgotten my duty. I've given charge to one who will still take care that all's right in the country. When I've got that for which I came hither to the city, to take her as my wife whom you are dying for —the fair and charming Casina, your fellow-servant—when

[1] *Act I.*)—This Play is named after Casina, the female slave; and it is rather singular that neither she nor Euthynicus, two of the parties most interested, appear as characters in it.

[2] *You bailiff*)—Ver. 98. The "villicus" was an upper slave, who had the management of the country farm, and all the business on it, except that relative to the cattle. His duty was to watch over the other slaves; never to leave the farm but for the purpose of going to market; to take care of the implements of husbandry, keep an account of the stock, distribute food and clothing to the labourers, perform the sacrifices, buy what was necessary for the household, and sell the produce of the farm. Cato says that it was especially a part of his duty to avoid Soothsayers. Of course he would be of more use in the country than in town.

I've carried her off with myself into the country as my wife, I'll then stick fast in the country, at my post of command.

Cha. What, you marry her? By my faith, 'twere better I should die by a halter, than that you should be the winner of her.

Ol. She's my prize; do you put yourself in a halter at once. Cha. *Fellow*, dug up from your own dunghill, is she to be your prize?

Ol. You'll find that such is the fact. Woe be unto you! in what a many ways, if I *only* live, I'll have you tormented at my wedding!

Cha. What will you do to me?

Ol. What will I do to you? In the first place of all, you shall hold the lighted torch for this new-made bride *of mine;* that always, in future, you may be worthless[1], and not esteemed. Then next after that, when you get to the country-house, a single pitcher[2] shall be found you, and a single path, a single spring, a single brass cauldron, and eight casks; and unless these shall be always kept filled, I'll load you with lashes. I'll make you so thoroughly bent with carrying water, that a horse's crupper might be manufactured out of you. And then, in future, unless in the country you either feed on pulse, or, like a worm, upon the soil, should you require to taste of any *better food*, never, upon my faith, is hunger as full of hungriness as I'll make you to be in the country. After that, when you're tired out, and starved with famine, care shall be taken that, at night, you go to bed as you deserve.

Cha. What will you do?

Ol. You shall be shut up fast in a nook with bars, where you can listen while I'm caressing her, while she is saying to me, "My soul, my own Olympio, my life, my sweet,

[1] *May be worthless*)—Ver. 118. It has been suggested by Muretus that this refers to some superstition among the ancients, that those who had carried a torch before the bride at a wedding were doomed to be unlucky in future life; perhaps, however, there is no ground for this supposition, beyond the present passage; as it is not likely that they would have found any free persons to undertake the duty of torchbearer, if they were to be afterwards considered as of such ominous character.

[2] *A single pitcher*)—Ver. 121. To be "drawers of water," as well as "hewers of wood," was the lot of the unfortunate slave, from the earliest ages of the world.

my delight, do let me kiss your dear eyes, my love! do, there's a dear, let yourself be loved! my own day of happiness, my sparrow-chick, my own dove, my leveret!" When these expressions shall be being uttered to me, then will you, you villain, be wriggling about like a mouse in the middle of the wall. Now, that you mayn't be trying to give me an answer, I'll off in-doors; I'm tired of your talk. (*Goes into the house of* STALINO.)

CHA. I'll follow you. Here, indeed, on my word, assuredly you shall do nothing without me for an overlooker. (*Follows him into the house.*)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter CLEOSTRATA *and* PARDALISCA, *from the house of* STALINO.

CLE. (*at the door, to the* SERVANTS, *within*). Seal fast the store-rooms[1], bring back the signet to me. I'm going here to my next door neighbour; if my husband wants me for anything, take care and send for me thence.

PAR. The old gentleman ordered a breakfast to be got ready for him to-day.

CLE. Tut! Hold your tongue, and be off. (PARDALISCA *goes into the house.*) I don't prepare it, and it shan't be cooked; since he sets himself against myself and his son, for the sake of his passion and his appetite. A disgraceful fellow that! I'll punish this lover with hunger, I'll *punish* him with thirst, with abuse, with hardships. By my faith, I'll thoroughly worry him with disagreable speeches; I'll make him to pass a life in future just as he deserves—*fit* food for Acheron, a hunter after iniquity, a stable of infamy! Now I'll away hence to my neighbours, to lament my lot. But the door makes a noise; and see, she's coming out of doors herself. On my word, I've not started for my call at a convenient time.

[1] *Seal fast the store-rooms*)—Ver. 144. This passage bears reference to the common practice of the ancients, who were in the habit of sealing boxes and cupboards with the impression of their signets, stamped on wax. So in St. Matthew, xxvii, 66: "So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch;" and in Daniel, vi., 17: "A stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords."

SCENE II.—*Enter* MYRRHINA, *from the house of* ALCESIMUS.

MYRR. (*to her* SERVANTS, *at the door*). Follow me, my attendants[1], here next door. You there! Does any one hear this that I say? I shall be here, if my husband or any person shall seek me. Did I order my distaff to be taken *there?* For when I'm at home alone, drowsiness takes effect upon[2] my hand.

CLE. Myrrhina, good morrow. MYRR. Good morrow, my *dear* Cleostrata. But, prithee, why are you sad?

CLE. So all are wont to be who are unfortunately married; at home and abroad, there's always enough to make them sad. But I was going to your house.

MYRR. And, troth, I *was coming* here to yours. But what is it that now distresses your mind? For the thing that distresses you, that same is a trouble to me.

CLE. On my word, I do believe you. For with good reason no female neighbour *of mine* do I love better than yourself, nor *any one* with whom I have more *ties of intimacy*, to afford me pleasure.

MYRR. I thank you kindly, and I long to know what this is.

CLE. My husband has put slights upon me in a most unworthy manner.

MYRR. Hah! What is it? Prithee, repeat that same *again;* for, on my word, I don't in my mind sufficiently comprehend your complaints.

CLE. My husband has put slights upon me in a most unworthy manner, and I have not the advantage of enjoying my own rights.

MYRR. 'Tis surprising, if you say the truth; for husbands can scarce obtain from their wives what's their own right.

CLE. Why, against my will, he demands a female servant of me, who belongs to myself, *and* was brought up at my own expense, for him to give to his bailiff. But he is in love with her himself.

MYRR. Pray, do hold your tongue. CLE. (*looking round*). But here we may speak at present; we are alone——

[1] *My attendants*)—Ver. 160. It was considered unbecoming for women of rank and character to appear abroad without their attendants.

[2] *Takes effect upon*)—Ver. 164. "Calvitur" Literally, "baulks" or "mis loads."

MYRR. It is so. But whence did you get her? For a good wife ought to have no property unknown to her husband; and she who has got any, it is not to her credit, for she must either have purloined it from her husband, or obtained it by unfaithfulness. Whatever is your own, all that I take to be your husband's.

CLE. Surely, you're saying all this out of opposition to your friend.

MYRR. Do hold your tongue, will you, simpleton, and attend to me. Do you forbear to oppose him, will you. Let him love on; that which he chooses let him do, so long as nothing's denied you at home.

CLE. Are you quite in your senses? For really, you are saying these things against your own interest.

MYRR. Silly *creature*, do you always take care and be on guard against this expression from your husband——

CLE. What expression?

MYRR. "Woman! out of doors with you[1]!"

CLE. (*in a low voice*). 'St! be quiet.

MYRR. What's the matter?

CLE. Hush! (*Looks in a particular direction.*)

MYRR. Who is it that you see?

CLE. Why look, my husband's coming; go you in-doors. Make all haste; be off, there's a dear.

MYRR. You *easily* prevail; I'm off.

CLE. At a future time, when you and I shall have more leisure, then I'll talk to you. For the present, adieu!

MYRR. Adieu! (*Goes into her house.* CLEOSTRATA *stands aside.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* STALINO.

STA. (*to himself*). I do believe that love excels all things and delights that are exquisite. It is not possible for anything to be mentioned, that has more relish and more that's delicious *in it*. Really, I do much wonder at the cooks, who employ sauces so many, that they don't employ this one seasoning, which excels them all. For where love shall be the seasoning, that I do believe will please every one; nor can there be anything relishing or sweet, where love is not mixed with it.

[1] *Woman! out of doors with you*)—Ver. 196. "I foras, mulier." This was the technical form used on occasions of divorce or separation.

The gall which is bitter, that same it will make into honey; a man from morose into one cheerful and pleasant. This conjecture do I form rather from myself at home than from anything I've heard; who, since I've been in love with Casina, more than in my young days have excelled Neatness *herself* in neatness; I give employment to all the perfumers; wherever an unguent is excellent, I perfume myself, that I may please her. And I do please *her*, as I think. But inasmuch as she keeps living on, my wife's a torment. (*Catches sight of his* WIFE, *and speaks in a low voice.*) I espy her standing there in gloominess. This plaguy baggage must be addressed by me with civility. (*Going towards her.*) My own wife and my delight, what are you about? (*Takes hold of her.*)

CLE. (*shaking him off*). Get you gone, and keep your hand off!

STA. O fie! my Juno. You shouldn't be so cross to your own Jupiter. Where art come now?

CLE. Let me alone. (*Moves as if going.*)

STA. Do stay. CLE. (*still going*). I shan't stay.

STA. I' troth, then I'll follow you. (*Follows her.*)

CLE. (*turning round*). Prithee, are you in your senses?

STA. In my senses, inasmuch as I love you.

CLE. I don't want you to love me.

STA. You can't have your way *there.*

CLE. You plague me to death.

STA. I *only* wish you spoke the truth.

CLE. There I believe you. (*Moves on.*)

STA. Do look back, O my sweet one.

CLE. About as much, I suppose, as you are to me. Whence is this strong smell of perfumes, prithee?

STA. (*aside*). O dear, I'm undone; to my misfortune, I'm caught in the fact. Why delay to rub it off my head with my cloak? (*Rubs his head with his cloak.*) May good Mercury[1] confound you, you perfumer, who provided me with this.

CLE. How now, you worthless grey gnat[2]! I can hardly restrain myself from saying what you deserve. In your old age, good-for-nothing, are you walking along the streets reeking with perfumes?

[1] *May good Mercury*)—Ver. 224. He probably mentions Mercury, as being the tutelary Divinity of tradesmen.

[2] *Worthless grey gnat*)—Ver. 225. Being both troublesome and insignificant.

Sta. I' faith, I lent my company to a certain friend *of mine*, while he was purchasing some perfumes.

Cle. How readily he did trump that up. Are you ashamed of anything?

Sta. Of everything that you like.

Cle. In what dens of iniquity have you been lying?

Sta. (*with an air of surprise*). I, in dens of iniquity?

Cle. I know more than you think I do.

Sta. What is it that you know?

Cle. That not one among all the old men is more worthless than yourself, an old man. Whence come you, good-for-nothing? Where have you been? In what den amusing yourself? Where have you been drinking? You are come, on my word; look at his cloak, how it's creased. (*Points at it.*)

Sta. May the Gods confound *both* me and yourself, if I this day have put a drop of wine into my mouth.

Cle. Very well then; just as you like: drink, eat, *and* squander away your property!

Sta. Hold, wife; there's now enough of it; you din me too much. Do leave a little of your talk, that you may wrangle with me to-morrow. But what say you? Have you by this time subdued your temper, so as to do that in preference which your husband wishes to be done, rather than strive against him?

Cle. About what matter *are you speaking?*

Sta. Do you ask me? About the handmaid Casina—that she may be given in marriage to our bailiff, an honest servant, where she'll be well off, in wood, warm water, food, *and* clothing, and where she may properly bring up the children which she may have, in preference to that rascally servant of an armour-bearer[1], a good-for-nothing and dishonest, a fellow that hasn't this day a leaden dump of money his own.

Cle. Upon my faith, I am surprised that in your old age you do not remember your duty.

Sta. How so? Cle. Because if you were to act rightly or becomingly, you'd let me manage the maid-servants, which is my own province.

[1] *An armour-bearer*)—Ver. 241. The "armiger" was a general "camp-servant," who was ready to hold the arms, pitch the tent, or run on the messages of his master.

Sta. Why the plague do you wish to give her to a fellow that carries a shield?

Cle. Because it's our duty to gratify our only son.

Sta. But although he is an only one, not a bit the more is he my only son than I am his *only* father. It's more becoming for him to conform to me, than for me to him.

Cle. By my troth, sir, you're providing for yourself a serious piece of trouble.

Sta. (*aside*). She suspects it, I find that. (*To his wife.*) What, I, *do you mean?*

Cle. You; but why do you stammer *so?* Why do you wish for this with such anxiety?

Sta. Why, that she may rather be given to a servant that's honest, than to a servant that's dishonest.

Cle. What if I prevail upon, and obtain of the bailiff, that for my sake he'll give her up to the other one?

Sta. But what if I prevail upon the armour-bearer to give her up to the other one? And I think that I can prevail upon him in this.

Cle. That's agreed upon. Should you like that, in your name, I should call Chalinus hither out of doors? Do you beg of him, and I'll beg of the bailiff.

Sta. I'm quite willing.

Cle. He'll be here just now. Now we'll make trial which of us two is the most persuasive. (*She goes into the house.*)

Sta. (*to himself*). May Hercules and the Gods confound her!—a thing that now I'm at liberty to say. I'm wretchedly distracted with love; but she, as though on purpose, thwarts me. My wife has some suspicion now of this that I'm planning; for that reason is she purposely lending her assistance to the armour-bearer.

Scene IV.—*Enter* Chalinus, *from the house.*

Sta. (*aside, on seeing him*). May all the Gods and Goddesses confound him!

Cha. (*addressing him*). Your wife said that you were calling me.

Sta. Why yes, I did order you to be sent for.

Cha. Tell me what you want.

Sta. In the first place, I want you to speak to me with a more cheerful countenance.

CHA. It would be folly for me to be morose toward you whose rule is the strongest.

STA. Indeed! I consider you to be an honest fellow.

CHA. *So* I find. But if you think so, why don't you give me my freedom?

STA. Why so I wish to do; but it's of no use for me to wish a thing to be done, unless you aid me with your actions.

CHA. What you wish, I only wish myself to be acquainted with it.

STA. Listen then; I'll tell you. I've promised to give Casina as a wife to our bailiff. CHA. But your wife and your son have promised her to me.

STA. I know it; but whether now would you prefer yourself to be single *and* a free man, or, *as* a married man, to pass your lives, yourself and your children, in slavery? This choice is your own: whichever condition of these two you prefer, take it.

CHA. If I am free, I live at my own cost; at present I live at yours. As to Casina, I'm resolved to give way to no born man.

STA. Go in-doors, and at once be quick and call my wife here, out of doors; and bring hither together with you an urn[1], with some water, and the lots.

CHA. I'm quite agreable.

STA. I' faith, in some way or other I'll now ward off this weapon *of yours;* for if, as it is, I shall not be able to prevail by persuasion, at least I'll try it by lot. There I shall take vengeance upon you and your abettors.

CHA. Still, for all that the lot will fall to me——

STA. Aye, faith, for you to go to perdition with direful torments.

CHA. She shall marry me, contrive what you will, in any way you please.

[1] *An urn*)—Ver. 279. "Sitella," or "situla," though usually called an "urn," was a vessel shaped like a water-pitcher, from which lots were drawn. It had a wide belly and a narrow neck with a handle on each side, and stood on legs. The vessel was filled with water, and the lots, made of heavy wood, which sank, being put into it, the vessel was shaken, and as only one lot could come to the top at a time, the person who had chosen the number which was the first to come up was the winner.

STA. Won't you away hence from my sight?

CHA. Unwillingly you look upon me, still I shall live on. (*Goes into the house.*)

STA. (*to himself*). Am I not a wretched man? Don't all things go quite contrary with me? I'm now afraid that my wife will prevail upon Olympio not to marry Casina. If that's done, why look, it's all over with me in my old age! If she does not prevail, there is still some tiny hope in the lots. But if the lots fail me, I'll make a pillow of a sword, and lay me down upon it. But see, most opportunely Olympio's coming out of doors.

SCENE V.—*Enter* OLYMPIO, *from the house, speaking to* CLEOSTRATA, *within.*

OL. By my faith, all in an instant shut me up in a hot furnace, and parch me there for a hard-baked biscuit[1], *good* mistress, before you shall gain that point of me which you desire.

STA. (*apart*). I'm all right. My hope's realized, according as I hear his words.

OL. (*at the door, to his* MISTRESS, *within*). But why do you frighten me about liberty? Why, even though you should oppose it, and your son as well, against your wills and in spite of you both, for a single penny[2] I can become free.

STA. (*stepping forward*). What's this? Who are you wrangling with, Olympio?

OL. With the same person that you always *are*.

STA. What, with my wife? OL. What wife *are* you *speaking* of to me? Really you are a hunter, as it were: your nights and days you pass with a female cur[3].

STA. What does she say? What's she talking to you about? OL. She's begging *and* entreating of me that I won't be taking Casina as my wife.

STA. What *did* you *say* after that?

[1] *A hard-baked biscuit*)—Ver. 293. "Panis rubidus," literally, "red bread," was probably a kind of bread or biscuit, which received its name from its being highly baked, till it was "red," or of a deep-brown colour.

[2] *For a single penny*)—Ver. 299. "Libella," the same as the "as;" a small silver coin, the tenth part of the "denarius."

[3] *With a female cur*)—Ver. 303. "Cum cane." Literally, "with a bitch:" an expression too coarse for ears polite.

Ol. Why, I declared that I wouldn't give way to Jupiter himself, if he were to entreat me.

Sta. May the Gods preserve you for me! Ol. She's now all in a ferment; she's swelling so against me.

Sta. By my troth, I could like her to burst in the middle.

Ol. I' faith, I fancy she will, if indeed you manage cleverly. But your amorousness, i' faith, is a cause of trouble to me; your wife is at enmity with me, your son at enmity, my fellow-servants at enmity.

Sta. What matters that to you? So long as (*pointing to himself*) this Jupiter only is propitious to you, do you take care and esteem the lesser Gods at a straw's value.

Ol. That's great nonsense; as if you didn't know how suddenly your human Jupiters take to dying. So after all, if you, *my* Jupiter, are dead and gone, when your realm devolves upon the lesser Gods, who shall *then* come to the rescue of my back, or head, or legs?

Sta. Affairs will go with you better than you expect, if I obtain this—the enjoyment of my Casina.

Ol. I' faith, I do not think it possibly can be; so earnestly is your wife striving that she shall not be given to me.

Sta. But this way I'll proceed: I'll put the lots in an urn, and draw the lots for yourself and Chalinus. I find that the business has come to this pass; it's necessary to fight with swords hand to hand.

Ol. What, if the lot should turn out different from what you wish? Sta. Speak with good omen. I rely upon the Gods; we'll trust in the Gods.

Ol. That expression I wouldn't purchase at a rotten thread, for all people are relying upon the Gods; but still I've frequently seen many of those deceived who relied upon the Gods.

Sta. But hold your tongue a little while. (*Pointing.*)

Ol. What is it you mean?

Sta. Why look; here's Chalinus coming from the house, out here, with the urn and the lots. Now, with standards closing, we shall fight.

Scene VI.—*Enter* Cleostrata *and* Chalinus, *with the urn and lots.*

Cle. Let me know, Chalinus, what my husband wants

with me. CHA. By my troth, he *wants* to see you burning outside of the Metian gate[1].

CLE. I' faith, I believe he does want that.

CHA. But, by my troth, I don't believe it, but I know it for certain.

STA. (*aside to* OLYMPIO). I've got more men of business than I imagined: I've got this fellow, a Diviner, in my house. What, if we move our standards nearer, and go to meet them? Follow me. (*Goes up to* CLEOSTRATA *and* CHALINUS.) What are you about?

CHA. All the things are here which you ordered; your wife, the lots, the urn, and myself.

STA. By yourself only, there is more here than I want.

CHA. I' faith, so it seems to you indeed. I'm a stinger to you now; I'm pricking *that* dear little heart *of yours;* even now it's palpitating from alarm.

STA. Whip-knave—— CLE. Hold your tongue, Chalinus.

OL. Do make that fellow be quiet. CHA. No, that fellow rather (*pointing to* OLYMPIO), who has learned to misbehave[2].

STA. (*to* CHALINUS). Set the urn down here. (CHALINUS *puts it down.*) Give me the lots: lend your attention *now.* But I did think, my wife, that I could have prevailed upon you thus far, for Casina to be given me as my wife, and even now I think so.

CLE. She, given to you? STA. Why yes, to me——dear me, I didn't mean to say that. While I meant for myself[3], I said him; (*aside*) why really, while I'm wanting her for myself, I've already, i' faith, been chattering at random.

CLE. (*overhearing him*). Upon my word, you really have; and you are still doing so.

STA. For him—no, no; for myself, i' faith[4]. Plague take

[1] *The Metian gate*)—Ver. 337. As he writes for a Roman audience, the author does not see any impropriety in speaking of the "Metian gate," although the scene is at Athens. The bodies of the dead were burned outside of the Metian or Esquiline gate.

[2] *Learned to misbehave*)—Ver. 345. As an indecent allusion is covertly made here, the translation of the passage is somewhat modified.

[3] *While I meant for myself*)—Ver. 350. Wishing to correct himself, in his confusion he only gets deeper. He means to say: "While I meant for him, I said myself."

[4] *For myself, i' faith*)—Ver. 352. For the third time he commits the same mistake.

it, at last, with great difficulty, I've got into the right road!

CLE. Very often, i' faith, you are making your mistakes.

STA. Such is the case when you desire anything very much. But each of us, both he (*pointing to* OLYMPIO) and I, apply to you for our rights——

CLE. How's that? STA. Why, I'll tell you, my sweet. As to this Casina, you must make a present of her to this bailiff of ours.

CLE. But, i' faith, I neither do make it, nor do I intend it.

STA. In that case, then, I'll divide the lots between them.

CLE. Who forbids you? STA. I judge with reason that that is the best and fairest way. In fine, if that happens which we desire, we shall be glad; but if otherwise, we'll bear it with equanimity. (*Giving a lot to* OLYMPIO.) Take this lot—take it; see what's written *on it.*

OL. (*looking at it*). *Number* one. CHA. It isn't fair, because that fellow has got one before me.

STA. (*giving one to* CHALINUS). Take this, will you.

CHA. (*taking it*). Give it me. Stop *though;* one thing has just now come into my mind. (*To* CLEOSTRATA.) Do you see that there's no other lot in there by chance at the bottom of the water.

STA. Whip-rascal! do you take me to be your own self? (*To* CLEOSTRATA.) There is none; only set your feelings at rest.

OL. (*to* CHALINUS). May it prove lucky and fortunate to me, a great mischance to you!

CHA. I' faith, it will certainly fall to you, I fancy; I know your pious ways. But stop a bit; is that lot of yours of poplar or of fir?

OL. Why do you trouble yourself about that?

CHA. Why, because I'm afraid that it may float on the surface of the water. (*They go up to the urn.*)

STA. Capital!—take care! Now then, both of you, throw your lots in here. (*Pointing to the urn.*) Look now, wife, all's fair. (*They throw them in.*)

OL. Don't you trust your wife.

STA. Be of good courage.

Ol. Upon my faith, I do believe that she'll lay a spell upon the lots this very day, if she touches them.

Sta. Hold your tongue.

Ol. I'll hold my tongue. I pray the Gods——

Cha. Aye, that this day you may have to endure the chain[1] and the bilboes[2]. Ol. That the lot may fall to me.

Cha. Aye, faith, that you may hang up by the feet.

Ol. Aye, that you may blow your eyes out of your head through your nose.

Cha. (*to* Stalino). What are you afraid of? It must be ready by this —— (*Turning to* Olympio.) A halter for you, *I mean.*

Ol. (*to* Chalinus). You're undone!

Sta. Give attention, both of you.

Ol. I'll be mum.

Sta. Now you, Cleostrata, that you may not say that anything has been done cheatingly by me in this matter, or suspect it, I give you leave, do you yourself draw the lots.

Ol. (*to* Stalino). You are ruining me.

Cha. He's gaining an advantage *rather.*

Cle. (*to* Stalino). You do what's fair.

Cha. (*to* Olympio). I pray the Gods that your lot may run away out of the urn.

Ol. Say you so? Because you are a runaway yourself, do you wish all to follow your example? I wish, indeed, that that lot of yours, as they say *that* of the descendants of Hercules[3] once *did*, may melt away while the lots are drawing.

[1] *Endure the chain*)—Ver. 372. "Canis." Literally, "the dog." This was the small chain, which was also called "catillas." It has been referred to in a previous Note.

[2] *The bilboes*)—Ver. 372. "Furcam."

[3] *Descendants of Hercules*)—Ver. 381. Pausanias says that the sons of Aristodemus and Cresphontes drew lots, on condition that the party whose lot came first out of the urn should receive Messenia, and the other Lacedæmon. Temenus, favouring Cresphontes, placed the lots in the water, taking care that the one belonging to Cresphontes should be of baked clay, while the other was of clay only dried in the sun, which of course melted on coming in contact with the water; by which stratagem Cresphontes gained possession of Messenia. Apollodorus relates the same story in a different manner. He says that Temenus, Procles and Eurysthenes, the sons of Aristodemus, jointly, and Cresphontes, drew lots, on condition that the one whose lot should appear first should have Argos, the second have Lacedæmon, and the third Messenia. Cresphontes having long set his mind upon gaining Messenia, had his lot made of unbaked clay, which

Cha. *And* you, that you may melt away yourself, *and* just now be made hot with twigs.

Sta. Attend, will you, to the business in hand, Olympio!

Ol. *Yes*, if this thrice-dotted[1] fellow 'll let me.

Sta. May this prove lucky and fortunate to me.

Ol. Yes indeed; to me as well.

Cha. Not so. Ol. By my troth, yes, *I say*.

Cha. By my troth, yes, for myself, *I say*.

Sta. (*to* Olympio). He'll be the winner; you'll live in wretchedness. Do you give him a punch in the face this instant! Well, what are you about?

Cle. (*to* Olympio). Don't you raise your hand.

Ol. (*to* Stalino). With clenched or open hand am I to strike him?

Sta. Do just as you please.

Ol. (*striking* Chalinus). There's for you, *take that!*

Cle. (*to* Olympio). What business have you to touch him?

Ol. Because my Jupiter (*pointing to* Stalino) commanded me.

Cle. (*to* Chalinus). Do you slap him in the face in return. (Chalinus *strikes* Olympio *in the face*.)

Ol. (*calling out to* Stalino). I'm being murdered, I'm being punched with his fists, Jupiter!

Sta. (*to* Chalinus). What business had you to touch him?

Cha. Because this Juno of mine (*pointing to* Cleostrata) ordered me.

Sta. I must put up with it, since, as long as I live, my wife will have the mastery.

Cle. (*to* Stalino). He (*pointing to* Chalinus) ought to be allowed to speak as much as that fellow.

Ol. Why *by his talk* does he occasion me an unlucky omen?

Sta. I think, Chalinus, you should be on your guard against a mishap.

Cha. Full time, after my face has been battered!

melted; the others being taken out, there was no necessity to look for the remaining one, and thus the trick succeeded.

[1] *Thrice-dotted*)—Ver. 384. "Literatus." Lambinus thinks that this alludes to his back being marked by stripes. There is, however, more reason to believe that it refers to the custom of branding slaves and criminals. The Greeks marked criminals on the forehead with Θ, the beginning of the word θανατος, to denote that they were dead in law.

STA. Come, wife, now then draw the lots. (*To the* SERVANTS.) Do you give your attention. (*To* CLEOSTRATA.) *And* give it, you, *as well.*

OL. Where I am I know not. I'm undone, I've got my heart full of maggots, I think; it's jumping about already; with its throbbing it beats against my breast.

CLE. (*putting her hand into the urn*). I've got hold of a lot.

STA. Draw it out, *then.*

CHA. (*to* OLYMPIO). Are you not dead now?

OL. Show it. (*She shows it.*) It's mine.

CHA. Really this is an unlucky mishap.

CLE. You are beaten, Chalinus.

STA. Then I'm glad that we are to survive after all, Olympio.

OL. Through my own piety and that of my forefathers has it happened.

STA. Wife, go in-doors and make ready for the wedding.

CLE. I'll do as you bid me.

STA. Do you know that it's to a distance in the country, at the farm-house, that he is to take her? CLE. I know.

STA. Go in-doors, and although this is disagreable to you, still take care and attend to it.

CLE. Very well. (*Goes into the house.*)

STA. (*to* OLYMPIO). Let us, as well, go in-doors; let's entreat them to make all haste.

OL. Am I delaying at all? For in his presence (*pointing to* CHALINUS) I don't want there to be any further conversation. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE VII.—CHALINUS, *alone.*

CHA. (*to himself*). If now I were to hang myself, I should be losing my pains, and besides my pains, putting myself to the expense of purchasing a rope, and doing a pleasure to my evil-wishers. What need is there *for me*, who, indeed, am dead even as it is? At the lots I'm beaten; Casina's to be married to the bailiff. And this now is not so much to be regretted, that the bailiff has got the better, as *the fact* that the old man so vehemently desired that she shouldn't be given me, and should marry him. How frightened he was, how in his misery he did bustle about,

how he did caper about after the bailiff had won. By-the-bye, I'll step aside here; I hear the door opening. (*Sees* STALINO *and* OLYMPIO, *coming out.*) My well-wishers and friends[1] are coming out. Here in ambush I'll lay in wait against them. (*Goes on one side.*)

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* STALINO *and* OLYMPIO, *from the house.*

OL. Only let him come into the country; I'll send the fellow back into the city to you with his porter's knot[2], as *black* as a collier.

STA. So it ought to be.

OL. I'll have that done and well taken care of.

STA. I intended, if he had been at home, to send Chalinus to cater with you; that, even in his sadness, I might, in addition, inflict this misfortune upon our foe.

CHA. (*apart, retreating to the wall of the house*). I'll betake me back again to the wall; I'll imitate the crab. Their conversation must be secretly picked up by me; for the one of them is tormenting me, the other wasting me *with anguish.* Why, this whip-rascal is marching along in his white garb[3], a *very* receptacle for stripes. My own death I defer; I'm determined to send this fellow to Acheron before me.

OL. How obsequious have I been found to you! A thing that you especially desired, that same have I put in your power; this day *the object* that you love shall be with you, unknown to your wife.

STA. Hush! So may the Deities kindly bless me, I can hardly withhold my lips from kissing you on account of this, my own delight!

[1] *Well-wishers and friends*)—Ver. 418. Of course this is said ironically.

[2] *With his porter's knot*)—Ver. 421. From a passage of Festus, it is conjectured that the word "furca" here means an implement by means of which burdens were slung over the shoulder, for much the same purpose as the knot of the porters of the present day.

[3] *In his white garb*)—Ver. 429. Lipsius thinks that Olympio has assumed the white dress on becoming the freed-man of Stalino. There is more reason, however, for believing that he has assumed it as his wedding-garment, according to the usual custom among the Romans, with whom the bridegroom, bride, and guests invited to the wedding, were drest in white. So in the Scripture, St. Matthew xxii., 11—12: "When the King came in to see the guests, he saw there was a man which had not on a wedding-garment, and he said unto him, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment?'"

CHA. (*apart*). What? Kiss him? What's the meaning of this? What's this delight of yours?

OL. Do you love me at all now?

STA. Aye, by my faith, myself *even* less than you. May I embrace you?

OL. You may. (STALINO *embraces him.*)

STA. How, when I touch you, I do seem to myself to be tasting honey!

CHA. (*apart*). I *really* do think he intends to choke the bailiff.

OL. (*pushing* STALINO *away*). Away with you, you lover; get off, with your too close acquaintanceship!

CHA. (*apart*). I' faith, I think that[1] this very day they'll be making terms. Surely, this old fellow is an universal admirer. This is the reason, this *is it* why he made him his bailiff; some time ago, too, when I came in his way, he wanted to make me his chamberlain upon the like terms.

OL. How subservient have I proved to you to-day, how *attentive* to your pleasure!

STA. How *surely*, so long as I live, will I prove more of a well-wisher to you than to my own self! How will I this day give full many a kiss to Casina! How will I, unknown to my wife, right pleasantly enjoy myself!

CHAL. (*apart*). Oho! Now, faith, at last I've got into the right track. It's himself that's dying for Casina. I've caught the fellows.

STA. Even now, by my troth, am I longing to embrace her; even now to be kissing her.

OL. Do let her be brought out first *from the house.* Why the plague are you in such a hurry?

STA. I'm in love.

OL. But I don't think that this can possibly be managed to-day.

STA. It can, if, indeed, you think that you can possibly receive your freedom to-morrow.

CHA. (*apart*). Why, really, I must make still better use here of my ears; now, in one thicket, I shall be cleverly catching two boars.

STA. (*pointing to the house of* ALCESIMUS). At the house

[1] *I think that*)—Ver. 441. This and the next six lines have been modified in the Translation, as they are replete with gross indecency.

of this friend and neighbour of mine there's a place provided; I have confided to him all my amorousness: he said that he would find me a room.

Ol. What will his wife *do?* Where will she be?

Sta. I've cleverly contrived that: my wife will invite her here, to her own house, to the wedding; to be here with her, to help her, to sleep with her. I have requested it, and my wife has said that she will do so. She'll be sleeping here: I'll take care her husband is away from home. You shall take your wife *home* into the country; that country shall be this house, for a period, until I've had my marriage with Casina. Hence, before daylight, you shall afterwards take her home to-morrow. Isn't it very skilfully managed?

Ol. Cleverly!

Cha. (*apart*). Only do proceed; contrive away. By my troth, to your own mischance are you so clever.

Sta. Do you know what you must do now?

Ol. Tell me.

Sta. (*giving him a purse*). Take this purse. Be off and buy some provisions: make haste. But I want it nicely done: delicate eatables, just as she herself is a delicate bit.

Ol. Very well. Sta. Buy some cuttle-fish, mussels, calamaries, barley-fish[1].

Cha. (*apart*). Aye, wheaten fish, if you know what you're about.

Sta. Some sole-fish[2].

Cha. (*apart*). Prithee, why those rather than soles of wood, with which your head may be banged, you most vile old fellow?

Ol. Should you like some tongue-fish[3]?

[1] *Barley-fish*)—Ver. 476. "Hordeias." This was the name of some fish now unknown; for want of a better name, and to express the pun contained in the original, it has been called "barley-fish" in the translation, as Chalinus puns on its resemblance to "hordeum," "barley."

[2] *Some sole-fish*)—Ver 477. "Soleas." Chalinus puns on this word, which means either "sole-fish" or "thin shoes." He thinks "sculponeæ" better suited, with which to bang the old fellow's head. These were wooden shoes worn by the rustic slaves, and resembled either the clogs of the north of England, with wooden soles and upper leathers, or the sabots of the Continent, which are made entirely of wood.

[3] *Some tongue-fish*)—Ver. 480. "Lingulaca" was, according to Festus, a kind of fish, or a talkative woman. To give some idea of the play on the word, it has been rendered "tongue-fish." Warner says, in a Note to his Translation, that small flat-fish, or young soles, are called "tongues" in the west of England

STA. What need is there, since my wife's at home? She is our tongue-fish, for she's never silent.

OL. While I'm about it, I must make choice out of the supply of fish what to purchase.

STA. You say what's good: be off. I don't care to spare for cost; provide abundantly. But it's requisite also that I should see this neighbour *of mine*, that he may attend to what I've requested.

OL. Am I to go now? STA. I wish you. (*Exit* OLYMPIO. STALINO *goes into the house of* ALCESIMUS.)

CHAL. (*coming forward*). By three freedoms I could not be induced this day to do other than provide a heavy retribution for them, and at once disclose all this matter to my mistress. I've caught and fully detected my enemies in their guilt. But if my mistress is ready now to do her duty, the cause is all our own: I'll cleverly be beforehand with the fellows. With omens in our favour the day proceeds: just conquered, we are the conquerors. I'll go indoors, that that which another cook has seasoned, I now, in my turn, may season after another fashion; and that for him for whom it was prepared, it may *really* not be prepared; and that that may be prepared for him, which *before* was not prepared[1]. (*Goes into the house.*)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter ALCESIMUS *and* STALINO, *from the house of the former.*

STA. Now, Alcesimus, I shall know whether you are the *very* picture of friend or foe to me; now is the proof upon view; now is the contest going on. "But why *do I do so;*" forbear to correct me; save yourself all that. "With your hoary head, at an age unfit;" save yourself that as well. "One who has a wife;" save yourself that likewise.

ALC. I never saw a person more distracted with love than yourself. STA. Do take care that the house is clear.

ALC. Why, faith, men-servants, maid-servants, all of them I'm determined to send out of the house to yours.

STA. Heyday! with your adroitness you are very adroit! But only take care and remember the lines which Colax

[1] *Was not prepared*)—Ver. 497. He means that, spite of his preparations, Olympio shall not have Casina, and that he himself will; in which, however, he is disappointed in the end, as she is given to Euthynicus.

repeats[1]; take care that every one comes with his own provisions, as if they were going to Sutrium[2].

ALC. I'll remember it.

STA. Why now there's no public ordinance[3] better ordered than yourself, in fact. Attend to this. I'm now going to the Forum; I shall be here just now.

ALC. Luck go with you.

STA. Take care that your house gets a tongue.

ALC. Why so?

STA. That when I come, it may invite me.

ALC. Pooh, pooh! you are a person that stands in good need of a basting; you're making too free with your fun.

STA. Of what use is it for me to be in love, unless I'm quite ready and talkative? But take you care that you haven't to be sought for by me.

ALC. I'll be at home all the while. (*Exit* STALINO; ALCESIMUS *goes into his house.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* CLEOSTRATA, *from her house.*

CLE. (*to herself*). This was the reason, *then*, i' faith, why my husband entreated me, with such great earnestness, to make haste and invite my female neighbour to our house—that the house might be clear for him to be taking Casina there. Now, therefore, I shall by no means invite her, so that liberty of free range shan't be any way given to worn-out bell-wethers. (ALCESIMUS *is coming out of his house.*) But look, the pillar of the Senate's coming forward, the safeguard of the public, my neighbour, the person who is finding free range for my husband. I' faith, the measure of wit[4] that has been sold to him, was purchased at no cheap rate.

[1] *Which Colax repeats*)—Ver. 506. Colax, or, the Flatterer, was a Play of Menander's, which was translated by the Roman Comic writer Nævius, a little before the time of Plautus. It was not allowed to be acted at Rome, on account of some satirical passages in it which bore reference to the family of the Metelli.

[2] *Going to Sutrium*)—Ver. 507. This was a proverbial expression (used in the Colax), which had originated at the time when Brennus attacked Rome. Sutrium was a Roman colony in Etruria. Fearing an attack upon it by the Gauls, Camillus ordered that some troops should march to the assistance of the Sutrians, but that they should carry their own provisions with them.

[3] *Public ordinance*)—Ver. 507. See the Pseudolus, l. 748.

[4] *The measure of wit*)—Ver. 521. "Salis." Literally "salt." The meaning of this passage is obscure in the extreme, and it is difficult to form a conjecture what it really is, further than that it is not complimentary to Alcesimus.

ALC. (*to himself*). I'm wondering that my wife, who's already waiting at home, dressed out, to be sent for, hasn't been invited by this to my neighbour's here. But see, here she is; she's come to fetch her, I guess. (*Going up to* CLEOSTRATA.) Good day, Cleostrata!

CLE. And you *the same*, Alcesimus. Where's your wife?

ALC. She's waiting in-doors for you to send for her; for your husband requested me to send her to help you. Do you wish me to call her? (*Going towards the door.*)

CLE. Let it alone; I don't care; * * if she's busy. ALC. She's at leisure.

CLE. I don't care about it; I don't want to be troublesome to her; I'll see her at a future time.

ALC. Are you not getting ready for a wedding there at your house?

CLE. I am getting ready and making preparations.

ALC. Don't you require an assistant then?

CLE. We have enough at home. When the marriage has taken place, then I'll call upon her; for the present, farewell, and bid her *the same from me.* (*Goes into her house.*)

ALC. (*to himself*). What am I to do now? To my sorrow I've done a most disgraceful action for the sake of that vile and toothless goat, who has engaged me in this. I've promised the aid of my wife out of doors, as though to go lick dishes[1] like a dog. A worthless fellow, to tell me that his wife was going to send for her, *whereas* she herself declares that she does not want her. And upon my faith, it's a wonder if this female neighbour of mine hasn't already her suspicions of this. But yet, on the other hand, when I reflect with myself on this notion, if there were anything of that, there would have been enquiries of me. I'll go in-doors, that I may lay up the ship[2] again in the dockyard. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* CLEOSTRATA, *from her house.*

CLE. (*to herself*). Now he has been finely made a fool of.

[1] *To go lick dishes*)—Ver. 535. He alludes to the habit of puppies, and grown-up dogs as well, of being very ready to find their way to the cupboards of their neighbours.

[2] *Lay up the ship*)—Ver. 541. He means his wife, who is all dressed out ready for her voyage to her neighbours, and whom he will now order to be unrigged and towed into dock.

In what a bustle are *these* unfortunate old fellows. Now I do wish that that good-for-nothing decrepit husband of mine would come, that I might make a fool of him in his turn, after I have *thus* fooled the other one. For I long to make a bit of a quarrel between these two. But look, he's coming. Why, when you see him *so* serious, you'd think him a decent person. (*She stands on one side, unseen.*)

Enter STALINO.

STA. (*aloud, to himself*). It's a great folly, to my notion at least, for any man that's in love to go to the Forum on that day on which *the object* which he loves is close at hand[1]; as I in my folly have been doing; I've spent the day, standing pleading[2] for a certain relative of mine, who, faith, I'm very delighted has lost his cause; so that he hasn't for nothing chosen me as his advocate to-day. He ought first to ask and make enquiry, whether his mind is at home or not at home, whom he's choosing for his advocate; if he says it isn't, without his mind he should send him off home. (*Catches sight of his wife.*) But look, there's my wife before the house! Alas! wretch that I am! I'm afraid that she isn't deaf, and has heard this.

CLE. (*apart*). By my troth, I have heard it to your great cost.

STA. I'll go nearer *to her*. (*Goes up to* CLEOSTRATA.) What are you about, my delight?

CLE. I' faith, I was waiting for you.

STA. Are the things ready now? Have you by this brought over here to our house this female neighbour of yours, who was to assist you?

CLE. I sent for her as you requested me; but this companion of yours, your very good friend, was in a pet with his wife about something, I don't know what; he said, when I went to fetch her, that he wouldn't send her.

STA. That's your greatest fault; you are not courteous enough.

CLE. It's not the part of matrons, but of harlots, to be showing courtesies, my husband, to the husbands of others.

[1] *Is close at hand*)—Ver. 548. "In mundo." There is some doubt what is the meaning of this expression here. Warner renders it "in all her trim."

[2] *Standing pleading*)—Ver. 550. It was the custom at Rome, as with us for the advocate to stand while pleading the cause of his client.

Go yourself and fetch her; I wish to attend in-doors, my husband, to what is requisite to be done.

STA. Make haste then.

CLE. Very well. (*Aside.*) Now, faith, I shall inspire some apprehensions in his heart. I'll this day render this love-sick man completely miserable. (*She goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* ALCESIMUS, *from his house.*

ALC. (*to himself*). I'll go see here if the lover has come back home from the Forum, who, an *old* ghost, has been making fools of myself and my wife. But see, there he is before his house. (*Addressing* STALINO.) I' faith, 'twas just in good time I was coming to your house.

STA. And, i' faith, I to yours. How say you, you good-for-nothing fellow? What did I enjoin you? What did I beg of you?

ALC. What's the matter?

STA. How nicely you've had your house empty for me! How well you have sent your wife over to our house here! Isn't it through yourself that I and the opportunity are lost, *both of us?*

ALC. Why don't you go hang yourself? Why, 'twas you yourself said that your wife would come and fetch mine from our house?

STA. Then she declares that she has been to fetch her, and that you said you wouldn't let her go.

ALC. But she herself, of her own accord, said to me that she didn't care for her assistance.

STA. But 'tis she[1] herself who has deputed me to come and fetch her.

ALC. But I don't care for that.

STA. But you are proving my ruin.

ALC. But that's as it should be. But I shall still go on delaying; but I *very much* long *for nothing* but to do you some mischief; but I'll do it with pleasure. Never this day shall you have a "but" the more than I. But, in fine, really, upon my faith, may the Gods confound you.

STA. What now? Are you going to send your wife to my house?

[1] *But 'tis she*)—Ver. 586. The repetition of "quin," "but," is intended as a ludicrous mark of the contempt that these antagonists have for each other.

Alc. You may take her, and be off to utter and extreme perdition, both with her and with that *one of yours*, and with that mistress of yours as well. Away with you, and attend to something else; I'll at once bid my wife to pass thither through the garden to your wife.

Sta. Now you are proving yourself a friend to me in genuine style! (Alcesimus *goes into his house.*) Under what auspices am I to say that this passion was inflicted upon me, or what have I ever done amiss towards Venus, that when I'm thus in love crosses so many should befall me in my path? (*A noise is heard.*) Heyday! what's that noise, prithee, that's going on in our house?

Scene V.—*Enter* Pardalisca, *running out of the house.*

Par. (*bawling out at the door*). I'm undone, I'm undone, I'm utterly, utterly ruined! My heart is deadened with fear. My limbs, in my misery, are all a-trembling! I know not whence to obtain or look for any assistance, safety, or refuge for myself, or any means of relief: things so surprising, in a manner so surprisingly done, have I just now witnessed in-doors, a new and unusual piece of audacity. Be on your guard, Cleostrata! prithee do get away from her, lest amid such transports she may be doing you some mischief! Tear away that sword from her, who's not in possession of her senses!

Sta. Why, what is the matter—that she, frightened and half dead *with fear*, rushes hither out of doors? Pardalisca!

Par. (*looking wildly about her*). Whence do my ears catch the sound?

Sta. Just look back at me.

Par. My master! Sta. What's the matter? What?

Par. I'm undone. Sta. How undone?

Par. I'm undone, and you are undone.

Sta. Disclose it, what's the matter with you?

Par. Woe to you!

Sta. Aye, and the same to yourself.

Par. That I mayn't fall down, prithee do hold, hold me. (*Staggers, on which* Stalino *supports her.*)

Sta. Whatever it is, tell me quickly.

Par. Do support my *throbbing* breast, prithee do make a little air with your cloak.

Sta. (*fanning her with the lappet of his cloak*). I'm in alarm

as to what is the matter; (*aside*) unless this woman has been somewhere upsetting herself with the pure cream[1] of Bacchus.

PAR. Hold my ears, pray do. (*Her head falls on her shoulder.*)

STA. Away to utter perdition; breast, ears, head, and yourself, may the Gods confound! For, unless I quickly learn from you this matter, whatever it is, I'll forthwith be knocking your brains out, you viper, you hussey, who have thus far been making a laughing-stock of me.

PAR. My master! STA. What do you want, my servant?

PAR. You are too angry.

STA. You are saying *so* too soon. But whatever this is, tell it; relate in a few words what has been the disturbance in-doors.

PAR. You shall know. Hear this most foul crime which just now in-doors at our house your female slave began to attempt after this fashion, a thing that does not befit the regulations of Attica.

STA. What is it?

PAR. Fever prevents the use of my tongue.

STA. What is it? Can I possibly learn from you what is the matter?

PAR. I'll tell you. Your female slave, she whom you intend to give as a wife to your bailiff, in-doors she——

STA. In-doors what? What is it?

PAR. Is imitating the wicked practices of wicked women, in threatening her husband——

STA. What then? PAR. Ah!

STA. What is it? PAR. She says that she intends to take her *husband's* life. A sword——

STA. (*starting*). Hah! PAR. A sword——

STA. What about that sword?

PAR. She has got one. STA. Ah! wretch that I am! Why has she got it?

PAR. She is pursuing them all at home all over the house, and she won't allow any person to approach her; and so, all, hiding in chests *and* under beds, are mute with fear.

STA. I'm murdered and ruined outright! What malady is this that has so suddenly befallen her?

[1] *With the pure cream*)—Ver. 621-2. "Nisi hæc meracio se uspiam percussit flore Liberi." Literally, "Unless she has somewhere struck herself with the nearly unmixed flower of Liber."

PAR. She is mad. STA. I do think that I am the most unfortunate *of men!*

PAR. Aye, *and* if you were to know the speeches she uttered to-day.

STA. I long to know about what she said.

PAR. Listen. By all the Gods and Goddesses she swore that she would murder the person with whom she should bed.

STA. Will she murder me?

PAR. Does that bear reference to yourself in any way?

STA. Pshaw! PAR. What business have you with her?

STA. I made a mistake; him, the bailiff, I meant to say.

PAR. It's on purpose[1] that you are turning aside from the high road into bye-paths.

STA. Does she threaten anything against myself?

PAR. She is hostile to you individually more than any person.

STA. For what reason?

PAR. Because you have given her as a wife to Olympio; *she says* that she'll neither suffer your life, nor her own, nor that of her husband, to be prolonged until the morrow. I have been sent hither to tell you this, that you might beware of her.

STA. (*aside*). By my troth, to my misery I'm quite undone! There neither is nor *ever* was any old man in love so wretched as I.

PAR. (*aside, to the* AUDIENCE). Don't I play him off cleverly? For everything that I've been telling him as taking place, I've been telling him falsely. My mistress and she *who lives* next door have concocted this scheme. I've been sent to fool him.

STA. Hark you, Pardalisca! PAR. What is it?

STA. There is—— PAR. What?

STA. There is something that I want to enquire of you about.

PAR. You are causing me delay.

STA. Why, you are causing me sorrow. But has Casina got that sword even still?

PAR. She has; but two of them.

[1] *It's on purpose*)—Ver. 658. She hints by this that she well knows what his thoughts are, and that really it is no mistake on his part; but that he is designedly deviating from the open path of rectitude, and turning aside into the bye-paths of lust and duplicity

Sta. Why two? Par. She says that this very day she'll murder you with the one, the bailiff with the other.

Sta. I am now the most utterly murdered of all people that do exist. I'll put on me a coat of mail; I think that's the best. What *did* my wife *do?* Didn't she go and take them away from her?

Par. No person dares go near her.

Sta. She should have prevailed on her.

Par. She is entreating her. She declares that assuredly she will lay them down on no other terms, unless she understands that she shall not be given to the bailiff.

Sta. But whether she likes it or no, because she refuses, she shall marry *him* this day. For why shouldn't I carry this out that I've begun, for her to marry me?—that, indeed, I didn't intend *to say*—but, our bailiff?

Par. You're making your mistakes pretty often.

Sta. It's alarm that impedes my words. But, prithee, do tell my wife, that I entreat her to prevail upon her to put down the sword, and allow me to return in-doors.

Par. I'll tell her. Sta. And do you entreat her.

Par. And I'll entreat her.

Sta. And in soft language, in your usual way. But do you hear me? If you manage this, I'll give you a pair of shoes[1] and a gold ring[2] for your finger, and plenty of nice things.

Par. I'll do my best. Sta. Take care and prevail.

Par. Now then I'll be off; unless you detain me for anything.

Sta. Be off, and take care.

Par. (*aside*). Look, his assistant is returning, at last, with the provisions; he's bringing a train *after him.* (*She goes into the house.*)

[1] *A pair of shoes*)—Ver. 693. Perhaps these would prove very acceptable to Pardalisca, who, as a slave, was probably condemned to wear the heavy "sculponeæ" before mentioned, in l. 478.

[2] *And a gold ring*)—Ver. 694. Slaves were not in general allowed to wear other than iron rings, called "condalia." See the Notes to the Trinummus, l. 1014. Meursius, as quoted by Limiers, goes so far as to suppose that this is an implied promise of her liberty to Pardalisca, because of this inability of the slaves to wear gold rings. That seems, however, to be a very far-fetched notion.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* OLYMPIO, *a* COOK, *and his* ASSISTANTS, *with provisions.*

OL. (*to the* COOK). See, you thief, that you lead on your briars beneath their banners[1].

COOK. But how are they briars?

OL. Because that which they have touched, they instantly seize hold of; if you go to snatch it from them, they instantly rend it; so, wherever they come, wherever they are, with a twofold loss[2] do they mulct their masters.

COOK. Heyday, indeed!

OL. Well, well! This way I'm delaying to go meet my master with a magnificent, patrician, and patronizing air. (*He struts along.*)

STA. *My* good man, save you. OL. I admit *that so I am*[3].

STA. How goes it?

OL. You are in love, but I'm hungering and thirsting.

STA. You have come capitally provided.

OL. Pooh! pooh! (*Goes towards the door.*)

STA. But stop you, although you do hold me in contempt——

OL. O dear, O dear! your converse has a bad smell to me. (*Moving away.*)

STA. What's the matter? OL. (*pointing to the baskets of provisions*). That's the matter.

STA. Will you not stop there?

OL. Why, really, you are causing me ennui[4].

[1] *Briars beneath their banners*)—Ver. 702. This figure is derived partly from gardening, partly from military tactics. The assistants of the Cook are compared to briars, because they tear and carry off everything they meet; and their leader is requested to keep them "sub signis," "beneath the banners," lest, like soldiers on a march, leaving their ranks, they should stroll about to plunder and steal. The bad character of the hired cooks has been referred to in the Pseudolus. It will be also found enlarged upon in the Aulularia.

[2] *With a twofold loss*)—Ver. 706. Probably, pilfering in all directions, and then getting paid for their services.

[3] *I admit that so I am*)—Ver. 709. "Fateor." His conscience pricking him for his disgraceful conduct, he is glad to catch the opportunity of alleging that he really is a "bonus vir" vice thus paying homage to virtue.

[4] *Causing me ennui*)—Ver. 715. This is in Greek in the original—πράγματα μοι παρέχεις. More literally, "You give me trouble." It was a phrase generally used by a superior when annoyed by an inferior, and aptly shows the degraded position to which Stalino has reduced himself by his base associations

Sta. I shall be giving you a grand coup[1], I fancy, if you don't stand still forthwith. (*Catches hold of him.*)

Ol. O mon Dieu[2]! Can't you get away from me, unless you would like me to be sick just now?

Sta. Do stop a bit.

Ol. How's this? (*Staring at him.*) What person's this?

Sta. I'm your master. Ol. What master?

Sta. He whose slave you are.

Ol. I, a slave? Sta. *Aye*, and mine.

Ol. Am I not a free man? Remember! remember!

Sta. Stop and stay you there! (*Catches hold of him.*)

Ol. Let me alone. Sta. I am your slave.

Ol. That's very good.

Sta. My dear little Olympio, my father, my patron, I do beg of you——

Ol. Well, you certainly are in your senses.

Sta. Of course I am your slave.

Ol. What need have I of so worthless a slave?

Sta. Well now, how soon are you going to provide me some amusement[3]?

Ol. If the dinner were but drest.

Sta. Then let them be off this instant in-doors. (*To the* Cook *and his* Assistants.) Go you into the house and despatch with all haste. I'll come in just now. Have the dinner charmingly sauced up[4] for me; I want to have a charming meal. I really don't care, now, to be eating in the style of *your sumptuous* foreigners[5]. Be off, will you;

with his servant Olympio. An attempt has been made in the translation, perhaps not very successfully, to pourtray the impression intended to be conveyed by the passage by the use of the French word "ennui."

[1] *A grand coup*)—Ver. 716. Μέγα κάκον. Literally, "A great mischief."

[2] *O mon Dieu*)—Ver. 717. Ὦ Ζεῦ. Literally, "O Zeus!" or "O Jupiter!"

[3] *Provide me some amusement*)—Ver. 727. He perhaps alludes to the gratification of his villanous intentions with regard to Casina. If not, his meaning is still more gross. He is, without exception, the most despicable character, with the exception of Dinarchus, in the Truculentus, depicted in any Play of Plautus.

[4] *Charmingly sauced up*)—Ver. 731. By the use of the word "ebria," he either means that the hashes are to be swimming with sauces and gravies, or that plenty of wine is to be provided.

[5] *In the style of your sumptuous foreigners*)—Ver. 733. Barbarico ritu. He perhaps alludes to the Eastern style of entertainments, which were probably accompanied with more magnificence, and, at the same time, greater sobriety, which doubtless would not agree with his Epicurean notions.

but for the present, however, I take up my abode here. (*The* Cook *and his* Assistants *go into the house.*)

Ol. Is there anything that detains you *here?*

Sta. The servant-maid says that Casina has got a sword in-doors, to deprive you and me of life with it.

Ol. I understand it. Just let her alone with it. They are imposing *on you:* I know these worthless baggages. However, do you now go into the house with me.

Sta. But, i' faith, I'm fearful of mischief: only do you go. Reconnoitre, first, what's going on within.

Ol. My life's as dear to me as yours is to you.

Sta. But only do go now.

Ol. If you'll go yourself, I'll go in with you. (*They go into the house.*)

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Pardalisca, *from the house, laughing aloud.*

Par. (*to herself*). Upon my faith, I do not believe that at Nemea[1], nor *do I think* that at Olympia, or anywhere else, there *ever* where such funny games as these ridiculous games that are going on in-doors here with our old gentleman and our bailiff Olympio. In-doors, all over the house, all are in a bustle; the old man is bawling away in the kitchen, *and* urging on the cooks. "Why don't you go to work at once? Why don't you serve up, if you are going to serve up? Make haste; the dinner ought to have been cooked by this." And then this bailiff is strutting about with his chaplet[2], clothed in white and finely rigged out. And then these *women* are dressing up the armour-bearer in the bedroom, to give him to be married to our bailiff in place of Casina; but the artful baggages very cleverly conceal what the upshot of this[3] is really to be. Then too, in a manner quite worthy of them, the cooks are very cleverly doing their best to the end that the old gentleman mayn't get his dinner. They are upsetting

[1] *At Nemea*)—Ver. 746. Nemea was a town near Corinth, where games were held in honor of Hercules, in remembrance of his slaying the Nemean Lion. At Olympia, in Elis, the Olympic games in honor of Jupiter were celebrated.

[2] *With his chaplet*)—Ver. 754. Among the Romans the bridegroom wore a wreath or chaplet of flowers on his head.

[3] *The upshot of this*)—Ver. 759. The meaning of this passage is obscure. It perhaps, however, means that they conceal from Chalinus how far they intend him to go in the joke, for fear lest he should refuse his services.

the pots, *and* putting out the fire with the water. At the request of these *ladies* they are so doing; they, too, are determined to bundle the old fellow dinnerless out of doors, that they by themselves may blow out their own stomachs. I know these female gluttons; a merchant-ship[1] full of victuals they can devour. But the door is opening.

SCENE II.—*Enter* STALINO, *from the house.*

STA. (*speaking to* CLEOSTRATA, *within*). If you are wise, wife, you'll dine, after all, when the dinner's cooked. I shall dine in the country, for I'm desirous to attend the new-made husband and the newly-made bride into the country (I know the mischievous habits of persons), that no one may carry her off. Do you *people* indulge your appetite. But do make haste and send him and her out immediately, that at least we may get there in daylight. I shall be here to-morrow; to-morrow, wife, I'll be having a banquet still.

PAR. (*aside*). 'Tis as I said it would be; the women are packing the old fellow dinnerless out of doors.

STA. (*to* PARDALISCA). What are you doing here?

PAR. I'm going whither she sent me.

STA. Really? PAR. Seriously.

STA. What are you looking for here?

PAR. Really I'm looking for nothing at all.

STA. Be off; you are loitering here; the others are bustling about in-doors.

PAR. I'm off.

STA. Be off, then, will you, away from here, you jade of jades. (PARDALISCA *goes into the house.*) Is she gone then? I may *now* say here anything I please. He that's in love, i' faith, even if he is hungry, isn't hungry at all. But see, the bailiff, my associate[2], companion, and husband-in-copartnership, is coming out of doors with wreath and torch.

[1] *A merchant-ship*)—Ver. 766. "Corbitam," "a merchant-ship." This word gave rise to the French word "corvette." Merchant-ships are said to have been so called from their carrying a "corbis," or "basket," at the mast-head; probably to show at a distance that they were traders, and not ships of war.

[2] *My associate*)—Ver. 784. "Socius," "associate," seems certainly a much more rational reading than "socerus," "father-in-law," which Weise adopts. Amid all his folly, we can hardly imagine Stalino calling Olympio his father-in-law. From the present passage it would appear that the bridegroom was one of those who held the torches before the bride when she was led to his house.

SCENE III.—*Enter* OLYMPIO, *dressed in white, with a wreath on his head, and a torch in his hand, accompanied by* MUSICIANS.

OL. (*to one of the* MUSICIANS). Come, piper, while they are escorting the new-made bride out of doors, make the whole of this street resound with a sweet wedding-tune[1]. (*He sings aloud.*) Io Hymen hymenæe! Io Hymen!

STA. (*accosting him*). How fare you, my preserver?

OL. I'm very hungry, faith; and, in fact, I'm not thirsty a little.

STA. But I'm in love. OL. Still, upon my faith, love, I shan't be making any trial of you. For some time past my inside has been grumbling with emptiness.

STA. But why is she now delaying so long in-doors, just as though on purpose? The greater the haste I'm in, in so much the less is she.

OL. What if I were even to trill an hymeneal lay?

STA. I agree *to that;* and I'll help you at *these* our common nuptials.

OL. (STALINO *joining, they sing*). Hymen hymenæe! Io Hymen!

STA. Upon my faith, I'm dreadfully done up; one may burst one's self with singing this hymeneal lay; if I do burst this way[2], I can't burst any other, that I may make sure of.

OL. Upon my faith, for sure, if you were a horse, you'd never be broken in.

STA. On what grounds? OL. You are too hard-mouthed.

STA. Have you ever found me so?

OL. The Gods forbid! But the door makes a noise; they are coming out.

STA. I' troth, the Gods do will me to be preserved *at last*. I already smell Casina[3] at a distance. (*They move to a distance.*)

[1] *Wedding-tune*)—Ver. 787. "Hymenæo." The nuptial-song was called "Hymenæus," in honor of Hymen, the God of Marriage. The above words were probably the refrain, or Chorus of the song.

[2] *If I do burst this way*)—Ver. 801. The meaning of this passage is obscure, but there is no doubt that it is of an indecent nature. The translation is consequently somewhat modified.

[3] *Already smell Casina*)—Ver. 805. Some Commentators explain this passage as one of indecent allusion, but there is really no occasion for such a construction; no doubt, the bride was usually perfumed to the highest pitch, and Stalino may very naturally say that he smells her at a distance.

SCENE IV.—*Enter, from the house, two* FEMALE SERVANTS *leading* CHALINUS, *veiled and dressed in women's clothes, as* CASINA.

SERV. Move on, and raise your feet a little over the threshold[1], newly-married bride; prosperously commence this journey, that you may always be alive for your husband, that you may be his superior in power, and the conqueror, and that your rule may gain the upper hand. Let your husband find you in clothes; you plunder your husband; by night and day to be tricking your husband, prithee, do remember.

OL. (*to* STALINO). Upon my faith, at her downright peril, the instant she offends me ever so little!

STA. Hold your tongue. OL. I shall not hold my tongue.

STA. What's the matter? OL. *These* wicked jades are wickedly teaching her wicked lessons.

STA. Instead of being all ready, they'll be bringing this matter all into confusion for me. They are striving at that, wishing for it, that they may have it all undone.

SERV. Come, *Olympio*, as soon as you please, receive this wife *of yours* from us. (*They present* CHALINUS *to him.*)

OL. Hand her *to me* then, if you are going to hand her to me at all to-day. (*They hand* CHALINUS *to him.*)

STA. (*to the* FEMALE SERVANTS). Be off in-doors.

SERV. Prithee, do deal gently with her who is *so* young and inexperienced. STA. It shall be *so*. Farewell; be off now.

SERV. Farewell. (*They go into the house.*)

STA. Is my wife now gone?

OL. She's in the house; don't be afraid.

STA. Hurra! Now, faith, I'm free at last. (*Addressing himself to* CHALINUS *as* CASINA.) My sweetheart, my spring-flower[2], my little honey! (*Embraces him.*)

OL. But, hark you! you'll beware, if you are wise, of some mishap: she's mine.

STA. I know that; but mine's the first enjoyment.

OL. (*holding him the torch*). Hold this torch *for me.*

STA. Why, no, I'll hold her *in my arms* in preference.

[1] *A little over the threshold*)—Ver. 806. When the bridal procession left the house of the bride, and when it reached that of the husband, the bride was lifted over the threshold by "pronubi," men who had been married to only one wife, that she might not touch it with her foot, which was deemed an evil omen.

[2] *My spring-flower*)—Ver. 821. "Verculum." Literally, "My little spring." The Roman names of endearment seem to have been generally very silly ones.

All-powerful Venus, a happy existence hast thou given me in giving me the possession of her! A dear little body! a dear little honey! (*Hugs* CHALINUS, *who pretends to struggle.*)

OL. (*shouting aloud*). O my dear little wife! (*Jumps about on one leg.*)

STA. What's the matter?

OL. She has trod upon my toes.

STA. (*aside*). I'll compliment her, as it were. A mist is not so soft as is—— (*Pulls* CHALINUS *about.*) A pretty little bosom, upon my faith. (CHALINUS *gives him a thrust with his elbow, on which he roars out.*) Woe to unfortunate me!

OL. What's the matter?

STA. She struck me in the breast with her elbow.

OL. Why then, pray, do you maul her about? But she *does not do so* to me, who touch her gently. (CHALINUS *gives him a poke with his elbow.*) O me!

STA. What's the matter? OL. Prithee, how robust she is! she has almost laid me flat with her elbow.

STA. She wishes, then, to go to bed[1].

OL. Nay but, why don't we be off?

STA. (*taking hold of* CHALINUS). My pretty, pretty little dear! (*They go into the house of* ALCESIMUS.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA *and* PARDALISCA, *from the house of* STALINO.

MYRR. Having been well and handsomely entertained indoors, we've come out here in the street to see the wedding-sports. I'd like to know how Chalinus gets on—the newly-married bride with her new-made husband. Never, upon my faith, any day did I laugh so much, nor in the time that's to come do I think I shall laugh more; and no poet ever did contrive a more artful plot than this was skilfully contrived by us. I'd now very much like the old fellow to come out, with his face well battered, than whom there is not a more wicked old man alive. Not even him do I deem to be more wicked who finds the room for him. Now, Pardalisca, do you be guard here (*pointing to the door of her house*); that whoever comes out from here, you may have some sport with him.

[1] *To go to bed*)—Ver. 839. There is a childish play here on the words "cubito," "with her elbow," and "cubitum," "to go to bed."

PAR. I'll do it with pleasure, and in my usual way.

MYRR. Observe from here everything that's going on indoors.

PAR. Prithee, get behind me. MYRR. You have liberty, too, to say freely and boldly to him anything you like.

PAR. (*in a low voice*). Be quiet; your door makes a noise. (*They hide themselves.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* OLYMPIO, *in great alarm, from the house of* ALCESIMUS.

OL. (*bawling aloud*). Neither where to fly to, nor where to conceal myself, nor how to hide this disgrace, do I know; so much have my master and myself been supereminently disgraced at these nuptials of ours. I'm now so ashamed, and now so afraid, and so ridiculous are we both. But, a simpleton, I'm now doing what's new *to me:* I'm ashamed at that which has never shamed me before. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Lend me your attention, while I repeat my exploits; it's worth your while to catch them with your ears; so ridiculous to be heard, to be repeated, are these mishaps which I have met with in the house. [When straightway[1] I had led my new-made bride into the room, I fastened the bolt; but, however, the gloom there was just like the night. I placed, I propped *things against the door;* I struggled hard[2] that before the old fellow * * * * with my bride. Then

[1] *When straightway*)—Ver. 865. With this line commences a part of the Play which is in a very imperfect state, and as to the reason for the appearance of which in that form the Critics are divided in opinion. As it is full of the grossest indecencies (which have precluded the possibility of translating some parts of it), it has been suggested that Plautus himself wrote it in this fragmentary form, as being sufficient to show his meaning, without displaying these indelicacies in all their amplitude. Another opinion is, that these passages are really the composition of Plautus, but that they have been reduced to their present state by lapse of time, or possibly, by reason of the MSS. having been subjected to castration by the fastidious students of the middle centuries. A third opinion is, that the portion between this line and l. 927, and some few lines in the next Scene as well were not the composition of Plautus, but that they were composed by some of the learned in the middle ages, to fill up the hiatus which existed in this part of the Play, or was supposed to exist there. If so, the writers might certainly have employed their time and talents to better advantage, as they have fairly distanced Plautus in the very worst of his indecencies.

[2] *I struggled hard*)—Ver. 867. This word is given as "mollio," to soften," in all the Editions. "Molio" seems much more appropriate, and is used by Frontinus in the same sense as "molior."

I began to be slow in my proceedings, for I looked behind me every now and then, lest the old fellow *should break in* * * * * *, a kiss, that provocative to lust, I asked of her first. She pushed back my hand, and allowed me not to give her a kiss in a quiet way. But then the more anxious was I, the more desirous to assert my privilege with Casina, *and* I longed to do the old fellow out of that task. The door I blocked up, so that the old man might not overpower me.

Enter CLEOSTRATA *and two* FEMALE SERVANTS, *from the house.*

MYRR. (*apart to* CLEOSTRATA). Come now, you accost him (*Pointing to* OLYMPIO.)

CLE. (*accosting* OLYMPIO). Where is your newly-made bride?

OL. (*aside*). By heavens, I'm utterly undone; the thing's all out.

CLE. (*overhearing him*). It's right, then, that you should relate the whole affair as it happened. What's going on in-doors? How fares Casina? Is she quite obsequious to your will?

OL. I'm ashamed to tell it.

CLE. Relate it in its order just as you proceeded.

OL. Upon my faith, I am ashamed.

CLE. Proceed boldly. After you went to bed, I want you to tell what took place after that.

OL. But it's a disgraceful matter.

CLE. I'll take care that those who hear it shall be on their guard *as to mentioning it.*

OL. That's the principal thing.

CLE. You kill me *with weariness.* Why don't you proceed?

OL. ——Ubi
* * * * us subtus porro
* * * quid. OL. Babæ!
CLE. Quid? OL. Papæ!
* * quid est? OL. Oh, erat maximum.
Gladium ne haberet metui; id quærere occœpi.
Dum, gladiumne habeat, quæro, arripio capulum.
Sed, quom cogito, non habuit gladium; nam id esset frigidius.

CLE. Eloquere. OL. At pudet.

Cle. Num radix fuit? Ol. Non fuit.

Cle. Num cucumis?

Ol. Profecto hercle non fuit quidquam olerum;
Nisi quidquid erat, calamitas profecto attigerat nunquam.
Ita, quidquid erat, grande erat.

Myrr. Quid fit denique? Edisserta.

Ol. ——sepit veste id, quî estis. Ubi illum saltum video obseptum;
Rogo, ut altero sinat ire. Ita, quidquid erat, grande erat.
Tollo ut obvortam cubitissim * * *
Ullum mutire * * * * *
Surgo, ut ineam in * * * * * *
Atque illam in * * * * *

Myrr. Perlepide narrat * * * *

Ol. When I addressed Casina, "Casina," said I, "my dear wife, why do you slight your husband in this fashion? Really, upon my faith, you do this quite without my deserving it, inasmuch as I have given you the preference as my wife." She answered not a word. When I attempted a kiss, a beard pricked my lips just like briars. Forthwith, as I was upon my knees, she struck my head with her feet. I tumbled headlong from the bed; she leapt down upon me *and* punched my face. From there in silence out of doors I came in this guise; by your leaves I say it; may the old fellow drink of the same cup that I have been drinking of.

Cle. Most excellent. But where's your cloak?

Ol. (*pointing to the house of* Alcesimus). I left it here in-doors.

Cle. Well now; hasn't a very nice trick been played you?

Ol. *Yes, and* deservedly. Hush! the door makes a noise. What, is she following me, I wonder? (*They go to a distance.*)

Scene III.—*Enter* Stalino, *in haste, from the house of* Alcesimus.

Sta. (*aloud to himself*). I'm branded with the greatest disgrace, nor what, under my circumstances to do, do I know. Nor yet how to look my wife in the face; so utterly undone am I! All my misdeeds are discovered. In every way, to my confusion, I am ruined! So clearly am I hooked fast by the jaws! nor know I in what way to clear myself before my wife; wretch that I am, to have been stripped of my cloak! * * * * These

clandestine nuptials are all discovered. * * * * I judge it best for me * * * * She taught my wife * the way * * But who is there, what person would be ready to undertake this office for me? What now to do I know not, except to imitate worthless slaves, and fly from the house; for there's no safety for my shoulder-blades if I return home. I may tell lies there; i' faith, I shall get a basting, though much against my will, although I have earned my punishment. I'll at once betake myself in this direction in flight. (*He begins to run.*)

Ol. (*coming forward with the others*). Hallo there! Stop, this instant, you amorous one!

Sta. (*to himself*). I'm utterly undone! I'm being called back. I'll be off, as though I didn't hear. (*Runs on.*)]

Scene IV.—*Enter* Chalinus, *from the house of* Alcesimus, *dressed in woman's clothes.*

Cha. Where are you, you who imitate the morals of the Massilians[1]? Now, if you wish to be taking liberties with me, is a good opportunity [* * * at your risk. By my troth, you are undone. Come, only step this way. * * * Now I fancy that when a witness out of * * * * * * * * * I'll find * * * * thus out of the street I order * * * * a murmur I * * *

Sta. Now am I *in extreme danger*, between the stone and the sacrifice, nor know I which way to fly * * * * * . * The wolf-dogs * * * it was * * *

[1] *Of the Massilians*)—Ver. 928. It is not at all settled by Commentators what is the meaning of this line. Massilia, now Marseilles, was a colony of the Phocæans. Cicero, in his Speech for L. Flaccus, particularly alludes to the strictness of their morals. It is possible that this good character may have passed into a proverb, and that Chalinus banteringly calls Stalino one who cultivates Massilian or the strictest morals. Schmieder, however, thinks that a pun on the word "Massilienses" is intended, and that as Stalino has met with a "mas," or "male," where he had hoped to find a female, Chalinus comes forward and asks him what he thinks of the Mas-silians; just as we in a similar case might say (though perhaps rather tamely) the Man-chester people.

Cha. I' faith, I do think * * * * old there now like new.]

Sta. (*turning about*). I'll go this way. I trust that the omen of a bitch's barking will prove the better[1].

Cle. What are you doing, my husband, my *good* man? Whence come you in this guise? What have you done with your walking-stick, or *how disposed of* the cloak you had?

Serv. While he was playing his loving pranks with Casina, he lost it, I fancy.

Sta. (*aside*). Utterly undone!

Cha. (*coming up to* Stalino). Shall we go to bed again? I am Casina.

Sta. Away with you to utter perdition!

Cha. Don't you love me?

Cle. Nay, but answer me; what has become of your cloak?

[Sta. (*running about, exclaiming*). Upon my faith, wife, the Bacchantes! Bacchantes[2]! Bacchantes!

Serv. He's making pretence on purpose; for, upon my word, no Bacchantes are exhibiting at the present time.

Sta. I forgot *that*. But still, the Bacchantes!——

Cle. How, the Bacchantes? Why, that cannot be.

Serv. By my troth, you are in a fright.

Sta. What I?

Cle. (*to the* Servant). I' faith, do tell no lies, for it's quite clear.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *]

Sta. Won't you hold your tongue?

[1] *Will prove the better*)—Ver. 938. It is somewhat difficult to say exactly what he means. In l. 927, he seems to be annoyed at being called back as he is running (probably down one of the streets that debouched on the stage). "Revocamen," "being called back," was particularly considered as a bad omen among the Romans. He, perhaps, now changes his mind, and says to himself, "This is a bad omen; I'll turn back; and bad as it is, the barking of my wife may prove a better one."

[2] *Bacchantes! Bacchantes!*)—Ver. 944. He tries to make an excuse by implication: pretending to be in a fright, he shouts out, wishing them to believe that he has met a gang of Bacchanalian votaries (who were not very particular as to doing mischief to any one they met). Unfortunately for him, a servant-maid suggests that no feast of Bacchus is going on at that time of the year, and that consequently the Bacchantes are not "out."

Ol. I' troth, I certainly shall not hold my tongue ; for with the greatest earnestness you begged me to ask for Casina as my wife.

Sta. That I did on account of my love for you.

Cle. I' faith, of her rather. (*Turning to* Chalinus.) He'd have been making an attack upon you, in fact.

Sta. I been doing these things that you mention?

Cle. And do you ask me that?

Sta. If indeed I have done so, I've been doing wrong.

Cle. Just come back in-doors here; I'll remind you, if you have forgotten anything.

Sta. Troth, I think, I'll believe you in preference as to what you say. But, wife, do grant pardon to your husband for this; Myrrhina, do entreat Cleostrata! If ever, from this time forward, I love Casina, or even think of it, should I love her, *I say*, should I ever hereafter, in fact, be guilty of such a thing, there's no reason, wife, why you shouldn't lash me with twigs as I hang up *by the arms*.

Myrr. On my word, I do think that forgiveness may be granted for this.

Cle. (*to* Myrrhina). I'll do as you request me. (*To* Stalino.) On this account with the less difficulty do I now grant you this pardon, that, from being a long one, we mayn't be making this Play still longer.

Sta. You are not angry? Cle. I am not angry.

Sta. Am I to trust your word?

Cle. *You may* my *word*.

Sta. No person ever did have a more amiable wife than I've got.

Cha. Keep to her, *then*. Cle. (*to* Chalinus). Come you, give him back his walking-stick and cloak.

Cha. (*taking them from behind him, where he had held them*). Take them, if you wish. Upon my faith, a great injustice has really been most egregiously done me; I've been married to two husbands; neither has behaved to me as to a new-made bride.

The Company of Players.

Spectators, what's to be done within, we'll tell you here. This Casina will be discovered to be the daughter of this

person next door[1], and she'll be married to Euthynicus, our master's son. Now it's *only* fair that with your deserving hands you should give us deserved applause. He who does so, may he always keep his mistress without the knowledge of his wife. But he who doesn't with his hands clap as loud as he can, in place of a mistress, may a he-goat, soused in bilge-water, be palmed off upon him[2].

[1] *Of this person next door*)—Ver. 968. Schmieder suggests that Myrrhina has not hitherto seen Casina, but now, on hearing so much of her, enquires into her history, on which Chalinus explains how he begged her of the woman who was going to expose her, and Myrrhina then recognizes in her her own child, whom she had ordered to be exposed. This practice, especially with regard to female children, was by no means uncommon among the ancients, and even with the more respectable classes. We must remember, however, that in the Prologue it is stated that the servant who found her is ill in bed.

[2] *Palmed off upon him*)—Ver. 973. Warner, in his concluding Note to this Play, informs us that "Machiavel had undoubtedly this Comedy of Plautus in his eye when he wrote his Clizia."

PŒNULUS;
THE YOUNG CARTHAGINIAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

HANNO, a Carthaginian.
AGORASTOCLES, a young Carthaginian, living at Calydon.
ANTHEMONIDES, a Captain.
MILPHIO, servant of Agorastocles.
COLLYBISCUS, bailiff of Agorastocles.
LYCUS, a Procurer.
SYNCERASTUS, servant of Lycus.
A BOY.
SOME ASSISTANTS. [ADVOCATI.]

ADELPHASIUM, } sisters, Courtesans.
ANTERASTYLIS, }
GIDDENEME, their Nurse.
A MAID-SERVANT.

Scene—Calydon, a city of Ætolia. Before the houses of AGORASTOCLES and LYCUS, and the Temple of Venus.

THE SUBJECT

THERE were two cousins, citizens of Carthage; the daughters of one of them, named Hanno, were stolen in their childhood, and being carried off to Calydon, were there purchased by Lycus, a Procurer. In the same place there is living Agorastocles, the son of the cousin of Hanno, who, having been stolen in his infancy, was sold to a wealthy old man, and finally adopted by him. Here, without knowing their relationship, Agorastocles falls in love with Adelphasium, the elder of the sisters, while Anthemonides, a military officer, entertains a passion for Anterastylis, the younger sister. The Procurer being at enmity with Agorastocles, the latter, with the assistance of his servant Milphio, devises a plan for outwitting him. Collybiscus, the bailiff of Agorastocles, is dressed up as a foreigner, and, a sum of money being given him for the purpose, pretends to take up his abode in the house of Lycus. On this being effected, by previous arrangement Agorastocles comes with witnesses, and accuses the Procurer of harbouring his slave, and encouraging him to rob his master. At this conjuncture, Hanno arrives at Calydon in search of his daughters. He discovers them, and finds that Agorastocles is the son of his deceased cousin. The play ends with the removal of the damsels from the house of Lycus, who is brought to task for his iniquities; and Adelphasium is promised by her father in marriage to Agorastocles.

PŒNULUS;
THE YOUNG CARTHAGINIAN[1].

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A BOY (*Puer*), seven years old, is stolen at Carthage. An old man, a hater (*Osor*) of women, adopts him when bought, and (*Et*) makes him his heir. His two kinswomen and their nurse (*Nutrix*) are *also* carried off. Lycus buys them and torments (*Vexat*) *Agorastocles* in love. But he palms off his bailiff with some gold upon the Procurer (*Lenoni*), *and* so convicts him of theft. Hanno, the Carthaginian, comes (*Venit*), discovers him *to be* the son of his cousin, and recognizes his own (*Suas*) daughters whom he had lost.

THE PROLOGUE.

I HAVE a mind to imitate the Achilles of Aristarchus[2]: from that Tragedy I'll take for myself the opening: "Be silent, and hold your tongues, and give attention." The head-manager it is who bids you listen, that with a good grace they may be seated on the benches, both those who have come hungry and those *who have come* well filled. You who have eaten, by far the most wisely have you done: you who have not eaten, do you be filled with the Play. But he who has something ready for him to eat, 'tis *really*

[1] *The young Carthaginian*) Cicero uses the word "Pœnulus," as signifying merely "a Carthaginian." It is difficult to say whether the Play is so styled in reference to Hanno, merely as a citizen of Carthage, or whether the word refers to the young man Agorastocles, in the sense of the "young Carthaginian." From an expression used in the Fifth Act, "a man's great toe," it would appear that Hanno was represented on the stage as a person of diminutive stature; in consequence of which, it has been suggested that the meaning is "the little Carthaginian." Lipsius thinks that this Prologue was not written by Plautus, and indeed some scholars suspect the whole Play to be spurious.

[2] *Achilles of Aristarchus*)—Ver. 1. Aristarchus was a Tragic Poet, the contemporary of Euripides, and flourished about 250 years before the time of Plautus. His Tragedy of Achilles no longer exists. We are informed by Festus that it was translated into Latin by the Poet Ennius.

great folly in him, for our sakes, to come here to sit fasting? Rise up, cryer! bespeak attention among the people: I'm now waiting *to see* if you know your duty. Exercise your voice, by means of which you subsist and find your clothes; for unless you do cry out, in your silence starvation will be creeping upon you. Well, now sit down again, that you may earn double wages. Heaven grant success[1]! do you obey my commands. Let no worn-out debauchee[2] be sitting in the front of the stage, nor let the lictor or his rods[3] be noisy in the least; and let no seat-keeper[4] be walking about before *people's* faces, nor be showing any to their seats, while the actor is on the stage. Those who have been sleeping too long at home in idleness, it's right for them now to stand contentedly, or else let them master their drowsiness. Don't let slaves be occupying the seats[5], that there may be room for those who are free; or else let them pay down the money for their places[6]; if that they cannot do, let them be off home, *and* escape a double evil, lest they be variegated both here with scourges, and with thongs at home, if they've not got things in due order when their masters come home. Let nurses keep children, baby-bantlings, at home, and let no one bring them to see the Play; lest both they them-

[1] *Heaven grant success*)—Ver. 16. "Bonum factum est." Literally, "it is a good deed." This was a stated form, placed at the commencement of Roman edicts and proclamations, as ensuring a good omen.

[2] *Worn-out debauchee*)—Ver. 17. "Scortum exoletum." As the word "scortum" may apply to either sex, it is not improbable that this is intended as a notice to the old and battered debauchees, that they are not to take the liberty of occupying the front of the stage, as perhaps, in their effrontery, they had lately been in the habit of doing.

[3] *Or his rods*)—Ver. 18. These "virgæ" were used by the lictors for the purposes of punishment, and if stiff and hard, would be likely to make a noise when struck against any object.

[4] *No seat-keeper*)—Ver. 19. "Designator." It was the duty of this officer to point out to persons their seats.

[5] *Occupying the seats*)—Ver. 23. It has been previously remarked that only standing room was provided in the theatres for the slaves.

[6] *The money for their places*)—Ver. 24. "Æs pro capite." The meaning of this term, as here used, is not exactly known. Some think that it means, that if the slaves want seats, let them pay down money for their freedom, on which they will be entitled to them. It is not improbable that the phrase means "let them pay money for their seats;" and Muretus supposes that the right of letting out certain seats was reserved by the actors as their own perquisite.

selves may be athirst[1], and the children may die with hunger; and that they mayn't be squealing about here, in their hungry fits, just like kids. Let the matrons see the piece in silence, in silence laugh, *and* let them refrain from screaming here with their shrill voices; their themes for gossip let them carry off home, so as not to be an annoyance to their husbands both here and at home. And, as regards the managers of the performance, let not the palm *of victory* be given to any player wrongfully, nor by reason of favour let any be driven out of doors, in order that the inferior may be preferred to the good ones. And this, too, besides, which I had almost forgotten: while the performance is going on, do you, lacqueys, make an onset on the cookshops; now, while there's an opportunity, now, while the tarts[2] are smoking hot, hasten there. These injunctions, which have been given as the manager's command, Heaven prosper them! troth now, let every one remember for himself. Now, in its turn, I wish to go back to the plot, that you may be equally knowing with myself. Its site, its limits, its boundaries I'll now lay down; for that purpose have I been appointed surveyor. But, unless it's troublesome, I wish to give you the name of this Comedy: but if it is an annoyance, I'll tell you still, since I have leave from those who have the management. This Comedy is called the "Carthaginian[3];" in the Latin, Plautus has called it "the Pulse-eating Kinsman[4]." You have the name, then; now hear the rest of the story; for here will this plot be judged of *by you*. Its own stage is the *proper* place for every plot; you are the critics; I pray you lend attention. There were two cousins-ger-

[1] *May be athirst*)—Ver. 30. This is not the only place where Plautus refers to the love which the Roman nurses had for the bottle.

[2] *While the tarts*)—Ver. 43. "Scriblitæ." These were a kind of tarts or cakes which had letters stamped upon them, and were probably so called from scribo," "to write."

[3] *The Carthaginian*)—Ver. 53. "Carchedonius," the old Roman name for "Carthaginian," from Καρχηδὼν, the Greek for "Carthage."

[4] *Pulse-eating Kinsman*)—Ver. 54. "Patruus pultiphagonides." The Roman "puls," or "pottage," was composed of meat, water, honey, cheese, and eggs. There was a particular sort of "puls," called "puls Punica," or "Punic pottage." As this Play was written at the period of the second Carthaginian war, Plautus would not object to hold their enemies up to contempt as mere "porridge-eaters."

man[1], Carthaginians, of a very high and very wealthy family. One of them is *still* alive, the other's dead. The more confidently do I inform you *of this*, because the undertaker[2] told me *so*, who anointed him *for the pile*. But the only son there was of that old man who died, being separated from his father, was stolen at Carthage when seven years old, six years, in fact, before his father died. When he saw that his only son was lost to him, he himself, from grief, fell sick; he made this cousin-german of his his heir; he himself departed for Acheron without taking leave[3]. The person who stole the child, carried him off to Calydon, *and* sold him here to a certain rich old man for his master, one desirous of children, *but* a hater of women. This old man, without knowing it, bought the son of his host, that same child, and adopted him as his own son, and made him his heir when he himself departed this life. This young man is dwelling here in this house. (*Pointing to the house of* Agorastocles.) Once more do I return to Carthage. If you want to give any commission, or *anything* to be managed—unless a person[4] gives the money, he will be mistaken; but he who does give it will be very much more *mistaken*. But this father's cousin of his at Carthage, the old man who is still alive, had two daughters. The one when in her fifth year, the other in her fourth, were lost, together with their nurse, from the walks in the suburbs[5]. The person who kidnapped them,

[1] *Two cousins-german*)—Ver. 59. "Fratres fratrueles." "Sons of brothers." This clears up all the confusion that otherwise seems to exist in the Play, by reason of Agorastocles continually calling Hanno his "patruus," which Warner (to avoid confusion, as he says) translates "uncle." It is pretty clear that "patruus" was a term extending not only to uncles, but to other collateral relatives of the father; not only father's brothers, but father's cousins.

[2] *The undertaker*)—Ver. 62. "Pollinctor." This was properly the servant of the "libitinarius," or "undertaker." See the Asinaria, l. 916, and the Note.

[3] *Without taking leave*)—Ver. 71. "Sine viatico." Literally, "without provisions for the journey." This, probably, simply means that he died suddenly and unexpectedly. Some think that it refers to the ceremony of placing a piece of money in the mouths of the dead, for payment to Charon, on ferrying them over the Styx. If so, the allusion here appears to be very purposeless.

[4] *Unless a person*)—Ver. 81-2. These two lines also occur almost verbatim in the Menæchmi, l. 54-5.

[5] *In the suburbs*)—Ver. 86. "Magalia," or "magara," was a name given to the huts or cottages peculiar to the neighbourhood of Carthage. The word, pro-

carried them off to Anactorium[1], and sold them all, both nurse and girls, for ready money, to a man (if a Procurer is a man) the most accursed of men, as many as the earth contains: but do you yourselves now form a conjecture what sort of man it is whose name is Lycus[2]. He removed, not long ago, from Anactorium, where he formerly lived, to Calydon[3] here, for the sake of his business. He dwells in that house. (*Pointing to the house of* Lycus.) This young man is dying distractedly in love with one of them, his kinswoman, not knowing that fact; neither is he aware who she is, nor has he ever touched her (so much does the Procurer hamper him); neither has he hitherto ever had any improper connexion with her, nor *ever* taken her *home to his house;* nor has that *Procurer* been willing to send her *there.* Because he sees that he is in love, he wishes to touch *this* man for a *good* haul. A certain Captain, who is desperately in love with her, is desirous to buy this younger one to be his mistress. But their father, the Carthaginian, since he lost them, has been continually seeking them in every quarter, by sea and land. When he has entered any city, at once he seeks out all the courtesans, wherever each of them is living; he gives *her* gold, *and* prolongs the night *in his enquiries;* after that he asks whence she comes, of what country, whether she was made captive or kidnapped, born of what family, who her parents were. So diligently and so skilfully does he seek for his daughters. He knows all languages, too; but, though he knows them, he pretends not to know them: what need is there of talking? He is a Carthaginian all over[4]. He, in the evening of yesterday, came into harbour here on board ship. The father of these girls, the same is the father's cousin of this young man. Now d'ye

bably, here means a suburb of that city, which received its name from these huts, and was used by the inhabitants as a public walk.

[1] *Anactorium*)—Ver. 87. This was a town of Acarnania, in Greece.

[2] *Name is Lycus*)—Ver. 92. From the Greek word λυκὸς, "a wolf."

[3] *To Calydon*)—Ver. 94. Calydon was a city of Ætolia, which was situate in the centre of Greece.

[4] *A Carthaginian all over*)—Ver. 113. This is intended as a reflection upon the proverbial faithlessness of the Carthaginians. "Punica fides," "Punic faith," was a common proverb with the Romans.

take[1] this? If you do take it, draw it out: take care not to break it asunder; pray, let it proceed. (*Moving as if to go.*) Dear me! I had almost forgotten to say the rest. He who adopted this *young man* as his own son, the same was the guest of that Carthaginian, this *old man's* father. He will come here to-day, and discover his daughters here, and this person, his cousin's son, as indeed I've learnt. He, *I say*, who'll come to-day, will find his daughters and this his cousin's son. But after this, farewell!—attend; I'm off; I now intend to become another man[2]. As to what remains, some others remain who'll explain *all to you.* I'll go *and* dress. With kindly feelings do you *then* recognize me. Farewell! *and* give me your aid, that Salvation may prove propitious to you.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter, from his house, Agorastocles, *followed by* Milphio.

Ago. Full oft have I entrusted many matters to you, Milphio, *matters* of doubt *and* necessity, *and* standing in need of good counsel, which you wisely, discreetly, cleverly, and skilfully have by your aid brought to completion for me. For which services I do confess that *both* your liberty and many kind thanks are due unto you.

Mil. An old adage, if you timely introduce it, is a clever thing: but your compliments are to me what are wont to be called sheer nonsense, and, upon my faith, mere bagatelles[3].

[1] *D'ye take*)—Ver. 116. There seems to be an equivocal meaning here in the word "tenetis," which may mean either "to understand," or "to take hold with the hand." "Dirumpatis" also may mean either "break off" a rope or cord, or "interrupt." Though Lambinus thinks that some indecent allusion is intended, t is much more probable that Scaliger is right in supposing that allusion is made to the boyish diversion of two parties pulling at the ends of a rope till it either breaks, or one side lets go.

[2] *Become another man*)—Ver. 125. He will go to dress for a part in the Play; that of Agorastocles, as some have suggested.

[3] *Mere bagatelles*)—Ver. 138. Αῆρα. This word almost exactly answers to the word "bagatelles," or "kickshaws," borrowed by us from the French. As to the origin of the word "gerræ," in the sense of "trifles," or "nonsense,' Festus gives the following anecdote:—"Osier-twigs, in bundles, were called 'gerræ.' When the Athenians were besieging the Syracusans, and were often calling aloud for these fascines, the besieged, in ridicule, used to cry out, 'gerræ,

Just now, you are full of kind speeches towards me; yesterday, without hesitation, upon my back you wore out three bulls' hides *with flogging*.

Ago. But if, being in love, I did anything by reason of my distraction, Milphio, it's *only* reasonable that you should pardon me for it.

Mil. I've seen nothing more *reasonable*. I, too, am now dying for love; allow me to thrash you just as you did me, for no fault *at all;* and then, after that, do you pardon me being *thus* in love.

Ago. If you have a mind for it, or it gives you pleasure, I do permit it; tie me up, bind me, scourge me; I recommend you, I give you my permission.

Mil. If, hereafter, you should revoke your permission; when you are unloosed, I myself should be hung up[1] *for punishment*.

Ago. And would I venture to do that, to yourself especially? On the contrary, if I see you but struck, it gives me pain immediately.

Mil. To me, indeed, i' faith.

Ago. No, to me. Mil. I could prefer that *to be the case*. But what now do you wish?

Ago. Why need I tell a lie to you? I am desperately in love.

Mil. My shoulder-blades feel that.

Ago. But I mean with this damsel, my neighbour Adelphasium, the elder Courtesan that belongs to this Procurer.

Mil. For my own part, I've heard that from yourself already.

Ago. I'm on the rack with love for her. But than this Procurer Lycus, her master, not dirt *itself* is more dirty.

Mil. Do you wish now to present him with some mischief?

Ago. I should like it. Mil. Why look *then*, present him with me.

Ago. Go and be hanged! Mil. But tell me seriously, do you wish to present him with a plague?

on which account that word came in use, to signify, in contempt, anything trifling."

[1] *Be hung up*)—Ver. 148. "Pendeam." He alludes to the practice of tying slaves up by the hands for the purpose of being flogged.

Ago. I should like it.

Mil. Well then, present him with this selfsame me; I'd cause him to be having both a mischief and a plague.

Ago. You are joking. Mil. Should you like this very day, without risk to yourself, to make her free[1]?

Ago. I should like it, Milphio.

Mil. I'll manage for you to make her so. You have indoors three hundred golden Philippean pieces[2].

Ago. Six hundred even. Mil. Three hundred are enough.

Ago. To do what *with them?*

Mil. Hold your peace. This day I'll make you a present of the Procurer, whole, with all his household.

Ago. What to do? Mil. You shall soon know. Collybiscus, your bailiff, is in the city just now. The Procurer doesn't know him. Do you fully understand?

Ago. I' faith, I understand *that;* but what you are driving at I know not.

Mil. You don't know? Ago. Not *I*, faith.

Mil. But I'll soon let you know. The gold shall be given him, for him to take to the Procurer, and say that he's a stranger from another city; that he's amorously inclined, and wishes to gratify his inclinations; that he wants free range to be found him, where he may secretly indulge his appetite, so that there may be no overlooker. The Procurer, greedy for the gold, will at once take him into his house; he'll conceal the man and the gold.

Ago. The design pleases me.

Mil. Do you *then* enquire of him whether your slave hasn't come to him. He'll think that I am being sought for; immediately he'll say no to you. Have you any doubt but that the Procurer will at once have to double the gold for you, and be *considered* to have stolen the man? Neither has he the means of raising it. When he comes to trial, the Prætor will award[3] his whole household to you. Thus with a pitfall shall we deceive the Procurer Lycus.

[1] *To make her free*)—Ver. 164. "Tuam libertam." "Your freed-woman;" you being the one to give her her liberty.

[2] *Philippean pieces*)—Ver. 166. The Philippean piece had the head of Philip of Macedon on it, and was in value about two guineas of our money.

[3] *Prætor will award*)—Ver. 186. In consequence of his being unable to pay the penalty or damages decreed against him.

Ago. The design pleases me. Mil. Aye, when I've polished it up, you'll then say so still more even; now it's but in the rough.

Ago. I'm going to the Temple of Venus, unless, Milphio, you wish for anything. It's the Aphrodisia[1] to-day.

Mil. I know.

Ago. I wish to amuse my eyes with the harlot finery.

Mil. Let's first proceed to this, the plan we have resolved upon. Let's go in-doors, that we may instruct Collybiscus, the bailiff, how to plant this cheatery.

Ago. Although Cupid has the sway in my heart, still I'll listen to you.

Mil. I'll cause you to be glad it's done. (Agorastocles *goes into his house.*) There is a speck of love upon this man's breast, which cannot by any means be washed out without great harm; this Lycus, too, the Procurer, is such a wicked person, against whom the engine of mischief is now well aimed, which before long I shall discharge from my battery[2]. But see, here's Adelphasium coming out, and Anterastylis. The first is the one who renders my master distracted. But I'll call him out. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hallo! Agorastocles, come out of doors if you would see most joyous sports!

Enter Agorastocles, *in haste, from the house.*

Ago. What's this bustle, Milphio?

Mil. (*pointing to the door of* Lycus's *house*). Why, here's your mistress, if you'd like to see her.

Ago. O may the Gods bestow many a blessing on you, for having presented to me a sight so charming as this! (*They stand apart.*)

Scene II.—*Enter* Adelphasium, Anterastylis, *and an* Attendant.

Adel. The man who wants to find abundance of employment for himself—a woman and a ship, these two things, let

[1] *The Aphrodisia*)—Ver. 191. The Aphrodisia were festivals periodically celebrated in honor of Venus or Aphrodite, in most of the towns of Greece. The worshippers were, however, mostly of the class of courtesans.

[2] *From my battery*) — Ver. 202. "Balistario." According to Lipsius, "balistarium" was the same as the balista itself; while Turnebus thinks it was the place where the 'balista" was mounted.

him procure; for no two things do produce more trouble, if, perchance, you begin to equip them; neither are these two things ever equipped enough, nor is the largest amount of equipment sufficient for them. And as I mention these things, from experience at home do I now say thus; for we two, even from daybreak up to the present hour of the day, have never ceased either washing, or scrubbing, or rubbing, or dressing, smoothing, polishing, painting, trimming, with all our might, and at the same time the two maid-servants, that have been provided for each of us, have been giving us their assistance in washing *and* cleaning; and in carrying water two men have become quite weary. Fie upon it! how great a plague there is in one female. But if *there are* two, I know full well that they are able to give to any one, the mightiest nation whatsoever, more trouble than enough, in being night and day, always, at all hours, dressing, washing, rubbing, polishing. In fine, there's no moderation in women, nor do we understand how ever to set a limit to washing and scrubbing. But she who is washed clean, unless she is thoroughly dressed, in my notion at least, is just as though she were dirty.

Ant. I really wonder, sister, that you talk in this fashion; you who are so knowing, and discreet, and clever; for when with all care we have ourselves in trim, hardly and with difficulty do we find poor pitiful admirers.

Adel. Such is the fact; but still reflect upon this one thing; a limit is best to be observed in all things, sister; all things in excess give too much trouble to mortals of themselves.

Ant. Sister, prithee, do reflect that we are accounted just in the same way as pickled salt-fish[1] is thought of—without any relish and without sweetness; unless full oft and long it is soaked in water, it smells badly, *and* is salt, so that you cannot touch it. Just so are we. Women of this class are utterly tasteless, and devoid of grace, without dress and expense.

Mil. (*apart*). She surely is a cook, Agorastocles, according to my notion; she knows how to soak pickled fish.

Ago. (*pushing him away*). Why *are you thus* troublesome?

[1] *Pickled salt-fish*)—Ver. 240. "Salsa muriatica." Literally, "the pickle of salt-fish," which is supposed by some to have been the thunny

ADEL. Sister, do, there's a dear, forbear. It's quite sufficient for others to say that to us, not to be ourselves as well proclaiming our foibles.

ANT. I'll have done, then.

ADEL. I thank you: but now answer me this; are all things here which ought to be provided for propitiating the Gods?

ANT. I've taken care of everything.

AGO. (*apart*). How charming and joyous a day, and full of delight, worthy of Venus, by my troth, whose Aphrodisia are *celebrated* to-day!

MIL. (*apart*). Any thanks *for me*, for calling you out of doors? Oughtn't I now to be presented with a cask of old wine? Say it shall be given. Don't you answer me? His tongue has fallen out, I imagine. What, plague on it, have you been struck with amazement standing here? (*He shakes him.*)

AGO. (*apart*). Do let me love on; don't disturb me, and do hold your peace.

MIL. (*apart*). I'll hold my peace.

AGO. (*apart*). If you had held your peace, why then that "I'll hold my peace" would not have been in existence.

ANT. Let's go, my sister. (*She moves.*)

ADEL. How now—why, prithee, are you now hastening that way?

ANT. Do you ask me? Because our master is waiting for us at the Temple of Venus.

ADEL. Let him wait, i' faith. Do you stay; there's a crowd just now at the altar. Do you wish yourself to be pushed about among those common prostitutes, the doxies of bakers, the cast-offs of the spelt-bread sellers; wretched creatures, daubed over with grease[1], followers of poor slaves, *who* stink for you of their stable and stall[2], their seats and very sheds; whom, in fact, not a single freeman has ever

[1] *Daubed over with grease*)—Ver. 267. "Schœno." This is, by some, thought to have been a rank oil extracted from rushes. Meursius, however, ridicules the idea of an oil being made from rushes, and reads cœno, "dirt," in the present passage.

[2] *Of their stable and stall*)—Ver. 268. She seems to refer to the lowest class of courtesans, and their seats in the prostitutes' sheds (mentioned by Ballio in the Pseudolus, l. 214) where they were exposed by the "lenones" to the public gaze.

touched or taken home *with him*, the twopenny strumpets[1] of dirty trumpery slaves?

Mil. (*apart*). Away with you to utter perdition! Do you dare, then, to despise the slaves, you hussey? As if she was a beauty, as if kings were in the habit of making her their choice. A monstrosity of a woman! Diminutive as she is, she does spit out such mighty words—seven nights with whom I wouldn't purchase at a cupful of vapour.

Ago. (*apart*). Immortal and omnipotent Divinities, what is there among you more beauteous? What have you that I should deem you more immortal than I am myself, in beholding with my eyes these delights so great? But Venus is not Venus; for my own part, her will I worship as Venus; that she may love me and prove propitious. Milphio!—hallo! Milphio, where are you?

Mil. (*apart*). See, here I am with you.

Ago. (*apart*). But I want you boiled[2].

Mil. (*apart*). Why really, master, you are making merry.

Ago. (*apart*). Why, it was from yourself I learnt all this.

Mil. (*apart*). What, even to be in love with her whom you have never touched? Really, that is nonsense.

Ago. (*apart*). I' faith, the Gods as well do I love and fear from whom, nevertheless, I keep off my hands.

Ant. Alas! upon my word, when I look at the dress of us both, I'm grieved at the way we are dressed out.

Adel. Why really, it's quite in a proper style; for our master's gain and our own we are dressed quite well enough. For no profits can result, if the outlay exceeds them, sister; therefore, that is better to be had which is enough, than that which is more than enough.

Ago. (*apart*). So may the Gods love me, may she love me (I had rather she than the Gods), Milphio; why, this woman has it in her power to force a flint-stone to be in love with her.

[1] *Twopenny strumpets*)—Ver. 270. "Diobolaria." Literally, "hired for a couple of obols."

[2] *I want you boiled*)—Ver. 279. He puns upon the word "assum," which Milphio uses. He intends it to signify "here am I." But as it may also mean the neuter of the participle "assus," "roasted," Agorastocles chooses to take the sentence in the latter sense, as meaning "here I am roasted;" and answers, "I'd rather you were boiled."

Mil. (*apart*). Upon my faith, in that you certainly tell no lie, for you are more senseless than a flint-stone to be in love with her.

Ago. (*apart*). But consider *this*, will you; I've never soiled her[1] with a kiss. Mil. (*apart*). I'll run, then, somewhere to a fish-pond or a pool, *and* fetch some soil.

Ago. (*apart*). What need is there of that?

Mil. (*apart*). I'll tell you; to soil her lips and yours.

Ago. (*apart*). To utter perdition with you!

Mil. (*apart*). For my part, I'm there *already*.

Ago. (*apart*). Do you persist?

Mil. (*apart*). I'll hold my tongue.

Ago. (*apart*). But I wish you *to do so* always.

Mil. (*apart*). Why really, master, you challenge me at my own game, and *still* you make fun of me.

Ant. At present, sister, I suppose you think yourself quite well enough drest; but when the instances of other courtesans are compared, then you will be having the heart-ache, if perchance you should see any one more nicely drest.

Adel. Envy was never inbred in me, my sister, nor yet spitefulness: I had rather by far that I was adorned with a good disposition than with gold; gold is met with by luck, a good disposition *is found* by nature. I very much prefer for myself to be called good than fortunate. It more befits a courtesan to show modesty than purple; and more does it become a courtesan to show modesty than golden *jewels*. Evil habits soil a fine dress more than mud; good manners, by their deeds, easily set off a lowly garb.

Ago. (*apart to* Milphio). How now, you; would you like to play a merry and a frolicsome prank?

Mil. (*apart*). I should like.

Ago. (*apart*). Can you, *then*, give attention to me?

Mil. (*apart*). I can.

Ago. (*apart*). Be off home, and go hang yourself.

Mil. (*apart*). Why? Ago. (*apart*). Because you'll never again hear so many words as sweet *as these*. What need have you to live? Only listen to me, and go hang yourself.

[1] *Never soiled her*)—Ver. 291. There is a puerile and rather indelicate play in this line and the next two upon the resemblance of the word "limus," "mud," and "limo," "to rub." An attempt has been made to give something analogous in the Translation.

Mil. (*apart*). Why yes, if, like grapes that are drying[1], you'll hang together with me.

Ago. (*apart*). But I do love her.

Mil. (*apart*). But I, to eat and drink.

Adel. (*to her* Sister). How now, you? How say you—?

Ant. What is it you ask *me?*

Adel. Do you see? My eyes which were full of dirt, are they clear now?

Ant. (*looking close at her eyes*). Why, even still there's a little dirt in the middle of the eye.

Adel. Lend me your right hand, please.

Ago. (*apart*). And would you really touch or rub her eyes with unwashed hands?

Ant. Too great indolence has taken possession of us to-day.

Adel. For what reason, prithee?

Ant. Why, because we didn't come long since, before daylight, to the Temple of Venus, to be the first to place fire upon her altar.

Adel. O, there's no need for doing that; those who have faces suited for the night *only*, make haste to go and sacrifice by night; before Venus is awake, they are already hurrying with all haste to sacrifice; for if they were to come when Venus is awake, so ugly are they, upon my faith, I do believe they would drive Venus herself away from the Temple.

Ago. (*apart*). Milphio! Mil. (*apart*). Poor Milphio, i' faith! What do you want with me now?

Ago. (*apart*). Troth now, prithee, do mark how she speaks honied wine!

Mil. (*apart*). Nothing at all, except tile-cakes[2], sesamum, and poppies, wheat and parched nuts.

Ago. (*apart*). Do I seem at all *to be* in love?

Mil. (*apart*). *In love* to your loss, a thing that Mercury is by no means in love with[3].

[1] *Grapes that are drying*)—Ver. 311. "Uva passa" were grapes hung up in the sun to dry, and then scalded, for the purpose of being used as raisins, or for making sweet wine.

[2] *Nothing at all, except tile-cakes*)—Ver. 324. "Laterculi" were sweet cakes or biscuits, shaped like a tile or brick. The things here named were probably articles of homely diet, compared with honied wine.

[3] *Mercury is by no means in love with*)—Ver. 326. As being the God of Merchandize and Profit.

Ago. (*apart*). Why, really, by my troth, it befits no lover to be in love with self.

Ant. Let's go, my sister. Adel. Do, please, just as you like. Follow *me* this way.

Ant. I'll follow. (*They move.*)

Ago. (*apart*). They are going. What if we accost them?

Mil. (*apart*). You accost them.

Ago. (*going towards them*). In the first place, health to you, the elder; and you, the younger, health to you in the second degree of estimation; (*to the* Attendant) you, the third, health to you, without any place in my estimation.

Att. In that case, faith, I've wasted my oil and my labour.

Ago. (*to* Adelphasium). Whither are you betaking yourself?

Adel. What I? To the Temple of Venus.

Ago. Why thither? Adel. To propitiate Venus.

Ago. How now? Is she angry, *then?* Upon my faith, she is propitious. I will even answer for her. (*Stands before her.*)

Adel. What are you about? Prithee, why are you annoying me?

Ago. Thus cruel? Alas! Adel. Let me go away, I beg of you.

Ago. Why in such a hurry? There's a crowd there at present. Adel. I know it; there are other females there whom I wish to see, and *by whom* to be seen.

Ago. How can it give you pleasure to look at ugly people, *and* to afford one *so* beauteous to be looked at?

Adel. Because to-day, at the Temple of Venus, there's a fair for the courtesans; there the dealers meet; there I wish myself to be shown.

Ago. To wares unsaleable, its right to entice the buyer of one's own accord; good wares easily meet with a purchaser, although they may be placed in concealment. How say you? When, at my house here (*pointing*) will you lay your head and side by me?

Adel. On the day on which Orcus sends away the dead[1] from Acheron. Ago. I've got in-doors I know not how many golden coins in a state of madness.

[1] *Orcus sends away the dead*].—Ver. 343. Which, of course, means never.

Adel. Bring them to me; I'll make their madness pretty soon come to an end.

Mil. (*with indignation*). A nice one, upon my word!

Ago. Away to utter and extreme perdition with you, and go and be hanged!

Mil. (*aside to* Agorastocles). The more I look at her, the more insignificant[1] she is, and a mere bauble.

Ago. Keep your prating to yourself; I'm tired of it. (*To* Adelphasium.) Come, do lift up this outer garment. (*Raises it from the ground, and attempts to embrace her.*)

Adel. I'm in a state of purity[2]; prithee forbear to touch me, Agorastocles.

Ago. What am I to do, then?

Adel. If you are wise, you may be saving yourself your anxiety.

Ago. What? Me not be anxious on your account? What are you about, Milphio? (*Beckons to him.*)

Mil. (*aside*). See now, my aversion, *this*[3]. (*Aloud.*) What is it you want with me?

Ago. (*pointing to* Adelphasium). Why is she angry with me?

Mil. Why is she angry with you? Why should I trouble myself about that? For that is rather your own concern.

Ago. On my word, it's all over with you this very instant, if you don't make her as smooth for me as the sea is at the time when the halcyon[4] is rearing her young ones there.

Mil. What am I to do?

Ago. Entreat *her*, soothe, *and* flatter *her*.

Mil. I'll do so with all diligence; but see, please, that you don't afterwards be giving this ambassador *of yours* a dressing with your fists.

[1] *The more insignificant*)—Ver. 347. "Nimbata." According to some Commentators, this word is a substantive here, and signifies a "slight fillet," of the same colour with the hair which the women used to wear upon the forehead; the idea of Turnebus, however, that it is an adjective, signifying "cloud-like," seems more likely to be correct.

[2] *A state of purity*)—Ver. 349. This she says, probably, because she is especially careful to avoid pollution, by contact with the male sex, when on the eve of worshipping the Goddess in her Temple.

[3] *My aversion, this*)—Ver. 351. "Odium meum." He forgets that Adelphasium is only the *innocent* cause of his master's anxiety.

[4] *When the halcyon*)—Ver. 355. See the Note to the Cæsina, l. 86.

AGO. I'll not do so.

ADEL. (*to her* SISTER). Let's now begone. (AGORASTOCLES *stands before her.*) Do you detain me still? You act badly; you make me many fair promises[1]; of those many, the whole come to nothing at all. Not once, but a hundred times, have you sworn to give me my freedom. While depending on you, I have neither anywhere procured any other resources for myself, nor is this *assistance of yours* at all visible. And thus none the less am I still a slave. Move on, sister. (*To* AGORASTOCLES.) Get you gone from me!

AGO. Utterly undone! Come now, Milphio, what are you about? (*Points at* ADELPHASIUM.)

MIL. (*addressing* ADELPHASIUM). My joy, my delight, my life, my pleasure, apple of my eye, my little lip, my health, my *sweet* kiss, my honey, my heart, my biestings, my cream-cheese——

AGO. (*aside*). Am I to allow these things to be said in my presence? I'm quite distracted, wretch that I am, if I don't order him at full speed to be hurried off to the executioner in a chariot and four!

MIL. (*to* ADELPHASIUM). Prithee, for my sake, don't be angry with my master. I'll make——

ADEL. Let me alone. MIL. You are too cross. He'll pay the money for you, and make you a citizen of Attica[2], and a free woman.

ADEL. (*to* MILPHIO, *who is standing before her*). But why don't you let me go away? What is it you want? Just as he wishes me well, in like manner do you wish me well.

MIL. If, indeed, he has deceived you before, from this time forward he shall be truthful to you.

ADEL. Get you gone hence, will you, *you* trepanner.

MIL. I'll obey *you*. But on what terms—do you understand? Do let me prevail upon you; do let me take you by *those* little ears[3]; do let me give you a kiss. By my troth, I shall now set him a weeping, if I don't make you kind;

[1] *Many fair promises*)—Ver. 359. The semicolon seems to be more appropriately placed before than after "ex multis."

[2] *A citizen of Attica*)—Ver. 371. Plautus evidently makes a slip here, forgetting that Calydon was in Ætolia, and not in Attica.

[3] *By those little ears*)—Ver. 375. It was a common practice to take hold of the ears of the person kissed. The Greeks called this practice χυτρὰ, because it resembled the mode of taking up a kind of jug, which was so called, by its ears.

and (unless I do make you kind he *certainly* will do it
I'm dreadfully afraid lest he should beat me. I know the
harsh manners of this crabbed man. Wherefore, my delight
pray do let me prevail upon you.

AGO. (*aside*). I'm not a man worth threepence[1], if I don'
tear out the eyes and teeth of that whip-scoundrel. (*He beat*
MILPHIO.) There's your delight for you! There's you
honey! There's your heart! There are your biestings[2]
There's your health! There's your *sweet* kiss! (*Giving him*
a blow at each sentence.)

MIL. Master, you are rendering yourself guilty of impiety
You are beating an ambassador.

AGO. More than that even still. (*Beating him again.*) I shal
now add the apple of the eye, the little lip too, and the tongue

MIL. When will you be making an end?

AGO. Was it in that fashion I requested you to plead *fo*
me? MIL. How then was I to plead?

AGO. Do you ask me *that?* Why thus you should hav
said, you scoundrel: "his" delight, I do entreat of you, "his'
honey, "his" heart, "his" little lip, "his" tongue, "his'
sweet kiss, "his" biestings, "his" sweet cream-cheese, yo
whip-scoundrel. All these things which you spoke of a
yours, you should have mentioned as mine.

MIL. (*addressing* ADELPHASIUM). By my troth, I do en
treat you, his delight and my own aversion; his full-bosome
mistress, my enemy and evil-wisher; his eye, my eyesore
his honey, my gall—don't you be angry with him; or, i
that cannot be, do take a rope and hang yourself, with you
master and your household: for I see that henceforth, o
your account, I shall have to live upon sighing; and as i
is, I've already got my back about as hard with weals as a
oyster-shell, by reason of your amours.

ADEL. Prithee, do you wish me to hinder him from beat
ing you, rather than that he should not prove untrue to
wards me?

ANT. (*to her* SISTER). Do answer him in somewhat kindl
terms, there's a dear, that he mayn't be annoying to us; fo
he's detaining us from our purpose.

[1] *Worth threepence*)—Ver. 380. "Trioboli." Literally, "of three obols"

[2] *Your biestings*)—Ver. 382. "Colostra." This is the first milk after
cow has calved. It is much esteemed for its richness.

Adel. That's true. This one fault more will I pardon you for, Agorastocles. I am not angry.

Ago. You are not? Adel. I am not.

Ago. That I may believe you, give me a kiss then.

Adel. I'll give you one by-and-by, when I return from the sacrifice. Ago. Be off, then, in all haste.

Adel. Follow me, sister. Ago. And do you hear too? Pay all compliments to Venus in my name.

Adel. I'll pay them. Ago. Listen to this, too——

Adel. What is it? Ago. Perform the ceremony in few words. And do you hear? Look back *at me.* (*She looks back.*) She did look back. By my troth, I trust that Venus will do the same for you. (Adelphasium, Anterastylis, *and* Attendant, *go into the Temple of Venus.*)

Scene III.—Agorastocles *and* Milphio.

Ago. What now do you advise me *to do*, Milphio?

Mil. To give me a beating, and *then* have an auction[1]; for (*pointing to the house*) really, upon my faith, with utter impunity you might put up this house for sale.

Ago. Why so? Mil. For the greater part you make your dwelling in my mouth[2].

Ago. Do have done with those expressions.

Mil. What now do you wish?

Ago. I just now gave three hundred Philippeans to the bailiff Collybiscus, before you called me out of doors. I now adjure you, Milphio, by this right hand, and by this left hand its sister, and by your eyes, and by my passion, and by my own Adelphasium, and by your liberty[3]——

Mil. Why, now you adjure me by nothing at all.

Ago. My dear little Milphio, my *kind* occasion, my safeguard, do what you promised me you would do, that I may prove the ruin of this Procurer.

[1] *Have an auction*)—Ver. 409. Some Commentators have fancied that a play is intended upon the resemblance of the word "auctio" in this line and "auctor" in the preceding one.

[2] *Dwelling in my mouth*)—Ver. 411. He says that his master may sell his own house, for he seems to have taken up his abode in his (Milphio's) mouth in reference to his having continually to speak of him or to him.

[3] *By your liberty*)—Ver. 418. His liberty being a thing non-existent.

Mil. Why, that's very easy *to be done.* Be off, bring here with you your witnesses; meanwhile, in-doors I'll forthwith provide your bailiff with my disguise and stratagems. Make haste and be off.

Ago. I fly. Mil. That's more my part[1] than yours.

Ago. Should I not, should I not, if you effect this adroitly[2]——

Mil. Only do begone.

Ago. Ought I not this very day——

Mil. Only do be off. Ago. To give you freedom——

Mil. Only do begone.

Ago. By my troth, I should not deserve—ah!

Mil. Bah! Only do be off.

Ago. As many as are the dead in Acheron——

Mil. Will you, then, move off?

Ago. Nor yet as many as there are waves in the sea——

Mil. Are you going to move off?

Ago. Nor as many as there are clouds——

Mil. Do you persist in going on *this way?*

Ago. Nor as there are stars in heaven——

Mil. Do you persist in dinning my ears?

Ago. Neither this thing nor that; nor yet, indeed, seriously speaking—nor, by my faith, indeed. What need is there of words? And why not?—a thing that in one word—here we may say anything we please—and yet, i' faith, not seriously in reality. D'ye see how 'tis? So may the God bless me!—do you wish me to tell you in honest truth? A thing that here we may between ourselves—so *help* me Jupiter—— Do you see how? Look you—do you believe what I tell you?

Mil. If I cannot make you go away, I shall go away myself.

[1] *More my part*)—Ver. 425. He alludes to the common trick of slaves taking to flight.

[2] *Effect this adroitly*)—Ver. 426. Plautus designedly makes Agorastocles talk in this disjointed and unintelligible manner, both for the purpose of showing his own distraction and teasing Milphio. He does not, however, seem likely to hurt his own interest by his promises. Given connectedly, his words stand thus (as given in a Note to Warner's Translation): "Should I not give you your liberty to-day, if you do what you have promised—if you impose upon the pander, and deliver Adelphasium to me—I do not deserve so many Philippean of gold as there are dead men in the shades, waves in the sea, or stars in the sky."

for really, upon my faith, there's need of an Œdipus[1] as a diviner for this speech *of yours, him* who was the interpreter to the Sphinx. (*He goes into the house of* AGORASTOCLES.)

AGO. He has gone off in a passion; now must I beware, lest, through my own fault, I place an impediment in the way of my love. I'll go and fetch the witnesses · since love commands me, a free man, to be obedient to my own slave. (*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter LYCUS.

LYC. (*to himself*). May all the Gods render him unfortunate, should any Procurer, after this day, ever immolate any victim to Venus, or should any one sacrifice a single grain of frankincense. For wretched I, this day, have sacrificed to my most wrathful Deities[2] six lambs, and still I could not manage to make Venus to be propitious unto me. Since I could not appease her, forthwith I departed thence in a passion; I forbade the entrails to be cut, and would not examine them. Inasmuch as the soothsayer pronounced them not propitious, I deemed the Goddess not deserving. By these means I fairly played a trick upon the greedy Venus. When, that which was enough, she would not have to be enough, I made a pause. 'Tis thus I act, *and* thus it befits me *to act*. I'll make the other Gods and Goddesses henceforth more contented, and less greedy, when they know how the Procurer put a trick upon Venus. The soothsayer, in manner right worthy of him, a fellow not worth threepence, said that in all the entrails misfortune and loss were portended to me, and that

[1] *Need of an Œdipus*)—Ver. 441. Juno, in her displeasure against the city of Thebes, sent the Sphinx, in order to wreak her vengeance against the inhabitants. This was a monster with the face and speech of a woman, the wings of a bird, and the rest of the body resembling that of a dog or a lion. The monster proposed enigmatical questions to all with whom it met, and those who could not explain them it devoured. On the Oracle being consulted, they were informed that they would not get rid of the monster unless they could find out the meaning of a certain enigma, which was, "What is that animal that has four feet in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" Œdipus, at length, explained this as meaning a man, who crawls on all-fours during infancy, during manhood stands on two legs, and, when old, makes use of a stick as a third leg to support him. On hearing this, the monster, in despair, knocked out its brains against a rock.

[2] *My most wrathful Deities*)—Ver. 450. These, probably, were Mercury, the God of Profit, and Venus, the Goddess of Lust.

the Gods were angry with me. In what matter either divine or human is it right for me to put trust in him? Just after that, a mina of silver was given me. But where, pray, has this Captain stopped just now, who gave it me, *and* whom I've invited to breakfast? But look! here he comes.

Enter ANTHEMONIDES.

ANTH. So, as I began to tell you, *you* sorry pimp, about that Pentethronic battle[1], in which, with my own hands, in one day, I slew sixty thousand flying men.

LYC. Heyday! Flying men? ANTH. Certainly I do affirm it.

LYC. Prithee, are there anywhere men that fly?

ANTH. There were; but I slew them.

LYC. How could you?

ANTH. I'll tell you. I gave birdlime and slings to my troops; beneath it they laid leaves of coltsfoot[2].

LYC. For what purpose?

ANTH. That the birdlime mightn't adhere to the slings.

LYC. Proceed. (*Aside.*) I' faith, you do lie most egregiously. (*Aloud.*) What after that?

ANTH. They placed pretty large pellets of birdlime in their slings: with which I ordered them to be taken aim at as they flew. Why many words? Each one did they hit with the birdlime—they fell to the ground as thick as pears. As each one dropped, I straightway pierced him through the brain with his own feathers, just like a turtle-dove.

LYC. By my troth, if ever this did take place, then may Jupiter make me to be ever sacrificing, *and* never propitiating him.

ANTH. And don't you believe me in this?

LYC. I do believe, in the same degree that it is proper that I should be believed. Come, let's go in-doors, until the entrails are brought home.

ANTH. I wish to relate to you a single battle more.

LYC. I don't care about it. ANTH. Do listen.

LYC. Upon my faith, no.

[1] *Pentethronic battle*)—Ver. 471. Much learning and discussion have been wasted on this word, which probably is only intended as coined by the Captain, as a high-sounding word without any meaning.

[2] *Leaves of coltsfoot*)—Ver. 478. The hairy surface of the leaves of coltsfoot would serve to keep the pellets of birdlime together at the moment of being hurled from the sling.

Anth. Why then I'll break your head this instant, if you don't listen, or else be off to utter perdition!

Lyc. I'd sooner go to utter perdition!

Anth. Are you determined *then?*

Lyc. Determined. Anth. In that case, do you, then, upon *this* lucky day, the Aphrodisia, make over to me the younger one of your courtesans.

Lyc. The sacred ceremony has *by its omens* been to me to-day of such a nature—I put off all serious matters from to-day until another day. I am resolved to make it really a holiday. Now let's go hence in-doors. Follow me this way.

Anth. I follow. For this day, then, I'm out on hire to you. (*They go into the house of* Lycus.)

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Agorastocles, *and several* Assistants *walking behind him.*

Ago. So may the Deities love me, there's nothing more annoying than a tardy friend, especially to a man in love, who's in a hurry in everything that he does; just as I'm leading on these assistants, fellows of most crawling step; they are more slow than merchant-ships in a calm sea. And upon my faith, I really did on purpose wave my aged friends; I knew they were too slow through their years; I apprehended delay to my passion; in vain I selected for myself these *young* fellows on their preferment, timber-legged, most tardy *chaps*. Well (*turning round to them*), if you are going to come to-day, get on, or get off hence to utter perdition! Is this the way it befits friends to give their assistance to a person in love? Why sure, this pace was bolted through a fine flour-sieve[1]; unless you have been practising in fetters to creep along thus with this step.

Assist. Hark you! although we seem to you of the commonalty and poor, if you don't speak us fair, *you* rich man of highest rank, we are in the habit of boldly playing the mischief with the rich man; we are under no engagement to you,

[1] *Fine flour-sieve*)—Ver. 511. He probably alludes to the time that the fine flour takes before it gets down to the holes of the sieve through which it has to pass. Some Commentators, however, fancy that it is a general allusion to the handmill, and that he means to tell them that surely they must have lost all their activity by their punishment at the mill.

about what it is that you love or hate. When we paid money for our freedom[1], we paid our own, not yours; it's right that we should be under no restraint. We value you at nought; don't you fancy that we've been made over as slaves to your passion. It's proper for free men to go through the city at a moderate pace; I deem it like a slave to be running along in a bustle. Especially when the state is at peace and the enemies are slain, it is not decent to make a tumult. But if you were for making greater haste, you ought to have brought us here as assistants the day before. Don't you fancy it—not any one of us will this day be running through the streets, nor yet shall the people pelt us with stones for madmen.

Ago. But if I had said that I was taking you to a Temple[2] to breakfast, you would have surpassed a stag in speed, or a man on stilts in your steps. Now, because I have said that I am taking you as my assistants and witnesses, you are gouty, and in the slowness of your pace have been outdoing the snail.

Assist. Why, really, is there not good cause for running swiftly, where you are to drink *and* eat at another man's expense as much as you please, until you are full, what you need never return against your will to your host, at whose expense you have been eating? But still, in some way or other, although we are poor men, we have at home something to eat; don't you browbeat us in such a contemptuous way. Whatever that very little is, that *little* of ours is all at home; we neither dun any one ourselves, nor does any one dun us. Not one of us is going to burst the veins of his lungs for your sake.

Ago. You are too warm; really, I said this to you in joke.

Assist. Consider it said in joke as well what we have said to you in answer.

Ago. Troth now, prithee, do give me this aid of yours *like*

[1] *Paid money for our freedom*)—Ver. 516. This passage shows that they had formerly been slaves. It is not improbable that numbers of liberated slaves were always to be found in the Forum, ready for money to offer their services as witnesses of any transaction, without reference to its morality. They are here called "advocati;" which literally means, "persons summoned to one's assistance." Slaves were not allowed to give evidence against freemen.

[2] *To a Temple*)—Ver. 527. He refers to the practice of worshippers inviting their friends to the Temples, to join them in eating the portions that were left after the sacrifice. See the Rudens, where this practice is more fully referred to. "In ædem" may, however, possibly mean "to my house."

a fly-boat, not a merchant-ship. Do hobble along at least, for I do not ask you to hurry.

Assist. If you wish to do anything quietly and leisurely, we lend our aid; if you are in a hurry, it would be better for you to hire runners[1] *as your* assistants.

Ago. You understand (the matter I've informed you of), that I have need of your assistance with regard to this Procurer, who has so long trifled with me in my amour; that a scheme is to be planned against him about the gold and my servant.

Assist. All that we know already, if these Spectators know. For the sake of these Spectators it is that this Play is now being acted. 'Twere better for you to inform them, that when you do anything, they may know what it is you are doing. Don't you trouble about us; we know the whole matter; since we all learnt it together in company with yourself, so that we can answer you.

Ago. Such really is the fact; but come, that I may be sure then that you know it, repeat the matter at length, and tell me what I told you just now.

Assist. Are you trying in this way whether we know? Do you suppose we don't remember how you have given three hundred Philippeans to Collybiscus your bailiff, for him to bring here to the Procurer, your enemy, and to pretend that he is a foreigner from a distance, from another city? When he has brought them, you'll go there to seek your servant together with the money.

Ago. You remember it by heart; you have saved me.

Assist. He'll be for denying it; he'll suppose your Milphio is being looked for. He'll have to pay double all the money stolen; the Procurer will be adjudged to you. In this matter you wish us to be your witnesses.

Ago. You've got the matter *fast*.

Assist. I' faith, hardly with the tips[2] of our fingers, indeed; it is so very small a one.

Ago. This must be done quickly and with expedition. Make as much haste, then, as you can.

[1] *To hire runners*)—Ver. 544. Cursores. See the Notes to the Trinummus, l. 1023.

[2] *Hardly with the tips*)—Ver. 464. He plays upon the two meanings of "rem"—"the business in hand," or "money" or "property." Agorastocles means it in the former sense, but the assistants take it in the latter, and probably allude to the smallness of their pay.

Assist. (*moving as though going*). Kindly fare you well, then; it's better for you to provide some active assistants, we are *but* slow ones.

Ago. You move very well[1]. (*Aside.*) *But* very badly do you speak me, faith. (*Aloud.*) Moreover, I could wish your thighs to fall down into your ankles.

Assist. And, i' faith, we that your tongue *had fallen* into your loins, and your eyes upon the ground.

Ago. Heyday! it's not for you to be angry at what I said in joke. Assist. Nor for you, indeed, to be speaking ill to your friends in joke.

Ago. Drop this. What I want to do, you understand.

Assist. We know full well: to undo the perjured Procurer, it's that you wish.

Ago. You've got the matter right. See, Milphio and the bailiff are opportunely coming out together. He's coming rigged out like a nobleman, and appropriately, for the plot.

Scene II.—*Enter* Milphio *and* Collybiscus, *from the house of* Agorastocles, *dressed as a person of quality.*

Mil. Have you now got your instructions by heart?

Coll. Nicely.

Mil. Take care you understand them, please.

Coll. What need is there of talking? I won't let my own legs understand[2] as well. Mil. Only take you care that your speeches are learnt by heart for this plot.

Coll. Why, upon my faith, I am more perfect than tragic or comic actors *are*. Mil. You are a capital fellow.

Ago. (*to the* Assistants). Let's go nearer *to them*. (*Accosting* Milphio *and* Collybiscus.) Here are the witnesses.

Mil. (*to* Agorastocles). Really you could not have brought as many men better suited for this purpose; for not one of them is tongue-tied *as a witness*[3]; they are genuine

[1] *You move very well*)—Ver. 567. "Optume itis, pessume—dicitis." Rost suggests that the meaning of these words is, "You'll do well in going away, for you are very abusive." The passage has puzzled many of the Commentators.

[2] *My own legs understand*)—Ver. 577. "Callum aprugnum callere æque non sinam." For a literal translation of this pun, see the Persa, l. 306, and the Note to the passage.

[3] *Tongue-tied as a witness*)—Ver. 582. "Nefastus," forbidden to give evi-

men of the law-courts; there they take up their abode; there you may see them more frequently than the Prætor. At this very time there are no better cookers-up of a lawsuit[1], to stir up litigation, than are these men; for they, if there is no litigation, sow litigation.

Assist. May the Gods confound you!

Mil. You I really do commend, inasmuch as, whoever you are, still you act both worthily and kindly in giving your aid to my master *thus* in love. (*To* Agorastocles.) But do they now know what the business is?

Ago. The whole matter, *all* in its order.

Mil. In that case, do you, then, give me your attention. Do you know this Procurer Lycus? Assist. Perfectly.

Coll. But, upon my faith, I don't know him, of what appearance he is. I wish that you would point this fellow out to me.

Assist. We'll take all care: we've been instructed quite enough. Ago. (*pointing to* Collybiscus). He has got three hundred pieces counted out.

Assist. Then it's right, Agorastocles, that we should see this gold, that we may know what to say by-and-by as our testimony.

Ago. Come *and* look at it. (*Opens the bag which* Collybiscus *holds in his hand.*)

Coll. (*to the* Audience). Undoubtedly it's gold, Spectators—playhouse *gold*[2]; upon this, soaked *in water*, in foreign lands, the cattle become fat[3]: but, for the carrying out of this design, 'tis real Philippean *gold*.

Assist. We'll make believe it is so. Coll. But do you make believe as though I were a foreigner.

Assist. Just so; and, in fact, as though you, on your arrival to-day, had asked us to show you a spot for free-

dence as witness, either through incompetency as being slaves, or through infamy of character.

[1] *Cookers-up of a lawsuit*)—Ver. 584. "Iuris coctiores." "Jus" means, according to the context, "law" or "justice." As the same word also means "broth," Milphio puns upon this double meaning, in conjunction with the word "coctior," "better versed in."

[2] *Playhouse gold*)—Ver. 595. He alludes to the practice of using lupines in their purses on the stage, to represent gold. They were probably used for this purpose on account of their yellow colour.

[3] *Cattle become fat.*)—Ver. 596. He means, that in other countries than Greece lupines are used for the purpose of fattening cattle.

dom and pleasure; where you might wench, drink, *and* live like a Greek.

MIL. Dear me! Crafty fellows, upon my faith!

AGO. But it was I who instructed them.

MIL. *And* who you, in your turn?

COLL. Come, be off in-doors, Agorastocles, lest the Procurer should see you together with me, and some accident might befall our plan.

MIL. This person is extremely prudent. (*To* AGORASTOCLES.) Do as he bids you. AGO. Let's be off. (*To the* ASSISTANTS.) But you—has enough been said?

COLL. Do you be off.

AGO. I'm off. Immortal Gods, I beg——

COLL. Nay, but why don't you be off? AGO. I'm off.

COLL. You do wisely. (AGORASTOCLES *and* MILPHIO *go into the house.*) Hush! be quiet.

ASSIST. What's the matter?

COLL. This door (*pointing to the door of the house of* LYCUS) was guilty of a great indecency just now.

ASSIST. What indecency is that?

COLL. It rumbled aloud. ASSIST. May the Deities confound you! Get you behind us.

COLL. Be it so. (*Goes behind them.*)

ASSIST. We'll walk first.

COLL. (*aside*). They do what town-fellows are in the habit of doing: they put *worthy* men behind themselves.

ASSIST. (*pointing to the* PROCURER'S *house*). That man that's coming out is the Procurer.

COLL. He's a *real* good one; for he's like a bad man[1] Even now, as he comes forth, I'll suck out his blood at this distance.

SCENE III.—*Enter* LYCUS, *from his house.*

LYC. (*speaking to* ANTHEMONIDES, *within*). I'll return here this moment, Captain. I wish to find us some fitting guests, to join us. Meanwhile, they'll bring the entrails and at the same time, the women, I suppose, will soon be making their appearance at home after the sacrifice. But why are such a number of people coming this way? I wonder what they are bringing? He, too, in the scar

[1] *Like a bad man*)—Ver. 611. He means that the worse the man, the better the Procurer.

that's following at a distance, who is he, I wonder? He is not an Ætolian.

Assist. We greet you, Lycus. Although against our will, we give you this salutation, and although in a very moderate degree do we entertain good wishes for procurers.

Lyc. May you all be fortunate—a thing that I know for certain you neither will be, nor will Fortune permit it so to be.

Assist. That is a treasure hoarded in the tongues of fools, to deem it gainful to speak amiss to their superiors.

Lyc. He who knows not the road by which to arrive at the sea, him it befits to seek a river as his own companion. I know not the way of speaking abusively to you. Now you are the rivers to me; you I'm resolved to follow. If you speak blessings, along your banks I'll follow you; if you utter curses, along your track I'll go.

Assist. To do good to the bad is a danger just as great as to do bad to the good.

Lyc. But why? Assist. You shall learn. If you do any good to the bad, the benefit is lost: if you do any bad to the good, it lasts for a length of time.

Lyc. Cleverly said! But what does that matter to me?

Assist. Because for the sake of your own well-doing we came hither, although in a very moderate degree do we entertain good wishes for procurers.

Lyc. If you bring anything that's good, I give you thanks.

Assist. Of our own, we neither bring nor give you anything that's good, nor do we promise you, nor, in fact, do we wish to give it.

Lyc. I' faith, I do believe you; such is your kindly feeling. But what now do you wish?

Assist. (*pointing to* Collybiscus). This person in the scarf, whom you see, with him Mars is angered.

Coll. (*aside, to himself*). *May he be* so indeed with your own heads!

Assist. We are now bringing him here, Lycus, to you, for tearing asunder[1].

Coll. (*aside, to himself*). This huntsman, *myself*, will be

[1] *For tearing asunder*)—Ver. 645. "Ad diripiendum." This expression is purposely used, as being susceptible of a double meaning. It may either mean "for you to plunder," or "to plunder you." In the use of the word "diripio," "to tear to pieces," allusion is made to the wolfish name of Lycus.

going home to-day with some spoil; the dogs are cleverly driving Lycus into the toils.

Lyc. Who is this person? Assist. We really don't know who he is, except that some time since, after daybreak, when we went down to the harbour, at the same moment we saw him landing from a merchant-ship. Disembarking, he came up to us at once—he saluted us; we answered him.

Coll. (*aside*). The artful fellows! how cleverly they do enter upon the plot!

Lyc. What after that? Assist. Then he joined in discourse with us: he said that he was a foreigner, unacquainted with this city: that he wanted a convenient place to be found here, for him to indulge his appetite. We brought the man to you; if the Gods are favourable to you, it's an opportunity for you to ply your trade.

Lyc. Is he eager to that degree?

Assist. He has got gold. Lyc. (*aside*). That booty is mine.

Assist. He wishes to drink *and* wench.

Lyc. I'll find him a nice place.

Assist. But still he wants to be quite private, in a quiet way, that no persons may know it, and that there may be no overlookers; for he has been a soldier in Sparta, as, indeed, he himself has told us, with King Attalus[1]; from there he fled hither, when the town was surrendered.

Coll. (*aside*). Very clever that, about the soldier! about Sparta, most capital!

Lyc. (*in a low voice*). May the Gods and Goddesses bestow many blessings on you, for having given me kindly information, and finding me a choice prey.

Assist. Aye, *and*, as he himself has told us, that you may receive him the better, he has brought three hundred Philippean pieces as a provision.

Lyc. I'm a king if I can to-day entice this man to my house.

Assist. Nay but, he really is your own.

Lyc. By my troth, prithee, do persuade him to take up his abode at my house, *as* the best lodging.

Assist. It befit us neither to persuade nor to dissuade a

[1] *With King Attalus*)—Ver. 663. This is said merely for its absurdity; as Attalus was king, not of Sparta, but of Pergamus in Asia Minor

person who is a foreigner; you'll transact your own business, if you are prudent. We have brought the ringdove for you, even to the trapping-ground; now it's better for yourself to catch him, if you wish him to be caught. (*They move as if going.*)

Lyc. Are you going now?

Coll. (*to the* Assistants). What about the matters that I commissioned you upon, strangers?

Assist. (*pointing to* Lycus). It's better for you, young sir, to speak to him about your own concerns; he's clever in those matters which you are enquiring about.

Coll. (*aside*). *But*, for my part, I could like you to see when I deliver him the gold.

Assist. (*aside*). At a distance there we shall be witnesses of that.

Coll. (*to the* Assistants). You've given me kind assistance. (*The* Assistants *go out of sight.*)

Lyc. (*aside, so as to be heard*). The profit comes to me.

Coll. (*aside, to himself*). *Aye*, just so, indeed, the way that the ass kicks[1] with his heels.

Lyc. I'll speak the fellow fairly. (*To* Collybiscus.) A stranger salutes a stranger; I'm glad that you have arrived in safety.

Coll. May the Deities grant you many blessings, since you wish me well.

Lyc. They say that you are in search of a lodging.

Coll. I am in search. Lyc. So those persons told me, who left me just now, that you are in search of one that is *free* from flies.

Coll. By no means in the world. Lyc. Why so?

Coll. Because if I had been looking for a retreat from the flies[2], on arriving here I should have straightway gone to gaol. I'm in search of this kind of lodging, where I may be treated more delicately than the eyes of King Antiochus[3] are in the habit of being treated.

[1] *The way that the ass kicks*)—Ver. 683. Taubmann says that this means that as the ass kicks away from himself, so the gain will go from Lycus, not to him.

[2] *A retreat from the flies*)—Ver. 690. Under this name he refers to envious and inquisitive persons and Parasites.

[3] *The eyes of King Antiochus*)—Ver. 693. This is probably not to be taken literally as, according to Suidas, the chief ministers of Antiochus were thus

Lyc. Upon my faith, for sure, I can provide you a charming one, if, indeed, you can put up with yourself being in a charming room, on a couch charmingly laid, a charming damsel cuddling you.

Coll. You are in the *right* road, Procurer.

Lyc. Where, with Leucadian, Lesbian, Thasian, *and* Coan wine[1], toothless with old age[2], you may soak yourself. There I'll quite drench you with the effusion of unguents. Why many words? I'll cause, when you've bathed, the bath-keeper to set up unguent-shop there. But (*speaking confidentially*) all these things that I have mentioned let out their services for pay.

Coll. Why so?

Lyc. Because they demand ready money.

Coll. Why, upon my faith, you are not more ready to receive than I to give. Lyc. Why then follow me in-doors.

Coll. Lead me in-doors, then; you've got me devoted *to your will.* (*The* Assistants *come forward.* Lycus *and* Collybiscus *go apart.*)

Assist. (*among themselves*). What if we call Agorastocles hither out of doors, that he himself may be his own witness, past all exception? (*They go to the door of* Agorastocles *and call out, in a loud whisper.*) Hallo! you that are to catch the thief, come out quickly, that you yourself may witness him giving the gold to the Procurer.

Scene IV.—*Enter* Agorastocles, *in haste, from his house.*

Ago. What's the matter? What is it you want, witnesses?

Assist. Look to the right hand; your servant is paying gold to the Procurer himself.

Coll. (*apart to* Lycus). Come, take this, will you: here are three hundred gold coins, counted out, which are called Philippeans. (*Gives him the bag.*) With these do you provide for me. I wish these to be spent with all speed.

Lyc. By my troth, you have found a lavish steward for yourself. Come, let's away in-doors.

called. Apuleius says that the ministers of the King of Persia were called his "eyes" and "ears."

[1] *And Coan wine*)—Ver. 698. The Chian held the first rank among the wines of Greece, while the Lesbian, Thasian, and Coan, ranked next to it.

[2] *Toothless with old age*)—Ver. 699. Having by age lost all its acidity.

Coll. I follow you. Lyc. Well, well, walk on; and then we'll talk together about the other matters that remain.

Coll. As for me, I'll tell you about the Spartan affairs.

Lyc. Why then follow me. Coll. Lead me in-doors; lead me in, you have got me made over to you. (*They go into the house of* Lycus.)

Ago. What do you advise me now?

Assist. To be moderate.

Ago. What if my feelings will not let me be?

Assist. *Then* be as they will let you.

Ago. Did you see it, when the Procurer received the money? Assist. We saw it.

Ago. Did you know that he is my slave?

Assist. We knew it.

Ago. That it is a thing against the reiterated laws of the people? Assist. We knew it.

Ago. Well then, all these things I wish you to keep in memory before the Prætor by-and-by, when occasion shall come.

Assist. We remember them. Ago. What if, while the matter has so recently happened, I knock at the door?

Assist. I think *you ought.*

Ago. If I do knock, he won't open it[1].

Assist. *Then* break the pannel[2].

Ago. If the Procurer comes out, do you think I ought to enquire of the fellow whether my slave has come to him or not?

Assist. Why not?

Ago. With two hundred golden Philippean pieces?

Assist. Why not?

Ago. Then the Procurer will be going astray at once.

Assist. About what matter? Ago. Do you ask? Because a less sum will be named by one hundred pieces.

Assist. You judge rightly. Ago. He'll think that some other person is being looked after.

Assist. No doubt. Ago. He'll be denying it at once.

[1] *He won't open it*)—Ver. 729. A note of interrogation seems out of place after "reducet."

[2] *Break the pannel*)—Ver. 729. "Panem frangite." Literally, "break the bread," meaning the "pannel." He plays upon the resemblance of the verb "pulto," "to knock," and "puls," "pottage."

Assist. On his oath even. Ago. The fellow will involve himself in the guilt of theft——

Assist. Beyond a doubt, it certainly is so.

Ago. Of however much it is that shall have been brough to him.

Assist. Why not? Ago. Jupiter confound you[1]!

Assist. Why not your own self? Ago. (*going towards the door of* Lycus). I'll go and knock at this door.

Assist. Even so. Why not? Ago. It's time to be quiet, for the door makes a noise. I see the Procurer Lycus coming out of doors; come this way, pray!

Assist. Why not? But, if you please, cover up our heads, that the Procurer mayn't know us, who have been his decoyers[2] into so great a calamity. (*He throws the lappets of their garments over their heads.*)

Scene V.—*Enter* Lycus, *from his house.*

Lyc. (*to himself*). Let all soothsayers go hang themselves now at once. Why should I believe them in future, as to what they say? For they, just now at the sacrifice, told me that evil and the greatest disaster was portended to me. I have since then amplified my fortune with profit.

Ago. (*accosting him*). Save you, Procurer.

Lyc. May the Gods bless you, Agorastocles.

Ago. You now salute me more kindly than hitherto.

Lyc. A calm has come, as though to a ship at sea. Just as the wind is, to that quarter is the sail shifted.

Ago. May those ladies be well in your house, to whom I wish it, but to yourself I do not wish it.

Lyc. They are well, as you desire; not for you, though.

Ago. Send your Adelphasium to my house, to-day, please, upon this celebrated and famous festival, the Aphrodisia.

Lyc. Have you been breakfasting on a hot breakfast to-day? Tell me.

Ago. Why so? Lyc Because now you are *only* cooling your mouth[3], when you ask me.

[1] *Jupiter confound you*)—Ver. 739. For their repeated and tiresome answers of "quippini?" "why not?"

[2] *His decoyers*)—Ver. 745. "Illices." "Illex" was a bird-call, quail-pipe, or decoy used by fowlers for catching birds.

[3] *Cooling your mouth*)—Ver. 760. Because in opening the mouth, the air tends to cool it

Ago. Attend to this, Procurer, will you; I've heard that my slave is at your house.

Lyc. At my house? You'll find that has never been the fact.

Ago. You lie; for he has come to your house, and carried off some gold there. Word has been brought me to that effect, by persons I fully believe. (*Pointing to the* Assistants.)

Lyc. You are an artful fellow: you've come to entrap me with *your* witnesses. There's no one of your people in my house, nor anything of yours.

Ago. (*turning round to the* Assistants). Remember that, assistants.

Assist. We will remember it.

Lyc. (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! I now understand how it is. I've this instant seen through it. These persons, who a short time since introduced that Spartan stranger to me, their brain is now fired at it, because I'm going to make a gain of these three hundred Philippean pieces; now, because they knew that this person was an enemy of mine, they have set him on to say that his slave, together with his gold, is in my house. It's a planned contrivance for them to deprive me of it, and to divide it among themselves. They are wanting to get away the lamb from the wolf[1]. They are wasting their pains.

Ago. What, do you deny that either the gold or my slave is at your house?

Lyc. I do deny it; and, if it's of any use, I make myself hoarse with denying it.

Assist. You are undone, Procurer; for that person whom we told you was a Spartan, is his bailiff; who brought you just now the three hundred Philippean pieces; and that same gold, too, is in his purse.

Lyc. (*shaking his fist at them*). Woe unto you!

Assist. That, indeed, is close at hand for yourself.

Ago. Come, you hang-dog, give up the purse this instant. You are clearly a thief, caught by me in the fact. (*To the* Assistants.) By my troth, I do beg of you, lend me your aid, so as to see me bring my slave out of his house. (*He goes into the* Procurer's *house.*)

[1] *Lamb from the wolf*)—Ver. 776. In allusion to his own name.

Lyc. I' faith, I'm now undone for certain, beyond a doubt! This has been done on purpose that a snare might be laid for me. But why do I hesitate to betake me hence to utter perdition, before I'm dragged off to the Prætor by the throat? Alas! what soothsayers I've been having for my diviners, who, if they promise anything that's fair, it comes to pass but slowly; that which they promise as unfortunate, comes directly. Now I'll be off: I'll consult my friends in what way—they deem it best in especial for me to hang myself. (*Exit.*

Scene VI.—*Enter* Agorastocles, *from the house of* Lycus; *driving out* Collybiscus.

Ago. Be off you, get out you, that the witnesses may see you coming out from here. Isn't this my servant? (*To the* Assistants.)

Coll. I' faith, I really am, Agorastocles.

Ago. How now, villanous Procurer? Assist. He, with whom you have the dispute, has made off.

Ago. I hope he's gone hence to utter perdition.

Assist. It's proper that we should wish the same.

Ago. To-morrow I'll bring my action against the fellow.

Coll. Anything further with me——?

Ago. You may go; put on your own dress.

Coll. It wasn't for nothing that I turned soldier. I made a little booty in-doors. While the household of the Procurer was asleep, I got myself well filled with the entrails: I'll be off from here in-doors.

Ago. (*to the* Assistants). 'Twas kindly done by you Assistants, you have lent me your good services. To-morrow morning I beg you'll meet me at the court of justice. (*To* Collybiscus.) Do you follow me in-doors. (*To the* Assistants.) To you, farewell!

Assist. And you, farewell! (Agorastocles *goes into his house, followed by* Collybiscus.) This fellow wants a thing that's notoriously unfair; he thinks that we are to serve him at our own expense. But such are all these rich people of ours: if you do anything of service, their thanks are lighter than a feather; if there's any offence, they show vengeance like lead. Let's now go to our houses, if you like, forthwith since we've effected that for which we lent our services, to ruin this corrupter of our fellow-citizens. (*Exeunt.*

Act. IV.—Scene I.

Enter Milphio.

Mil. I'm awaiting in what way my plot is to proceed. I'm bent upon ruining this Procurer, since he torments my afflicted master; but he in his turn beats me, *and* strikes me with his fist *and* heels. It's a misery to be in the service of one who is in love, especially one who is debarred from *the object* which he woos. Heyday! I see Syncerastus, the Procurer's servant, betaking himself from the Temple. I'll listen to what he has to say. (*He stands aside.*)

Scene II.—*Enter* Syncerastus, *with some cooking utensils, from the Temple of Venus.*

Syn. (*to himself*) It's quite clear that Gods and men neglect the benefit of him who has a master like a person of such character as I have *for a master*. There's not another person anywhere in the world more perjured or more wicked than is my master, nor one so filthy or so defiled with dirt. So may the Gods bless me, I'd rather pass my life either in the stone quarries or at the mill, with my sides hampered with heavy irons, than pass this servitude with a Procurer. What a race this is! What corruptors of men they are! Ye Gods, by our hopes in you, every kind of men you may see there, just as though you had come to Acheron—horse *and* foot, a freed-man, a thief, or a runaway, *if* you choose, one whipped, chained, *or* condemned *to slavery*. He who has got *money* to pay, whatever sort of person he is—all kinds are taken in; throughout all the house, in consequence, are darkened spots *and* hiding-places: drinking *and* eating are going on, just as though in a cookshop, *and* in no less degree. There may you see epistles written in letters inribed on pottery[1], *and* sealed with pitch: the names are

[1] *Inscribed on pottery*)—Ver. 837. He alludes to the marks denoting the age of wine, which were placed upon the "amphoræ" or "cadi," the earthenware casks. These were stopped tight with wood or cork, made impervious to the atmosphere with pitch (as here mentioned), or with clay, or a composition of gypsum. On the outside the title of the wine was either painted, or inscribed in earthenware letters, which are here alluded to. The date of the vintage was denoted by the names of the Consuls then in office. When the vessels were of glass, small tickets, called "pittacia," were suspended from them stating to a similar effect.

upon them in letters a cubit long; such a *perfect* levy of vintners[1] have we got at our house.

Mil. (*apart*). Upon my faith, it is quite wonderful, if his master doesn't make him his heir; for really, the way he soliloquizes, he's making a speech over him *as though* dead and gone. I'd both like to accost the fellow, and yet I listen to him with extreme delight.

Syn. (*to himself*). When I see these things going on, I'm vexed that slaves, purchased at the heaviest price, should at our house be robbed of the savings[2] which ought to go to their masters. But at last nothing is left visible: "badly gotten, badly gone."

Mil. (*apart*). This man goes on talking quite as though he himself were an honest fellow, when, upon my faith, he himself is able to make worthlessness more worthless.

Syn. (*to himself*). Now I'm taking home these vessels from the Temple of Venus, where with his sacrifice my master has not been able to propitiate Venus on her festive day.

Mil. (*apart*). Charming Venus!

Syn. (*to himself*). But our Courtesans, with their first victims, appeased Venus in an instant.

Mil. O charming Venus, once again!

Syn. (*moving*). Now I'll go home.

Mil. (*coming forward*). Hallo! Syncerastus!

Syn. (*looking around*). Who's calling Syncerastus?

Mil. Your friend. Syn. You don't act like a friend, in causing me delay when I've got a burden.

Mil. But in return for this matter I'll lend you my aid, when you please, *and* when you give me your commands. Consider the agreement signed.

Syn. If so it is to be, I'll give you my services in this——

Mil. In what way? Syn. Why that, when I'm to have a beating, you yourself may substitute your hide.

Mil. Get along with you. Syn. I don't understand what sort of person you are.

Mil. I'm good for nothing.

[1] *Levy of vintners*)—Ver. 838. He calls the worthless characters who are skulking in his master's house "vinarii," "vintners," from their love for wine of which the Procurer seems to be in possession of a choice stock.

[2] *Robbed of the savings*)—Ver. 843. "Expeculiatas." He alludes to those slaves who, having run away from their masters, are lurking in the Procurer's house, where they spend all their savings (peculium), which, by rights, should go to their masters towards the purchase of their freedom.

Syn. Be so to yourself, *then*. Mil. I want you.

Syn. But my burden is pressing me.

Mil. Then, do you set it down, and turn your face to me.

Syn. I'll do *so*, although I have no leisure. (*Puts down his load.*)

Mil. Save you, Syncerastus. Syn. O Milphio, may all the Gods and Goddesses favour——

Mil. What person, pray? Syn. Neither you, nor me, Milphio, nor my own master, in fact.

Mil. Whom are they to favour, then?

Syn. Any one else they please; for not one of us is deserving of it.

Mil. You speak wittily. Syn. It befits me *to do so*.

Mil. What are you doing? Syn. I'm doing that which, clearly, adulterers don't generally do.

Mil. What's that? Syn. Bringing all off in safety[1].

Mil. May the Gods confound you and your master!

Syn. May they not confound me. I could make them ruin him, if I chose—ruin my master, did I not fear for myself, Milphio.

Mil. What is it? Tell me.

Syn. You are a bad one. Mil. I am a bad one.

Syn. It goes *but* badly with me.

Mil. *Just* tell me, *then;* you ought to be in quite other plight. Why is it that it goes badly with you, who have at home in superabundance what to eat, *and* what to drink? You don't give a single three-obol piece away to a mistress, and have her for nothing.

Syn. May Jupiter so love me——

Mil. I' faith, in the degree that you deserve, to wit.

Syn. How I do long for this family to come to ruin.

Mil. If you long for it, lend your aid.

Syn. Without feathers it isn't easy to fly: my wings have got no feathers.

Mil. Troth, *then*, don't pluck out *any hairs;* then, in the next two months, your arm-pits will be fit for flying.

Syn. Away to utter perdition!

Mil. Away yourself, and your master!

[1] *All off in safety*)—Ver. 863. There is an indecent allusion in this passage which is modified in the t.

Syn. But, really, if a person knew him well, the fellow might soon be ruined.

Mil. Why so? Syn. * * * Just as though you could be silent on any matter.

Mil. I'll keep the matter more strictly secret for you than that which has been told to a dumb woman.

Syn. I could easily bring my mind to believe you there, if I did not know you.

Mil. Trust me boldly at my own peril.

Syn. I shall trust you to my cost, and still I will trust you.

Mil. Don't you know that your master is a mortal enemy of my master?

Syn. I know it. Mil. By reason of the love affair?

Syn. You are losing all your pains.

Mil. Why so? Syn. Because you are teaching one that has been taught.

Mil. Why, then, do you doubt that my master will do a mischief to your master with pleasure, so far as he can do, with his deserving it? Then besides, if you lend some assistance, on that account he'll be able to do it the more easily.

Syn. But I'm afraid of this, Milphio——

Mil. What is it that you're afraid of?

Syn. That while I'm preparing the plot against my master, I may be betrayed by yourself. If my master knows that I've been talking to any individual, he'll forthwith be making me from Syncerastus into Brokenlegs[1].

Mil. On my word, never shall any mortal be made the wiser by me; only to my master alone will I tell it; and to him, too, *in such a way* that he shall not disclose that this matter originated in yourself.

Syn. I shall trust you at my peril, and yet I will trust you. But do you keep this a secret to yourself.

Mil. To Faith *herself* it is not more safely confided. Speak out boldly (there's room and opportunity); we are here alone.

Syn. If your master chooses to act with caution, he'll prove the ruin of my master.

Mil. How can that be? Syn. Easily.

Mil. Then let me be acquainted with this "easily," that he may know it *as well.*

[1] *Brokenlegs*)—Ver. 886. "Crurifragium;" a word coined for the occasion.

Syn. Because Adelphasium, whom your master dotes on, is free by birth.

Mil. In what way? Syn. In the same way that her other sister Anterastylis is.

Mil. But how am I to believe that?

Syn. Because he bought them at Anactorium, when little children, of a Sicilian pirate.

Mil. For how much? Syn. For eighteen minæ.

Mil. (*with an air of surprise*). These two for eighteen *minæ*[1]?

Syn. And their nurse for the third. He, too, who sold them told him that he was selling persons who had been kidnapped: he said that they were free-born, *and* from Carthage.

Mil. Ye Gods, by our hopes in you! you mention a most interesting matter; for my master Agorastocles was born in the same place; he was stolen thence when about six years old; after that, the person who stole him brought him here and sold him to my master; that person adopted him *as heir* to his wealth, when he departed this life.

Syn. You mention everything that can render it the more easy; let him assert their freedom, his own countrywomen, in an action on their freedom.

Mil. Only do keep silence and hold your tongue.

Syn. He certainly will bring the Procurer to a backgammon, if he gets them away.

Mil. Nay but, I'll cause him to be ruined before he moves one foot[2]; 'tis so contrived *already*.

Syn. May the Gods grant it so, that I don't continue the slave of this Procurer.

Mil. On the contrary, upon my faith, I'll cause you to be a free man with myself, if the Gods are willing.

Syn. May the Gods grant it so! Do you detain me for anything else, Milphio?

Mil. Fare you well, and may happiness attend you.

Syn. I' faith, that lies in the power of yourself and your

[1] *For eighteen minæ?*)—Ver. 898. He asks this question, as thirty minæ was about the average price for a single slave.

[2] *Moves one foot*)—Ver. 908. "Calcem." By some this word is thought to be used for "calculum," a "chessman," and that reference is made to the use of the word "incitas" in the previous line, which was the mate or backgammon in the game of "duodecim scripta" (somewhat similar to our game of backgammon) and in which "calculi," "pieces" or "chessmen," were used

master. Farewell, and mind that *these* things have been told in secrecy.

Mil. This has not been mentioned *even*. Farewell.

Syn. But really it's of no use, unless this is done while it is warm.

Mil. You are right in your advice, and so it shall be done.

Syn. There's excellent material, if you provide an excellent workman.

Mil. Can't you hold your tongue?

Syn. I'll hold my tongue and be off.

Mil. A *grand* opportunity you've made for me. (Syncerastus *goes into the house of* Lycus.) He's gone from here. The immortal Gods do will my master to be preserved, and this Procurer utterly ruined; a mischief so great is impending upon him. Is it not the fact, before one weapon has been launched, then another presses upon him? I'll go in-doors, that I may recount these matters to my master. For if I were to call him out hither before the house, and, what you've (*to the* Audience) just heard, if I were now here to repeat the same, it would be folly. I'd rather in-doors be an annoyance to my master singly, than be *so* here to all of you. Immortal Gods, what misfortunes, what great calamities do this day await this Procurer. But now there's no reason why I should delay. This business is resolved upon; no pausing is allowed; for both this must be cleverly managed, which has just now been entrusted to me, and that plan as well which was formed at home must be attended to. If there's any delay, he who sends me a heavy mischance will be acting rightly. Now I'll off in-doors; until my master comes from the Forum, I'll wait at home. (*Goes into the house of* Agorastocles.)

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Hanno, *followed at a distance by his* Servants.

Han. (*to himself*). Hyth alonim[1] vualonuth sicorathi si ma com sith,

[1] *Hyth alonim*)—Ver. 930. These eighteen lines (or, at least, the first ten) are in Punic, the native language of Hanno. The following is the meaning of them, as given by Plautus in the next eleven lines: "I worship the Gods and Goddesses who preside over this city, that I may have come hither with good omen as to this business of mine, on which I have come; and, *ye* Gods, *lend* me your aid, that you may permit me to find my daughters and the son of my

Chi mach chur ŷth mianys tval mictibariim ischi,
Lipho canet luth bynuthi ad ædin bynuthii.
Birnarob syllo homalouin uby misyrthoho
Bythym mothym noctothii velech Antidasmachon.
Yssidele berim thyfel yth chylys chon, tem, lyphu
Uth bynim ysdibut thinno cuth ru Agorastocles
Ythe manet ihy * * chyrsæ lycoch sith naso
Byuni id chil lubili gerbylim lasibit thym
Bodyalyth herayn nyn nuys lym moncoth lusim.
[Exalonim volanus succuratim mistim Atticum esse
Concubitum a bello cutim beant lalacant chona

cousin; *those* who were stolen away from me, and his son from my cousin. But here lived formerly my guest Antidamas. They say that he has done that which he was doomed to do. They say that his son Agorastocles lives here. To him am I carrying with me this token of hospitality. He has been pointed as living in this neighbourhood. I'll make enquiry of these who are coming hither out of doors." The learned Bochart, in his Phaleg, considers that the first ten lines are Punic, and that the other eight are, possibly, Lybic, of which the sense had been previously given in Punic; and, in fact, he quite despaired of translating them. His translation of the first ten very nearly agrees with that given by Plautus himself. Samuel Petit, in his Miscellanea, considers the whole to be Hebrew, and translates his version (which consists of sixteen lines) as follows: 1. Give ear and attend, O Gods and Goddesses, under whose protection are the men of this city. 2. Receive as acceptable my prayers and my integrity. Two daughters did I beget, my strength. 3. Urged on by fate, I caused them on each feast-day of the Gods to go to the gardens. 4. With much rejoicing, and on the day of song, there was a void. 5. The girls, being stolen, forsook me. Whither shall I go, pacing all chambers? 6. Where is he who bore them away? that I may remove the helplessness of my sorrow which he produces for me like fruit, in being the father of, and rearing, children. 7. They have said that here, assuredly, Agorastocles lives. 8. I have a token of hospitality, the likeness of Saturn (I'm carrying it), 9. Between us. May there be some end for my journey, that rest at last may be afforded to my integrity. 10. So that alone and wretched and afflicted I may not wander to and fro, but rather that I may meet with my children, and pay my vows and oblations 11. To the Gods and Goddesses whom I've invoked as my advisers and assistants, 12. To purify my house from the griefs with which I was affected when I praised them. But they heard not my words, and I am most afflicted and am despondent in mind. 13. O my hope, come hither, and whatever troubles await me, cause me to endure them. Take courage from the truth of oracles, and of the responses of the God Tâv, from divinations, and forewarnings, and prodigies. 14. Be thou speedily fulfilled; arouse thyself and pray. Would that they could hear: grief would depart from a devout parent, and I should recognize Aristocles, my brother's son. 15. Attentively hear this lamentation, O God, my power, make haste to the truth of thy promise of my exaltation, O God, and my evil odours shall cease. 16. Lo! from henceforth will I to the best of my means show honor, sacrificing spelt to all the Gods, and singing praises!!!

Enus es huiec silec panesse Athidamascon
Alem * * induberte felono * * buthume
Celtum comucro lueni, at enim avoso uber
Bent hyach Aristoclem et se te aneche nasoctelia
Elicos alemus [in] duberter mi comps vespiti
Aodeanee lictor bodes jussum limnicolus.]

Scene II.—*Enter* Agorastocles, *from his house, followed by* Milphio.

Ago. (*in a loud voice*). Do you say, Milphio, that Synceras tus told you that both of these women were freeborn, *and* stolen away from Carthage?

Mil. I do say so; and if you were willing to act wisely, you'd at once assert their liberty by an action on their freedom. For it's a disgrace to you for you to allow your own country-people to be slaves before your eyes, who were free women at home.

Han. (*overhearing, apart*). O ye immortal Gods, I do entreat your aid! What speech is this that my ears devour! Surely the words of these persons are *made of* chalk; how have they cleansed away all the dark spots *of woe* from me!

Ago. If you've got witnesses of this matter, I'll do as you bid me.

Mil. Why *speak* you to me about witnesses? Why don't you stoutly insist upon it? Some way or other, Fortune will be your assistant.

Ago. It's much more easy to begin a thing than to bring it about.

Mil. (*catching sight of* Hanno, *attended by his* Servants). But what bird is this[1], pray, that's coming hither with the tunic on? Is he from the baths[2], I wonder, enveloped in his cloak? I' faith, the countenance is surely Carthaginian. The man's a Gugga[3]. I' faith, he certainly has got some ancient and antiquated servants.

Ago. How do you know? Mil. Don't you see the

[1] *What bird is this*)—Ver. 975. The "tunica," or "garment," which Hanno is wearing, has long sleeves, or "manicæ," which causes Milphio to ask if he is a bird, from their resemblance to wings.

[2] *From the baths*)—Ver. 976. He alludes to the practice of thieves making off with the cloaks of persons while bathing at the public baths.

[3] *A Gugga*)—Ver. 977. Probably a nickname for an African, in common use at Rome.

fellows following, loaded with luggage? And, as I fancy, they've got no fingers on their hands.

Ago. Why so?

Mil. Why, because they go with their rings in their ears[1]. I'll approach them, and address them in the Punic language: if they answer, I'll continue to speak in the Punic tongue; if not, then I'll adapt my language to their usage. How say you, do you still remember anything of the Punic language?

Ago. Nothing at all, i' faith; for tell me, how could I know, who was but six years old when I was stolen away from Carthage?

Han. (*apart*). O ye immortal Gods! very many freeborn children have been lost from Carthage after this manner.

Mil. How say you? Ago. What do you want?

Mil. Should you like me to address this person in the Punic tongue?

Ago. Do you understand it? Mil. No Punic man this day is a better Punic than I.

Ago. Go and address him, as to what he wants, why he's come, who he is, of what country, *and* whence he comes. Don't be sparing *of your questions.*

Mil. (*addressing* Hanno *and his* Servants). Avo[2]! Of what country are you, or from what city?

Han. Hanno Muthumballe bachaëdreanech.

Ago. What does he say?

Mil. He says that he is Hanno from Carthage, a Carthaginian, son of Muthumbal.

Han. Avo! Mil. He salutes us.

Han. Donni[3]. Mil. He intends to present you with some "donation" out of this; what, I don't know. Don't you hear him promise?

[1] *Rings in their ears*)—Ver. 981. The Carthaginians, no doubt, borrowed this custom from the Syrians and Phœnicians, with whom, as also with the Jews, it was prevalent.

[2] *Avo*)—Ver. 994. "Hail." Milphio's knowledge of the Punic dialect was probably but limited, though in the sequel it appears that he does know something of it. The translation of these Punic expressions is from Warner's Translation, where the Punic is given in a form somewhat different from that found in the modern editions of the text.

[3] *Donni*)—Ver. 998. "My masters." Milphio says he is talking about "gifts," from the resemblance of the word to the Latin "doni," the genitive case of "donum" "a gift."

Ago. Salute him again in Punic, in my name.

Mil. (*to* Hanno). "Avo donni" he tells me *to say* to you in his name. (*Pointing to* Agorastocles.)

Han. Mehar bocca[1]! Mil. Be that for yourself rather than me!

Ago. What does he say? Mil. He declares that his "box" for his teeth is painful. Perhaps he takes us to be doctors.

Ago. If it is so, tell him that we are not; I don't wish a stranger to be mistaken.

Mil. (*to* Hanno). Hear you. Rufen nuco istam[2].

Ago. This is my wish, that in fact everything should be explained to him just as it is. Ask him whether he has need of anything.

Mil. (*to* Hanno). You who have got no girdle[3], why have you come to this city, or what is it you seek?

Han. Muphursa[4]. Ago. What is it he says?

Han. Moin lechianna[5]. Ago. Why has he come?

Mil. Don't you hear? He declares that he is wishful to give African mice to the Ædiles as a show at the games.

Han. Lalech lachananim liminichot[6].

Ago. What does he say now?

Mil. He says he has brought latchets, water-channels[7], and nuts; he's now begging that you'll lend him your assistance in having them sold.

Ago. He is a merchant, I suppose?

[1] *Mehar bocca*)—Ver. 1002. This passage has been rendered, "Oh! what a son of tears!" Milphio says he is talking about his "bucca," or "cheek," being in pain. An attempt has been made in the Translation to preserve in some slight degree the resemblance.

[2] *Rufen nuco istam*)—Ver. 1006. "We are no doctors."

[3] *Got no girdle*)—Ver. 1008. The Carthaginian tunic flowed loose, and was not fastened with a girdle. Milphio perhaps alludes to his being without a purse, which was generally supported by the girdle, and without which he might think that a stranger had no business in such a wealthy city as Calydon.

[4] *Muphursa*)—Ver. 1010. "Open."

[5] *Moin lechianna*)—Ver. 1010. I beg an entrance for Saturn. Milphio plays upon the very slight resemblance of "muphursa" to "mures," "mice." Under the name of "African mice," he probably alludes to "panthers" or "leopards," which had perhaps been recently shown by the Ædiles, for the first time.

[6] *Lalech lachananim liminichot*)—Ver. 1013. "The messenger who asks a safe abode and kind endurance here."

[7] *Latchets, water-channels*)—Ver. 1014. Milphio plays upon the resemblance of the words "lalech lachananim," to "ligulos canales," which (if the reading is correct) will mean shoestrings and water-pipes—perfect nonsense.

Han. Is amar binam[1]. Ago. What is it *he says?*

Han. Palum erga dectha[2].

Ago. Milphio, what is he saying now?

Mil. He says that he has got spades and forks[3] given him for sale, for digging the garden and reaping the corn.

Ago. What *is* that to me?

Mil. He wishes you to be informed *of it*, so that you mayn't suppose that he has taken anything secretly *and* by stealth. He has really, I do believe, been sent here to your harvesting.

Han. Muphonium sucoraim[4]. Mil. So there! do take care, please, how you do what he's begging of you.

Ago. What is he saying, or what is he begging? Explain it.

Mil. For you to order him to be placed beneath a hurdle[5], and for many stones to be heaped upon it, so as to put him to death.

Han. Gunebel balsamen ierasan!

Ago. Tell me what it is that he's saying.

Mil. I' faith, now I really don't at all know.

Han. (*speaking in their own language*). But that you may know, now from this moment henceforth will I speak Latin. (*To* Milphio.) Upon my faith, you must be a worthless and bad servant, to be laughing at a person, a foreigner and a stranger.

Mil. But, i' faith, at yourself a person that's both a swindler and a cheat, who have come here to take us in, you half-and-half Lybian, you double-tongue, just like a crawling reptile.

Ago. (*to* Milphio). Away hence with your abusiveness! do restrain your tongue. You'll keep it from uttering abuse, if you are prudent; I don't want you to be speaking harshly

[1] *Is amar binam*)—Ver. 1016. "Us unarmed."

[2] *Palum erga dectha*)—Ver. 1017. "Naked men."

[3] *Spades and forks*)—Ver. 1018. Milphio says he is speaking of "palas" and "mergas," "spades" and "pitchforks," by reason of the resemblance in the sound.

[4] *Muphonium sucoraim*)—Ver. 1023. "'Tis on account of your Deities before invoked.

[5] *Beneath a hurdle*)—Ver. 1025. Milphio says he is speaking of "crates," "a hurdle." This mode of stoning to death was practised among the Carthaginians.

to my kinsmen. I was born at Carthage; do you remembl that.

Han. O my fellow-countryman, greetings to you!

Ago. And you, troth, whoever you are; and if you ha need of anything, pray mention it, and command me for t sake of our common country.

Han. I return you thanks; but I've got a place of ente tainment here; I'm in search of the son of Antidamas; point me out Agorastocles, if you know him. Do you kn any young man here *named* Agorastocles?

Ago. If, indeed, you are in search of the adopted son Antidamas, I am the very person whom you are in search

Han. (*starting*). Hah! what's that I hear?

Ago. That I am the son of Antidamas.

Han. If so it is, if you would like to compare the token hospitality[1], see here, I've brought it. (*Shows him the ticke*

Ago. Come then, show it here. (*He takes it in his ha and looks at it.*) It is exactly true; for I've got *the count part* at home.

Han. O my host, hail to you right earnestly; for it w your father, then, Antidamas, that was my own and father's guest; this was my token of hospitality with him.

Ago. Then here at my house shall hospitality be sho you; for I don't reject *either* Hospitality or Carthage, fr which I sprang.

Han. May the Gods grant you all you may desire: How you? How could it happen that you were born at Cartha but had a father of Ætolia here?

Ago. I was stolen away from there; this Antidamas, y guest, bought me, and adopted me as his son.

Han. He himself, likewise, was adopted by Demarch But about him I say no more, and return to you. Tell me, you at all remember the names of your parents?

Ago. I remember my father and my mother's *name*.

Han. Repeat them, then, to me, *to see* if I know them, chance, or if they are relatives of mine.

Ago. Ampsigura was my mother, *and* Iachon my fathe

Han. I could wish that your father and mother were al

Ago. Are they dead?

[1] *Token of hospitality*)—Ver. 1047. As to the "tessera" of hospitality, the Cistellaria 1. 240, and the Note to the passage.

Han. So it is, *a thing* which I bore with much grief; for your mother Ampsigura was my cousin-german; your father —he was my uncle's son, and when he died he made me his heir; of whom being deprived by death, I am greatly affected. But if it is the fact that you *really* are the son of Sachon, there ought to be a mark upon your left hand, a bite which an ape gave you when a child, playing *with it*. Show *it*, that I may look at it; open *your hand*.

Ago. (*opening his hand.*) Look, if you like; see, there it is. My kinsman, welcome to you!

Han. And welcome to you, Agorastocles! I seem to myself to be born again, in having found you.

Mil. By my troth, I'm delighted that this matter has fallen out *so* happily for you. (*To* Hanno.) And would you decline to take advice?

Han. Really, I should wish *to be advised*.

Mil. His father's property ought to be restored to the son; it's fair that he should have the property which his father possessed.

Han. I wish no otherwise; everything shall be restored. I'll give his own property to him all safe, when he comes there.

Mil. Take care and restore it, will you, even though he should live here still.

Han. Nay but, he shall have my own as well, if anything should happen to me[1].

Mil. A pleasant project has just now come into my mind

Han. What's that?

Mil. There's need of your assistance.

Han. Tell me what you wish. Really, you shall have my services just as you please. What is the business?

Mil. Can you act the cheat?

Han. Towards an enemy, I can; to a friend, it would be *mere* folly.

Mil. I' faith, it is an enemy of his. (*Pointing at* Agorastocles.)

Han. I could do him a mischief with pleasure.

Mil. He's in love with a person who belongs to a Procurer.

Han. I deem that he acts discreetly.

[1] *Anything should happen to me*)—Ver. 1085. An Euphemism to avert a ill omen.

MIL. This Procurer lives close at hand.

HAN. I could do him a mischief with pleasure.

MIL. He has two slave girls, courtesans, sisters; one of these he is desperately in love with, nor has he ever taken any liberties with her.

HAN. It's an unhappy kind of passion.

MIL. The Procurer plays upon him.

HAN. He's enhancing his own profits thereby.

MIL. He wishes to do him an evil turn.

HAN. He's right, if he does do it.

MIL. Now I adopt this plan, and prepare this contrivance that we should cite you; you are to affirm that they are your daughters, and that they were stolen when little from Carthage, and to maintain the cause of both in an action on their freedom, as though they were both your own daughters. Do you understand?

HAN. On my faith, I do understand; for I likewise did have two daughters who were stolen away when little children, together with their nurse.

MIL. Upon my word, you do feign it cleverly. At the very commencement this amuses me.

HAN. (*aside, weeping*). Much more, i' troth, than I could wish.

MIL. (*aside to* AGORASTOCLES). Dear me! a subtle person upon my word, artful and knowing, both tricky and crafty. How he does whimper, in order that with his gestures he may effect this all the more easily. Even myself, now, the master-workman, does he excel in skill.

HAN. But their nurse[1], of what appearance was she? Tell me. MIL. Of stature not tall, of a dusky complexion[2].

HAN. 'Tis the very person. MIL. Of agreable form, with a *small* mouth, and very dark eyes.

HAN. I' faith, you really have depicted her form exactly in your words.

[1] *But their nurse*)—Ver. 1111. It did not escape the accurate Schmieder that the fact has not been hitherto communicated to Hanno that the damsels had a nurse who was stolen. This, then, is either an oversight of Plautus, or he must mean that Hanno thinks he has asked the question, and has received an answer in the affirmative.

[2] *Of a dusky complexion*)—Ver. 1112. "Aquilo." "Of the hue of dew water."

Mil. Should you like to see her?

Han. I'd rather *see* my daughters. Still, go and call her out of doors. If they are my daughters, if she is their nurse, she'll recognize me at once.

Mil. (*knocking at the door of the* Procurer's *house*). Hallo there! is there any one here? Tell Giddeneme to come out of doors; there's a person wants to see her.

Scene III.—*Enter* Giddeneme *and a* Boy, *from the house.*

Gid. Who is it that knocks?

Mil. One that's a near acquaintance of yours.

Gid. What do you want?

Mil. Come now (*pointing to* Hanno), do you know that person in the tunic, who it is?

Gid. Why, whom do I behold? O supreme Jupiter! this sure is my master, the father of my foster-children, Hanno, the Carthaginian!

Mil. Now, do see the cunning *hussey!* this Carthaginian is really a clever juggler; he has brought all over to his own opinion.

Gid. (*running up to* Hanno). O my master! welcome to you, Hanno! most unhoped for by myself and your daughters, welcome to you! But look you, don't be wondering, or gazing *so* intently upon me. Don't you know Giddeneme, your female slave?

Han. I know *her*. But where are my daughters? That I'm longing to know.

Gid. At the Temple of Venus[1].

Han. What are they doing there? Tell me.

Gid. To-day is the Aphrodisia, the festive day of Venus! they have gone *there* to entreat the Goddess to be propitious to them.

Mil. I' faith, they've fully prevailed, I'm sure, inasmuch as he has arrived here.

Ago. (*aside to* Giddeneme). How now, are these his daughters?

Gid. Just as you say. (*To* Hanno.) Your kindness has clearly come to our rescue, in your having arrived here to-day at the very time; for this day their names were to

[1] *Temple of Venus*)—Ver. 1113. Venus was the tutelar Divinity of Calydon.

have been changed[1], and they were to have made a livelihood, disgraceful to their station, by their persons.

Boy. Haudones illi[2]. Gid. Havon bene si illi, in mustine. Me ipse et eneste dum et alamna cestinum[3].

Ago. What is it they are saying among themselves? Tell me.

Mil. He's saluting his mother, and she this her son.

Han. Hold your peace, and let alone the woman's gear.

Mil. What gear is that?

Han. Loud talking without limit. (*To* Milphio.) Do you lead these people in-doors (*pointing to his* Servants), and bid this nurse to come away together with you to your house.

Ago. (*to* Milphio). Do as he requests.

Gid. (*to* Hanno). But who's to point them out to you?

Ago. I *will*, right skilfully. Gid. I'll go away then.

Ago. I'd only rather that you would do *so*, than say *so*. (*She goes into the house of* Agorastocles.)

Mil. Upon my faith, I do think that this day the very thing that I said by way of joke will be coming to pass both soberly and seriously, that these will be discovered to-day to be his daughters.

Ago. Troth, that very thing is quite certain now. Do you, Milphio, take them (*pointing to the* Servants) in-doors; we'll wait here for these damsels. I wish a dinner to be got ready for my kinsman on his arrival.

Mil. Lachananim[4] you! (*aside to the* Servants), whom I'll just now be packing off to the mill-stones, and from there after that to the dungeon and the oaken log[5]. I'll give you reason to praise your treatment here but slightly.

[1] *Names were to have been changed*)—Ver. 1139. The "professæ," or "courtesans," at Rome, were registered by the Ædiles, and usually adopted some other than their family name for the purposes of their calling.

[2] *Haudones illi*)—Ver. 1141. Shall I not bid him welcome?

[3] *Alamna cestinum*)—Ver. 1142. "Child, remember that they are at the Festival of Venus. The time is not proper as yet. Hold your peace at present, and keep the Captain in ignorance of this."

[4] *Lachananim*)—Ver. 1157. "Get on with you, and be thankful," according to Petit.

[5] *The oaken log*)—Ver. 1158. The "codex" was a heavy log to which slaves were chained, and which they were condemned to drag about with them. It is hard to say why Milphio speaks thus harshly to the servants of Hanno; perhaps however all this is said in a jocular way to show his own importance.

Ago. (*to* Hanno). Do you hear, kinsman? I say, don't you revoke what has been said; promise me your elder daughter in marriage.

Han. Consider the thing as agreed on.

Ago. Do you promise her, then?

Han. I do promise her.

Ago. My kinsman, blessings on you! for now you are mine beyond a doubt; now at length shall I converse with her without restraint. Now, kinsman, if you wish to see your daughters, follow me.

Han. Why, really, this long time I've been longing for it, and I'll follow you.

Ago. What if we go and meet them?

Han. But I'm afraid lest we should pass them on the road. Great Jupiter, do now reinstate my fortunes for me as being certain instead of uncertain!

Ago. I trust that my charmer will be my own. But look, I catch sight of them.

Han. What, are these my daughters? How tall from being such little *creatures* have they now become!

Ago. Do you know how it is? These are Grecian columns[1]; they are wont to be erect. (*They stand aside.*)

Scene IV.—*Enter* Adelphasium *and* Anterastylis, *from the Temple of Venus.*

Adel. 'Twas worth the while, to-day, of him who has a taste for loveliness to afford a feast to his eyes, in coming hither to the Temple this day to see the sights. Upon my faith, I was charmed there to-day with the most elegant offerings of the courtesans, worthy of Venus, the most handsome Goddess; nor did I despise her worship this day; so great an abundance of beauteous objects was there there, each nicely arranged in its own place. The odours of Arabia and of myrrh filled everything. The festive day seemed to be affected with no gloom, Venus, nor did thy Temple; so great a throng of her dependants was there, who had come to Venus of Calydon.

Ant. But certainly, as far indeed as regarded us two, sister, we were all-powerful *in our prayers*, beauteous and gainers of

[1] *Grecian columns*)—Ver. 1173. He seems to allude to their upright way of walking, and the elegance of the Grecian columns, to which he compares them.

her favour; neither were we there held in ridicule by the young men, which, i' faith, sister, happened to all the rest.

Adel. I'd rather that it should so appear to other persons, than that you, sister, should praise yourself.

Ant. Indeed, I trust *so*. Adel. Troth, and *so do* I, when I reflect of what breeding we and the others are. We were born in that station, that it befits us to be unblemished by faultiness.

Han. (*apart*). Jupiter, who dost preserve and feed the race of men, through whom we pass this mortal life, in whose hands are the hopes of life in all men, prithee, do grant this day as a prosperous one for my fortunes! Those whom I've missed for many years, and whom when little I lost from their native land, to them restore their liberty, that I may be sure that for an indomitable sense of duty there is a reward.

Ago. (*apart*). I'll engage that Jove shall do it all; for to me he is indebted[1], and stands in awe of me.

Han. (*apart*). Prithee, do hold your peace. (*He weeps.*)

Ago. (*apart*). Kinsman, do not weep.

Ant. (*apart*). As it is a pleasure for a man, my sister, if he succeeds in anything, to have the credit of victory, just so did we this day among the rest excel *them all* in beauty.

Adel. Sister, you are more silly than I could wish. Prithee, do you really think yourself a beauty, if your face has not been besmeared with soot[2]?

Ago. (*apart*). O kinsman! O kinsman, dearest of all kinsmen[3] to me!

Han. (*apart*). What is it, son of my cousin? My son, tell me, what is it you wish?

Ago. (*apart*). Why, really, I do wish you to attend to this.

Han. (*apart*). Why, really, I am attending to it.

Ago. (*apart*). Kinsman, kinsman, dearest of all kinsmen to me!

[1] *To me he is indebted*)—Ver. 1204. This impious expression is out of character with Agorastocles, and the latter portion of the line is supposed to be spurious.

[2] *Besmeared with soot*)—Ver. 1209. Douza informs us that it was the custom of the young men to divert themselves at the expense of those courtesans who were not handsome, by daubing their faces with soot and dirt.

[3] *Dearest of all kinsmen*)—Ver. 1210. 'Patruissime.' A word coined by Plautus for the occasion.

HAN. (*apart*). What's the matter? AGO. (*apart*). She's a clever and a nice girl. How shrewd she is!

HAN. (*apart*). She has her father's disposition in being shrewd.

AGO. (*apart*). How's that? This long time, i' faith, she has surely used up your shrewdness. 'Tis from here (*pointing to himself*) she now derives her shrewdness; 'tis from here her sense; whatever she does shrewdly, through my love does she act so shrewdly.

ADEL. We are not born of that rank, although we are slaves, sister, that it should befit us to do anything which any man may laugh at. Many are the faults of women; but of the many, this one is the greatest, to please themselves too much, and to give their attention too little to pleasing the men.

ANT. It was a very great delight that was portended in our sacrifice of the entrails, sister, and what the soothsayer said about us both——

AGO. (*apart*). I wish he had said something about me!

ANT. That we should be free in a few days, in spite of our owner. I don't know why I should hope for that, unless the Gods or our parents do something.

AGO. (*apart*). 'Twas through confidence in me[1], kinsman, upon my faith, that the soothsayer promised them liberty, I'm sure *of it*, because he knows I'm in love with her.

ADEL. Sister, follow me this way. (*Moves as if going.*)

ANT. I follow. (*Moves also.*)

HAN. (*stepping forward*). Before you go away[2], I want you both. Unless it's inconvenient, stop.

ADEL. Who's calling us back?

AGO. One who wishes to do you a kindness.

ADEL. There's opportunity for doing it. But who is the person? AGO. A friend of yours.

[1] *Through confidence in me*)—Ver. 1226. He surmises that the soothsayer (like most other successful prophets) had learnt the true state of the case beforehand.

[2] *Before you go away*)—Ver. 1228. Warner, in his Note on this passage, suggests that Plautus has here forgotten the rules of nature. He says, "It is unnatural to suppose a parent, who has so long been in search of his daughters, should be so near them as to see them, and hear them talk, and not immediately fly into their embraces. And when he does speak to them, he teases and torments them a long time, for no other reason than to divert the Spectators."

ADEL. One who is not an enemy, in fact.

AGO. This is a good man, my love.

ADEL. I' faith, I should prefer him rather than a bad one.

AGO. If, indeed, friendship must be engaged in, with such a person ought it to be engaged in.

ADEL. I don't beg for it. AGO. He wishes to do you many services.

ADEL. Being good *yourself*, you will be doing good to the good.

HAN. I will cause you joy——

ADEL. And, i' faith, we pleasure to you.

HAN. And liberty. ADEL. At that price you'll easily make us your own.

AGO. My kinsman, so may the Gods bless me, if I were Jupiter, upon my faith I'd at once marry her for my wife, and pack Juno out of doors. How quietly did she utter her words, how considerately and becomingly! how modestly did she frame her speech! certainly she is my own!

HAN. (*apart to* AGORASTOCLES). But how skilfully I accosted her!

AGO. Cleverly and becomingly, upon my faith.

HAN. Am I still to go on testing them?

AGO. Compress it in a few words; the people who are sitting *here* are getting thirsty[1].

HAN. Well, why don't we proceed to do that which was to be done? (*To the* WOMEN.) I summon you to justice.

AGO. Seize hold of this one, kinsman, if you are wise. Should you like me to catch hold of her?

ADEL. Is this person your kinsman, Agorastocles?

AGO. I'll soon let you know. Now, by my word, I'll be nicely revenged on you; for I'll make——you my bride.

HAN. Come before a court of justice; don't delay!

AGO. Summon me as your witness[2], and take me; I'll be a witness for you; and after that, her (*pointing to* ADELPHASIUM) will I love and embrace. But 'twas this, indeed, I

[1] *Sitting here are getting thirsty*)—Ver. 1241. He alludes to the Spectators and means that they must be tired with sitting there and listening to such a long Play.

[2] *Summon me as your witness*)—Ver. 1246 'Antestare me," See the Note to the Curculio, l. 621.

intended to say—why yes. I did say that which I intended *to say*.

Han. (*to the* Damsels). You are lingering. I summon you to justice, unless it is more becoming for you to be dragged *thither*.

Adel. Why do you summon us to justice? What are we in your debt? Ago. He'll tell it there.

Adel. Are even my own dogs barking *at me?*

Ago. Then, troth, do you caress me; give me a kiss in place of a piece of meat; present your lips in place of a bone[1]: that way I'll render this dog more smooth for you than oil.

Han. Come on, if you are coming. Adel. What have we done to you?

Han. You are thieves, both of you.

Adel. What, we, as regards you?

Han. You, I say. Ago. And I know it.

Adel. What theft is this? Ago. Enquire of him.

Han. Because for many years you have been concealing my daughters from me, and, in fact, persons free-born, *and* free, *and* born of the highest rank.

Adel. I' faith, you'll never find that villany to have been committed by us.

Ago. Make a bet of a kiss now, if you are not forsworn, which is to give it to the other.

Adel. I've nothing to do with you; prithee, get you gone.

Ago. But, i' faith, I've got something to do with you; for he is my kinsman; it's necessary for me to be his advocate. And I'll inform him how you are guilty of many a theft, and in what way you have got his daughters *as* slaves at your house, whom you know to be free women stolen from their native land.

Adel. Where are these, or who are they, prithee?

Ago. (*aside to* Hanno). They have been teased sufficiently.

Han. (*aside*). Why not speak out, *then?*

Ago. (*aside*). I' faith, I'm of that opinion, kinsman.

Adel. I'm dreadfully afraid what this business can mean, my sister; so astounded *am I*, I stand here without my senses.

Han. Damsels, give *me* your attention. In the first place,

[1] *Your lips in place of a bone*)—Ver 1252. The original of this line is somewhat indelicate, and the translation of it has been modified. She expected assistance from Agorastocles, who appears to her to be taking the part of her enemy.

if it could possibly come to pass, for the Gods not to send upon the innocent what is undeserved, that could I have wished to happen; now for the good the Gods bestow upon me, upon yourselves and upon your nurse[1], 'tis due that we should give to the Deities our endless thanks, since the immortal Gods approve and reward our piety. You are my daughters, both of you, and this is your relation, Agorastocles the son of my cousin.

ADEL. Prithee, are they deluding us with imaginary joys

AGO. Really, so may the Deities preserve me, this is your father. Give *him* your hands.

ADEL. (*embracing him*). Welcome, father! unhoped-for by us, allow us to embrace you!

ANT. (*embracing him*). Welcome, father! much wished and longed for! We are both your daughters; we both embrace you.

AGO. Who'll be for embracing me in the next place?

HAN. Now am I happy! Now with this delight do I allay the miseries of many a year.

ADEL. We hardly seem to believe this.

HAN. I'll tell you something to make you believe it the more: why, it was your nurse who recognized me first.

ADEL. Prithee, where is she?

HAN. (*pointing to* AGORASTOCLES). She's at his house.

AGO. (*to* ADELPHASIUM, *who is embracing her father*) Pray, why does it please you to clasp his neck so long before he has betrothed you to me? *Dear one*, much longed for, blessings on you! (*He embraces her.*)

ADEL. (*struggling*). Do leave off your salutations!

AGO. I will leave off. And you the other one. (*To* ANTERASTYLIS, *whom he embraces.*)

ANT. (*struggling*). I don't want that; you torment me to death!

HAN. Let us each clasp the other in our arms, than who's there anything on earth more happy?

AGO. Blessings befall the deserving. (*Pointing to* HANNO) At last his wishes are realized! O Apelles! O Zeuxis[2] the

[1] *And upon your nurse*)—Ver. 1270. "Matri." This may either mean their own mother, the wife of Hanno, if then living, or their nurse Giddenene: as "mater" is used in the latter sense by Plautus in the Prologue to the Menæchmi.

[2] *O Apelles! O Zeuxis*)—Ver. 1289. Apelles of Cos flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. He was the most celebrated painter of his time. Zeu

painter! why did you die too soon? Would that you could paint a subject after this! For I don't care for other *common* painters to be treating subjects of this description.

HAN. Gods and Goddesses all! I return you deservedly extreme thanks, for having blest me with this gladness so supreme and with these joys so great; as my daughters have returned to me *and* into my possession.

ADEL. My father, your own piety has clearly come to our aid.

AGO. Kinsman, take care and keep it in memory that you've betrothed your elder daughter to me——

HAN. I remember it.

AGO. The portion, too, that you promised.

SCENE V.—*Enter* ANTHEMONIDES, *from the house of* LYCUS.

ANTH. (*to himself*). If I don't take full revenge for that mina which I gave to the Procurer, then really may the townspeople make a butt of me! This most rascally fellow even brought me to his house to breakfast. He himself went away out of doors, *and* left me as his chamberlain[1] in the house. When neither the Procurer nor these women came back, nor anything was given me to eat, for the best part of the breakfast I took a pledge[2], *and* came out of doors. This way I'll pay him. I'll touch up the rascally Procurer in the military way of payment[3]. He did get hold of a person for him to bamboozle out of a mina of silver! But I wish that my mistress would now come in my way while *thus* enraged. Then, by my troth, with my fists I'd make her *quite* black

of Heraclæa flourished about a century before him, and was equally famous as a painter.

[1] *As his chamberlain*)—Ver. 1301. "Atriensi." The duties of this domestic are fully referred to in the Notes to the Asinaria.

[2] *I took a pledge*)—Ver. 1303. It is not quite clear what he refers to, but he probably means to say that he has laid hold of something valuable in the Procurer's house, which will, at all events, procure a substitute in part for the "prandium" out of which he has been cheated.

[3] *Military way of payment*)—Ver. 1304. By the mention of "æs militare," some Commentators think that he alludes to his sword, and draws it. He seems to refer, however, to the stipend which the soldiers receive for their services, with full liberty to lay their hands on anything that belongs to the enemy.

all over; I'd cover her so with swarthiness, that she shoul be much more swarthy than the Egyptians, or *than those* wh carry the buckets[1] at the games in the Circus.

Adel. (*running to* Agorastocles). Do hold me fas please, my love; I sadly fear the kites; this is an evil anim —lest perchance he may carry me off, your chick.

Ant. (*embracing her* Father). I cannot clasp you fa enough, my father!

Anth. (*to himself*). I'm delaying. (*Looking in his hand* I can now pretty nearly cater a breakfast for myself wit this. (*Raising his eyes.*) But what's this? How's this What's this? What's this I see? How now? Wh means this strange conjunction? What's this couplin together? Who's this fellow with the long skirts, just lik a tavern-boy? Do I quite see with my eyes? Isn't th my mistress, Anterastylis? Why, surely it is she. F some time past I've perceived that I'm set at nought. Isn the girl ashamed to be hugging a tawny fellow in th middle of the street? I' faith, I shall give him up forthwi to the executioner to be tortured all over. Surely this is womanish race[2], with their tunics hanging down to the heels. But I'm determined to accost this African fema lover. (*To* Hanno.) Hallo! you woman, I say, are you n ashamed? What business have you with her, pray? Tell m

Han. Young man, greetings to you.

Anth. I don't want *them;* that's nothing to you. Wh business have you to touch her with a finger?

Han. Because I choose. Anth. You choose?

Han. I say so.

Anth. Away to utter perdition, you shoe-latchet! What, you dare to be *acting* the lover here, you great toe of a ma or to be meddling with an object which masculine men are fo

[1] *Carry the buckets*)—Ver. 1309. He alludes to the slaves whose duty it to hold the buckets to the horses in the Circus for them to drink from. Expos to sun and dust would tend to render them swarthy.

[2] *A womanish race*)—Ver. 1321. "Mulierosus" generally means "fond women." It clearly, however, in this passage means "womanish," or "wom like."

[3] *You great toe of a man*)—Ver. 1328. From this expression it has been jectured that Hanno was a man of diminutive stature, and that the Play took name of Pœnulus, "the little Carthaginian," from that circumstance.

of, you skinned pilchard, you *deformed image of* Serapis[1], you alf-apron, you sheepskin-jacket[2], you pot of *stinking* sea-alt; more crammed, too, to boot, with leeks and garlick than he Roman rowers?

Ago. Young man, do your jaws or *your* teeth itch, that you re annoying this person, or are you in search of a heavy nishap?

Anth. Why didn't you use a drum[3] while you were saying hat? For I take you to be more of an effeminate wretch than *real* man.

Ago. Do you understand what sort of effeminate wretch I m? (*Calling aloud.*) Servants, come out of doors, bring out ome cudgels!

Anth. Hark you, if I have said anything in a joke, don't ou be for taking it seriously.

Ant. Prithee, what pleasure have you, Anthemonides, in peaking rudely to our kinsman and father? For this is our ather; he has just now recognized us, and him *as* the son f his cousin.

Anth. So may Jupiter kindly bless me, I heartily rejoice hat it is so, and I am delighted, if, in fact, any great misfor-une befalls this Procurer, and since a fortune awaits you qual to your merits.

Ant. I' faith, he says what's worthy of belief; do believe im, my father. Han. I do believe him.

Ago. And I believe him. But look (*pointing*), I espy he Procurer Lycus, the worthy fellow; look, there he is—e's betaking himself homeward.

Han. Who is this?

[1] *Of Serapis*)—Ver. 1330. It is not fully known what the meaning of "Serapis" , as it occurs nowhere else. It has been conjectured, that, owing to the African atures of Hanno, the Captain compares him to the little ugly images of Serapis, hich were carried about in harvest-time by the priests of that God, for the pur-se of collecting money.

[2] *You sheepskin-jacket*)—Ver. 1331. This garment, being worn with the wool , was remarkable for its offensive smell. "Halagoras hama" is supposed to ean the pots of common sea-salt exposed for sale in the market-place.

[3] *Use a drum*)—Ver. 1335. The priests of Cybele, who were either eunuchs, or rsons of effeminate and worthless character, walked in their processions beating, "tympanum," a "drum" or "tambourine." The Captain, by his question, nteuptuously implies that Agorastocles is such a character. See the Trac ntus, l. 608, and the Note.

Ago. He's which you please, both the Procurer and Lycus He has been keeping your daughters in servitude, and from myself he has stolen some gold.

Han. A pretty fellow for you to be acquainted with!

Ago. Let's bring him to justice.

Han. By no means. Ago. For what reason?

Han. Because 'twere better for an action of damages to be brought against him[1].

Scene VI.—*Enter* Lycus.

Lyc. (*to himself*). No one, in my opinion at least, is deceived, who rightly states his case to his friends. But by all my friends the one same thing is agreed upon, that I ought to hang myself, so as not to be adjudged to Agorastocles.

Ago. (*stepping forward*). Procurer, let's away to the court of justice.

Lyc. I do entreat you, Agorastocles, that I may be at liberty to hang myself.

Han. I summon you to justice.

Lyc. But what have you to do with me?

Han. (*pointing at his* Daughters). Because I affirm that both of these are my daughters, free women, and free by birth, who, when little, were kidnapped together with their nurse.

Lyc. Indeed, I knew that already, and I wondered that no one came to assert their freedom; they really are none of mine, indeed.

Anth. Procurer, you must come to justice.

Lyc. You are talking about the breakfast; it is owing to you; I'll give it.

Ago. Twofold *compensation* I must have for the theft.

Lyc. (*pointing to his neck*). Take it out of this, then.

Han. And I *require* a full satisfaction.

Lyc. (*pointing to his neck*). Take out of this whatever you please. Anth. And I, indeed, a mina of silver.

Lyc. (*pointing to his neck*). Take out of this whatever you

[1] *Action of damages to be brought against him*)—Ver. 1356. "Multum dic has been adopted as the reading, in preference to "multo induci," which seem capable of no translation consistently with sense. The passage may possibly mean that he prefers an action at law to summary proceedings.

please. I'll at once settle the matter for all with my neck, just like a porter.

Ago. Do you refuse me in any way?

Lyc. Not a word, in fact.

Ago. Go in-doors, then, damsels. But (*to* Hanno), my kinsman, betroth me your daughter, as you promised.

Han. I should not venture *to do* otherwise.

Anth. Kindly farewell! Ago. And kindly farewell to you!

Anth. (*holding up what he has got in his hand*). Procurer, I take this as a pledge with me for my mina.

Lyc. By heavens, I am ruined!

Ago. Why yes, before very long, when you've come to justice.

Lyc. Nay but, I own myself your slave. What need of the Prætor have we? But I beseech you that I may be allowed to pay the simple sum[1], three hundred Philippeans. I think it can be scraped together; to-morrow I'll have an auction.

Ago. On condition, then, that you shall be in wooden custody at my house.

Lyc. So be it. Ago. Follow me in-doors, my kinsman, that we may keep this festive day in joyousness, upon his misfortune and our good fortune. (*To the* Audience). Heartily fare you well. To great length have we gone; at last all these misfortunes fall upon the Procurer. Now—that which is the last seasoning for our Play—if it has pleased you, our Comedy asks applause.

[Scene VII[2].—Agorastocles, Lycus, Hanno, Anthemonides, Adelphasium, *and* Anterastylis.

Ago. What is it you are about, Captain? Why does it

[1] *Pay the simple sum*)—Ver. 1379. In lieu of paying double the amount, as he might be forced at law to do, for being an accomplice in the theft.

[2] *Scene VII.*) Many of the ancient MSS. contain this additional Scene, which is generally supposed not to have been the composition of Plautus. It is not improbable that at some period the last Scene may have been lost, and that the present one may have been composed to supply its place, as it is evidently not the composition of a person who was aware of the existence of the Scene which precedes it.

please you to speak rudely to my relative? Don't be surprised that the damsels do follow after him; he has just now discovered that both of them are his own daughters.

Lyc. (*starting*). Hah! what speech was it that reached my ears? Now I am undone! (*To* Agorastocles.) From what house were these females lost?

Ago. They are Carthaginians.

Lyc. Then I am ruined. I was always in dread of that, lest some one should recognize them, a *thing* which has now come to pass. Woe unto wretched me! My eighteen minæ are lost, I guess, which I paid for them.

Ago. And you yourself are lost, Lycus.

Han. Who is this?

Ago. Which you please, he's either the Procurer or Lycus. He has been keeping your daughters in servitude, and from myself he has stolen some gold.

Han. A pretty fellow for you to be acquainted with!

Ago. Procurer, I always deemed you to be avaricious, but they know you to be a thief as well, who know more of you.

Lyc. I'll approach him. (*He falls on the ground before* Agorastocles.) By your knees I do beseech you, and by him (*pointing to* Hanno), whom I understand to be your relative; since you are deserving persons, as it befits deserving persons to do, do *then* come to the aid of your suppliant! Indeed, already did I know them to be free women, and was waiting for some one to claim their freedom, for really they are none of mine. Then besides, I'll restore your gold that I've got in my house, and I'll make oath that I have done nothing, Agorastocles, with ill intent.

Ago. As it's right for me to do, I shall still consult my own notions. Let go of my knees.

Lyc. I'll let them go, if such is your determination. (*He rises from the ground, and retires to a distance.*)

Ago. Hark you! Procurer. Lyc. What do you want with a Procurer amid business?

Ago. You to restore me my money before I take you hence to *be laid in* fetters.

Lyc. May the Gods grant better things!

Ago. Even so; you'll be dining away from home, I see

Gold, silver, *and* your neck, Procurer, the three things are you now owing to me all at once.

Han. What it befits me to do in this matter, I'm considering with myself. If I should attempt to take vengeance on this *fellow*, I shall be engaging in litigation in a strange city. So far as I hear, his disposition and manners, of the nature that they are——

Adel. My father, do have no dealings with this man, I conjure you.

Ant. Do listen to my sister. Come, put an end to your strife with the rascal.

Han. Attend to this, will you, Procurer. Although I know that you deserve to come to ruin, I'll not try the matter with you.

Ago. Nor I, if you restore me my gold; Procurer, when let go from the fetters—you may get thrust into prison.

Lyc. What, your old habit still?

Anth. Carthaginian, I wish to excuse myself to you. If I have said anything in my passion against the inclination of your feelings, I beg that you will pardon it; and as you have found these daughters *of yours*, so may the Deities bless me, it is a pleasure *to me*.

Han. I both forgive and believe you.

Anth. Procurer, do you take care either to find me a mistress, or return me the mina of gold.

Lyc. Should you like to have my music-girl?

Anth. I don't care for a music-girl; you don't know which is the greater, their cheeks or their bosoms.

Lyc. I'll find one to please you.

Anth. Mind that.

Lyc. (*to* Agorastocles). To-morrow I'll bring back your gold to your house.

Ago. Take care that you keep that in memory. Captain, follow me.

Anth. Yes, I'll follow you. (Lycus *goes into his house.*)

Ago. (*to* Hanno). How say you, kinsman? When are you thinking of leaving here for Carthage?—for I'm determined to go together with you.

Han. As soon as ever I can, that instant I shall go.

AGO. It's necessary for you to stop here some days, until I've had an auction.

HAN. I'll do just as you wish.

AGO. Come, please, let's be off; let's enjoy ourselves (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Grant us your applause.]

EPIDICUS;
OR, THE FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

Dramatis Personæ.

PERIPHANES, an aged Athenian of rank.
STRATIPPOCLES, his son by a former wife.
APÆCIDES, an aged Athenian, friend of Periphanes.
EPIDICUS, servant of Periphanes.
CHÆRIBULUS, a young Athenian, friend of Stratippocles.
THESPRIO, armour-bearer to Stratippocles.
A CAPTAIN of Rhodes.
A BANKER.

PHILIPPA, a woman of Epidaurus, the mother of Telestis.
ACROPOLISTIS, a music-girl, mistress of Stratippocles.
TELESTIS, daughter of Periphanes and Philippa.
A MUSIC-GIRL.

Scæne—Athens: before the houses of PERIPHANES, APÆCIDES, and CHÆRIBULUS.

THE SUBJECT.

THE plot of this Play is of an involved nature. Periphanes, an aged Athenian, has a son, born in wedlock, named Stratippocles. By Philippa, a woman of Epidaurus, whom he has formerly seduced, he has had a daughter, named Telestis, who has been residing with her mother at Thebes. A war arising between the Athenians and Thebans, Stratippocles, on setting out for the army, commissions Epidicus, his father's servant, to purchase for him Acropolistis, a music-girl, of whom he is enamoured. Epidicus, on this, persuades Periphanes that this girl is really his daughter by Philippa, whom he has not seen for many years, and that she has been taken captive at Thebes, and brought to Athens. On this the old man gives Epidicus the requisite sum, and she is brought home and introduced to him as his daughter Telestis. In the meantime, Stratippocles meets with another damsel who has been taken captive, and agrees with a Banker to borrow forty minæ, for the purpose of purchasing her. He returns to Athens, and resolves not to meet his father until he has paid the money to the Banker and gained possession of the damsel, and Epidicus is threatened by him with a severe punishment, if he does not manage to raise the sum required. On this he accosts his aged master, and tells him that he must find a wife for his son, who is about to purchase a singing-girl of the name of Acropolistis. The old man is persuaded to give a sum of money to Epidicus for the purpose of buying Acropolistis, that she may be kept out of the way of his son. On receiving the money, Epidicus hands it over to Stratippocles, to be paid to the Banker. The old gentleman having that morning ordered a singing-girl to be hired to perform at a sacrifice at his house, she is brought to him as Acropolistis, having been instructed how to play her part. A Captain, who admires Acropolistis, having heard that Periphanes has purchased her, applies to him, and offers to give him a profit of ten minæ if he will transfer her to him. Periphanes, thereupon, brings to him the music-girl who is assuming that character (while the real Acropolistis is taken for his daughter), on which the Captain discovers the deception, and Periphanes finds out that the girl is already free, and has been only brought to his house to perform at the sacrifice. At this conjuncture Philippa arrives, having heard that her daughter has been brought to Athens. Periphanes meets her, and assures her that her daughter is safe at his house. On this, Philippa is introduced to Acropolistis, and declares that she is not her daughter, and that Periphanes has been imposed upon. On being questioned, Acropolistis confesses that she has only called Periphanes her father because he has called her his daughter. Epidicus, on being discovered to be guilty of this second fraud upon his master, is greatly alarmed; but just then he perceives the Banker, who has come for the money, leading the Theban captive. He immediately recognizes her as Telestis, the real daughter of Periphanes and Philippa. Stratippocles, somewhat to his sorrow, is informed that the captive is his half-sister, and therefore, most probably, consoles himself with Acropolistis. For making this discovery, Epidicus is not only pardoned by Periphanes, but receives his freedom.

EPIDICUS;
OR, THE FORTUNATE DISCOVERY[1].

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

An old gentleman, thinking her his daughter, purchases (*Emit*) a music-girl, by the advice (*Persuasu*) of his servant, who, a second time (*Iterum*), substitutes for him, in place of *his son's* mistress, another one hired; he gives (*Dat*) to his master's son the money; with it the young man, not knowing it (*Imprudens*), purchases his sister. Soon afterwards, by the aid of a woman whom he has seduced, and of a Captain, the old man understands (*Cognoscit*) that he has been imposed upon, as (*Ut*) the one is in search of his mistress, the other of her daughter. But (*Sed*) on finding his daughter, he gives his servant his liberty.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Thesprio, *followed by* Epidicus.

Epid. (*pulling* Thesprio *by the cloak*). Harkye! young man.

Thes. Who pulls me by the cloak, *when thus* in haste?

Epid. An intimate. Thes. I confess it; for with your annoyance you are too intimate.

Epid. But do look back, Thesprio!

Thes. (*looking round*). What? Is it Epidicus that I see?

Epid. Why surely you've the use of your eyes.

Thes. Greetings to you. Epid. May the Gods grant what you desire. I'm glad that you've got here safe.

[1] *Or the Fortunate Discovery*) Plautus calls this Play by the name of Epidicus, from the slave, who is the principal actor in it. It will be seen that a fortunate discovery really does take place in the Fifth Act, where Periphanes not only finds his long-lost daughter, but Stratippocles is prevented from unknowingly being guilty of incest. That Plautus thought very highly of this Play, is evident from what is said in the Bacchides, l. 215, where Chrysalus is introduced as saying that he "loves the Epidicus as well as his own self."

THES. What besides? EPID. According to the usage, a dinner shall be given you[1].

THES. I agree. EPID. What *to do?*

THES. That I'll accept it, if you offer it.

EPID. How are you? Fare you as you could wish?

THES. The proof's before you. EPID. I understand. (*Eyeing him from top to toe.*) Marvellous! You seem quite plump and hearty.

THES. (*pointing to his left hand*). Thanks to this.

EPID. Which, indeed, you ought to have parted with[2] long ago.

THES. I'm less of a pilferer now than formerly.

EPID. How so? THES. I rob above-board[3].

EPID. May the immortal Gods confound you, with what huge strides you do walk! for when I caught sight of you at the harbour, I began to run at a rapid pace; I was hardly able to overtake you just now.

THES. You are a town wit. EPID. I know that you, on the other hand, are a military gentleman.

THES. Speak out as boldly as you please.

EPID. How say you? Have you been well all along?

THES. In a varied way. EPID. Those who are well in a varied way[4], a race of men of the goat kind or of the panther kind, don't please me.

THES. What do you wish me to tell you but that which is fact?

EPID. To answer to these things fairly; how's our master's son? Is he well?

THES. Stout as a boxer and an athlete.

[1] *A dinner shall be given you*)—Ver. 6. The "cœna viatica," or "welcome entertainment," has been mentioned in the Notes to the Bacchides, Act I., Sc. 2.

[2] *To have parted with*)—Ver. 9. The thieves of antiquity are said to have used the left hand for the purposes of their nefarious calling. The cutting off of the hand was a common punishment.

[3] *I rob above-board*)—Ver. 10. It has been suggested that this is an imitation of a passage in Aristophanes, Act II., Sc. 3, where Blepsidemus says, "οὐ κεκλοφάς ἀλλ' ἥρπακας." "You have not pilfered, but plundered." The thought, however, is quite natural, without resorting to a previous author for it.

[4] *In a varied way*)—Ver. 16. He puns upon the different meanings of the word "varie;" and alludes to the checquered or striped state of the slave's back after whipping. By "varie," Thesprio simply means, "sometimes well, and sometimes ill."

EPID. You've brought me joyous tidings on your arrival. But where is he?

THES. I came here together with him.

EPID. Where is he then? Unless, perchance, you've brought him in your wallet, or, perhaps, in your knapsack.

THES. May the Gods confound you!

EPID. I want to make enquiries of you. Lend me your attention; attention shall be lent you *in return*.

THES. You say what's law[1]. EPID. It becomes me *to do so*.

THES. But why now are you acting the Prætor over us?

EPID. What other person in Athens will you say is more deserving *of it* than I?

THES. But still, Epidicus, one thing is wanting for your Prætorship.

EPID. What, pray? THES. You shall know; two lictors[2] two osier bundles of twigs——

EPID. (*shaking his fist at him*). Woe unto you! But how say you——? THES. What is it you ask?

EPID. Where are the arms[3] of Stratippocles?

THES. I' faith, they've gone over to the enemy.

EPID. What, his arms? THES. Aye, and quickly too.

EPID. Do you say that seriously?

THES. Seriously I say it; the enemy have got them.

EPID. By my troth, a disgraceful affair.

THES. Still, before now, other persons have done the same. This affair will turn out to his honor[4].

EPID. How so? THES. Because it has been *so* to others before.

[1] *What's law*)—Ver. 23. The words "operam da" and "operam dabo," used by Epidicus, were terms used in the Roman courts of law: therefore Thesprio says, "jus dicis," meaning, "you talk like a judge."

[2] *Two lictors*)—Ver. 26. The Prætors were attended by lictors. As one part of their duty was to scourge refractory slaves, Thesprio means to joke Epidicus, by telling him that he requires the lictors — not to do him honor, but to scourge him.

[3] *Where are the arms*)—Ver. 27. As Thesprio was his armour-bearer, this question cannot be considered as an impertinent one.

[4] *Will turn out to his honor*)—Ver. 31. Schmieder thinks that in these words there is a covert allusion to the conduct of Terentius Varro, by whose bad management the Romans lost the battle of Cannæ, when fighting against Hannibal. The Senate, however, received him with open arms, "because he had not despaired of the state."

EPID. Mulciber, I suppose, made the arms which Stratippocles had; they flew over to the enemy[1].

THES. Why, then, e'en let this son of Thetis lose them; the daughters of Nereus will bring him others.

EPID. Only this must be looked to, that material may be found for the armourers, if in each campaign he yields as spoil to the enemy.

THES. Have done now with these matters.

EPID. You yourself make an end of them when you please.

THES. Cease your enquiries *then*. EPID. Say, where is Stratippocles himself?

THES. There is a reason, for which reason he has been afraid to come together with me.

EPID. Pray, what is it? THES. He doesn't wish to see his father as yet.

EPID. For what reason? THES. You shall hear; because he has purchased out of the spoil a young female captive of charming and genteel figure.

EPID. What is it I hear from you?

THES. That which I'm telling you.

EPID. Why has he purchased her?

THES. To please his fancy.

EPID. How many fancies has this man? For assuredly, before he went away from home to the army, he himself commissioned me, that a music-girl whom he was in love with should be purchased of a Procurer for him. That I have managed to accomplish for him.

THES. Whichever way the wind is at sea, Epidicus, in that direction the sail is shifted.

EPID. Woe unto wretched me! He has utterly undone me.

THES. What's the meaning of this? What's the matter, pray?

EPID. Well now—she whom he has bought, at what sum has he purchased her?

THES. A very little. EPID. That I don't ask you.

THES. What then? EPID. For how many minæ?

THES. (*holding up all his fingers four times*). For so many

[1] *Flew over to the enemy*)—Ver. 32. Plautus seems here to fancy that the arms made by Mulciber or Vulcan, for Achilles, were taken by Hector from Patroclus, when, in fact, they were made at the request of Thetis, for the purpose of avenging his death. He probably did not care to represent a slave and a camp-follower as being particularly correct in their knowledge of Homer.

Epid. Forty minæ? Thes. For that purpose, he borrowed the money on interest of a Banker at Thebes, at a didrachm for each silver mina per day.

Epid. Surprising!

Thes. This Banker, too, has come together with him, and is dunning for his money.

Epid. Immortal Gods! now I'm fairly done for!

Thes. Why so, or what's the matter, Epidicus?

Epid. He has proved my ruin!

Thes. Who?

Epid. Who? He who lost his arms.

Thes. But why so? Epid. Because he himself was every day sending me letters from the army—but I shall hold my tongue; it's best *to do so*. It's best for a man in servitude to know more than he says; that's *true* wisdom.

Thes. On my faith, I don't understand why you are alarmed. You are frightened, Epidicus; I see it by your countenance. You seem here, in my absence, to have got into some scrape or other.

Epid. Can't you cease annoying me?

Thes. I'll be off. (*Moves as if going.*)

Epid. Stand still; I'll not let you go from here. (*Holds him.*) Thes. Why do you hold me back?

Epid. Is he in love with her whom he has purchased out of the spoil?

Thes. Do you ask *me?* He dotes to death upon her.

Epid. The hide will be stripped from off my back.

Thes. He loves her, too, more than ever he loved you.

Epid. May Jupiter confound you!

Thes. Let me go now; for he has forbidden me to go to our house; he ordered me *to come* here (*pointing to the house*) to our neighbour's, Chæribulus; there he bade me wait; he's about to come there himself.

Epid. Why so? Thes. I'll tell you; because he doesn't wish to meet with or see his father, before he has paid down this money which is owing for her.

Epid. O dear! an involved business, i' faith.

Thes. Do let go of me, that I may now be off forthwith.

Epid. When the old gentleman knows this, our ship will fairly founder.

THES. What matters it to me in what way you come your end?

EPID. Because I don't wish to perish alone; I'd li you to perish with me, well-wisher with well-wisher.

THES. (*tearing himself away from* EPIDICUS). Away wi you from me to utter and extreme perdition with the terms *of yours!*

EPID. Be off, then, if you are in great haste about an thing.

THES. (*aside*). I never met with any person from whom parted with greater pleasure. (*Goes into the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.)

EPID. (*to himself*). He's gone away from here; you a now alone. In what plight this matter is, you *now* see, Epidicus. Unless you have some resources in your own self, y are done for. Ruination so great is impending over you—u less you support yourself stoutly, you cannot hold up; to su a degree are mountains of misfortune threatening to tumb on you. Neither does *any* plan just now please me by mea of which to find myself disengaged from my entanglemen To my misfortune, by my trickeries I have forced the old m to imagine that he was making purchase of his own daug ter; *whereas* he has bought for his own son a music-girl who he was fond of, *and* whom on his departure he commission me about. He now, to please his fancy, has brought anoth one from the army. I've lost my hide, for when the old m finds out that he has been played tricks with, he'll be flayi my back with twigs. But still, do you take all precautio (*He stands still and thinks.*) That's of no use! clearly t head *of mine* is addled! You are a worthless fellow, Epidicus. (*In another tone.*) What pleasure have you in bei abusive? Because you are forsaking yourself. What am to do? Do you ask me the question? Why you yourself, former days, were wont to lend advice to others. Well, we something must be found out. But why delay to go me the young man, that I may know how the matter stands And here he is himself. He is in a grave mood. H coming with Chæribulus, his year's-mate. I'll step aside he whence at my leisure I'll follow their discourse. (*He st aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* STRATIPPOCLES *and* CHÆRIBULUS.

STRAT. I've told you all the matter, Chæribulus, and I have fully disclosed to you the sum of my griefs and loves.

CHÆR. You are foolish, Stratippocles, beyond your age and lineage. Does it shame you, because you have bought a captive girl, born of good family, from among the spoil? Who will there be to impute it as a fault to you?

STRAT. Through doing this, I've found that those who are envious are all enemies to me; but I've never offered violence[1] or criminal assault against her chastity.

CHÆR. Then, so far, in my opinion at least, you are a still more deserving man, inasmuch as you are temperate in your passion.

STRAT. He effects nothing who consoles a desponding man with his words: he is a friend, who, in dubious circumstances, aids in deed when deeds are necessary.

CHÆR. What do you wish me to do?

STRAT. To lend me forty minæ of silver, to be paid to the Banker from whom I borrowed it on interest.

CHÆR. On my word, if I had it, I would not deny you.

STRAT. What then does it signify your being bounteous in talk, if *all* aid in the matter[2] is dead outright.

CHÆR. Why faith, I myself am quite wearied *and* distracted with being dunned.

STRAT. I had rather my friends of that sort were thrust into a furnace than into litigation[3]. But now I could wish to buy me the assistance of Epidicus at a weighty price, a fellow whom I'll hand over well-liquored with stripes to the baker[4], unless he this day finds me forty minæ before I've mentioned to him the last syllable of the sum.

[1] *Never offered violence*)—Ver. 109. This is a very important passage, as it relieves the Audience from the apprehension they might otherwise feel in the Fifth Act, that Stratippocles had unconsciously been guilty of incest.

[2] *If all aid in the matter*)—Ver. 116. The same sentiment occurs in the Trinummus, l. 439.

[3] *Into litigation*)—Ver. 118. "Quam Foro." Literally, "than in the Forum." He plays on the resemblance of the words "furno," "oven" or "furnace," and "Foro," the "Forum." He had rather see his friends dead outright, than worried by their creditors.

[4] *To the baker*)—Ver. 120. For the purpose of taking his place at the hand-mill for grinding corn, which was probably done in the same building where the bread was baked, and was a most laborious operation.

EPID. (*apart*). The matter's all right; he promises we
he'll keep faith, I trust. (*Ironically.*) Without any exp
diture of my own, an entertainment[1] is already provided
my shoulder-blades. I'll accost the man. (*He goes up*
STRATIPPOCLES.) The servant Epidicus wishes health to
master Stratippocles, on his arrival from abroad.

STRAT. (*turning round*). Where is he?

EPID. Here he is; I'm delighted that you have return
safe.

STRAT. I believe you as much in that as I *do* myself.

EPID. Have you been well all along?

STRAT. I've been free from disease; in mind I've be
ailing.

EPID. As regarded myself, I've taken care of what y
entrusted to me; it has been obtained; the female capti
has been bought, about which matter you were sending
letters so often.

STRAT. You've lost all your labour.

EPID. But why have I lost it?

STRAT. Because she is not dear to my heart, nor does s
please me.

EPID. What means it, then, that you gave me such str
injunctions, and sent letters to me?

STRAT. Formerly I did love her; *but* now another passi
influences my heart.

EPID. I' faith, it is a shocking thing for that to be unpl
sant for a man which you have managed well *for him;* where I
done well, I've *in reality* done ill, since love has shifted sid

STRAT. I wasn't right in my mind when I sent those lett
to you.

EPID. Is it proper that I should be the atonement for y
folly, so as for you to substitute my back as the scape-go
for your folly?

STRAT. Why are we making words about that? This n
(*pointing to himself*) has need of forty minæ, ready mon
and in all haste, for him to pay a Banker, and speedily to

[1] *An entertainment*)—Ver. 124. As already mentioned, "symbola" wa
club entertainment, or pic-nic (in the original sense of the word), where
provided his own share of the provisions.

[2] *As the scape-goat*)—Ver. 139. "Succidanea" was a term applied to a vic
substituted in place of another which had not given favourable omens.

EPID. Only tell me from what quarter you wish me to get them. From what banker am I to seek them?

STRAT. From where you like. But if I don't finger them before sunset, don't you enter my house; off with yourself to the mill.

EPID. You easily say that without risk and concern, *and* with a gay heart. I know our *floggers;* I feel the pain when I'm beaten.

STRAT. How *say* you now? Will you suffer me to destroy myself?

EPID. Don't do *that*. I'll cope with this peril and bold attempt in preference.

STRAT. Now you please me; now do I commend you.

EPID. I'll submit to this in any way that's pleasing to you.

STRAT. What then is to be done about this music-girl?

EPID. Some method shall be found out; by some means I'll disengage *myself;* some way I shall get extricated.

STRAT. You are full of scheming; I know you *of old*.

EPID. There is a rich Captain of Eubœa[1], abounding in plenty of gold, who, when he knows that that one was bought for you, and that this other one has been brought here, will forthwith be entreating you, of his own accord, to transfer that other one to him. But where is she whom you have brought with you?

STRAT. I shall have her here just now.

CHÆR. What are we now doing here?

STRAT. Let's go in-doors here at your house, that, for the present, we may pass this day merrily. (*They go into the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.)

EPID. (*to himself*). Go in-doors; I'll now call[2] a council in my heart to adopt measures about *this* money business, against whom, in especial, war is to be declared, and out of whom I'm to get the money. Epidicus, consider what you

[1] *Captain of Eubœa*)—Ver. 152. The Captain is elsewhere called a Rhodian. Probably it is meant that Rhodes was the place of his birth, and the island of Eubœa that of his residence.

[2] *I'll now call*)—Ver. 158-159. Echard's adaptation of these two lines is so quaint, that it is worth transcribing. "In the meantime must I have a committee of the whole house, to consider of ways and means for the raising supplies to carry on this vigorous war."

are to do; thus suddenly has this business been thrown upo you. But now you must not be slumbering, nor have yo *any* leisure for delay. Now must you be daring! 'Tis m fixed determination to lay siege to the old man. I'll go in doors; I'll tell the young man, my master's son, not to wal abroad here, or come anywhere in the way of the old gentl man. (*Goes into the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter APÆCIDES *and* PERIPHANES, *from the house of the former.*

AP. Mostly all men[1] are ashamed when they have no occa sion *to be;* when they ought to be ashamed, then does sham forsake them, when there's a necessity for their being ashamed That man, in fact, are you. What is there to be ashame of in your bringing home a wife, poor, *but* born of goo family? Especially her, whose daughter you say this girl i who is at your house?

PERI. I have some regard for my son[2].

AP. But, i' faith, the wife whom you buried I thoughl you had felt some respect for; whose tomb as oft as you see you straightway sacrifice victims to Orcus; and not withou reason, in fact, since you've been allowed to get the better o her by surviving *her*.

PERI. Ah me! I was a Hercules while she was with me and, upon my faith, the sixth labour[3] was not more difficul to Hercules than the one that fell to my lot.

AP. I' faith, money's a handsome dowry.

PERI. Troth, so it is, which isn't encumbered with a wife

[1] *Mostly all men*)—Ver. 165. Apæcides has been talking in-doors with Per phanes about his supposed daughter who has lately come home, and is recon mending him to atone to Philippa for his conduct to her, by marrying her. It supposed that Terence had this passage in view in the Andria, l. 637-8.

[2] *Regard for my son*)—Ver. 171. It was looked upon as a disgraceful thi for a father with grown-up sons to marry again, and thereby introduce a mothe in-law into his family. Apæcides blames Periphanes for this scruple, and hin to him that he ought not to be more ashamed on account of his son, than his late wife, who, being dead, and for whom he had no hearty liking, could n make him blush at a second marriage.

[3] *The sixth labour*)—Ver. 177. The sixth labour of Hercules was his comb with the Amazons, when he took Antiope or Hippolyta, their queen, and carri off her girdle.

SCENE II.—*Enter* EPIDICUS, *from the house of* CHŒRIBULUS, *softly crossing the stage.*

EPID. (*at the door, as he enters*). Hist! hist! be silent, *and* have good courage; with a fair omen have I come out of doors, the bird upon the left hand[1]. (*Pointing to his head.*) I've got a sharp knife, with which to embowel the old man's purse; but see! here he is before the house of Apæcides, the two old fellows, just as I want. Now I shall change me into a leech, and suck out the blood *of these* who are called the pillars of the Senate.

PERI. Let him be married at once.

AP. I approve of your design.

PERI. For I've heard that he's entangled with love with a certain music-girl, I don't know who. At that I'm vexed to death.

EPID. (*apart*). By my troth, all the Deities do aid, amplify, *and* love me; really, these men themselves are pointing out to me the way by means of which I'm to get the money out of them. Now then, come, equip yourself, Epidicus, and throw your cloak about your neck (*suiting the action to the word*), *and* pretend as though you had been in search of the man all the city over. On with it, if you are going to do it! (*He hurries past the* OLD MEN *as though he didn't see them, and calls out aloud.*) Immortal Gods! I do wish I could meet with Periphanes at home, whom I'm tired with searching for all over the city, throughout the doctors' shops, throughout the barbers' shops, in the gymnasium, and in the Forum, at the perfumers' shops and the butchers' stalls[2], and round about the bankers' shops. I'm become hoarse with enquiring; I've almost dropped down with running.

PERI. Epidicus! EPID. (*looking round*). Who is it that's calling Epidicus back?

PERI. It's I, Periphanes. AP. And I, Apæcides.

EPID. And I, indeed, am Epidicus. But, master, I find that you've both met me at the nick of time.

[1] *Bird upon the left hand*)—Ver. 181. Among the Romans the Augur looked to the South, having the East on his left hand, which was considered the auspicious quarter. The Greeks considered birds on the left hand an ill omen.

[2] *Butchers' stalls*)—Ver. 196. "Lanienas." Madame Dacier thinks that this means a place where arms were sold, and the "lanistæ," or "gladiators" exercised themselves.

PERI. What's the matter? EPID. Wait, wait! (*puffs and blows*); prithee, do let me get breath!

PERI. By all means, rest yourself.

EPID. I'm quite faint; I must recover my breath.

AP. Do rest yourself at your leisure.

EPID. Lend *me* your attention. All the men of the army have been remanded home from Thebes[1].

AP. Who knows for certain that this has been done?

EPID. I say that it has been done.

PERI. Are you sure of that? EPID. I am sure of it.

PERI. Why are you sure of it?

EPID. Because I've seen the soldiers marching through the streets in shoals. They are bringing back their arms and their baggage-horses.

PERI. Very good indeed!

EPID. Then, what prisoners they've got with them! boys, girls, in twos *and* threes; another one *has got* five; there's a crowd in the streets; they are looking out each for his son.

PERI. I' troth, a business very well managed!

EPID. Then, fully as many of the courtesans as there are in the whole city were going decked out each to meet her lover; they were going to trap them; that's the fact inasmuch as I gave especial attention to it; several of these had with them nets beneath their garments. When I came to the harbour, forthwith I espied her waiting there, and with her were four music-girls.

PERI. With whom, Epidicus?

EPID. With her whom your son has been loving and doting on for years, with whom he's making all haste to ruin credit, property, himself, and yourself. She was on the look out for him at the harbour.

PERI. Just see the sorceress *now!*

EPID. But decked out, sparkling with gold, *and* adorned so splendidly! so nicely! so fashionably!

PERI. What was she drest in? Was it a royal robe, or was it a plain dress?

EPID. A skylight one[2], according as these women coin names for garments.

[1] *Remanded home from Thebes*)—Ver. 203. Madame Dacier supposes, and with fair reason, that in this Epidicus tells what really is the fact.

[2] *A skylight one*)—Ver. 221. "Impluviatam." Echard's Note to this pa

Peri. What! was she dressed in a skylight?

Epid. What's there wonderful in that? As though many women didn't go through the streets decked out with farms *upon them*. But when the tax is demanded, they declare it cannot be paid[1]; *while* to these *hussies*, to whom a larger tax is paid, it can be paid. Why, what new names every year these women are finding for their clothing—the thin tunic, the thick tunic, *your* fulled linen cloth, chemises, bordered shifts, the marigold or saffron-coloured dress, the underpetticoat or else the light vermilion dress, the hood, the royal or the foreign robe, the wave pattern[2] or the feather-pattern, the wax or the apple-tint. The greatest nonsense! From dogs, too, do they even take the names.

Peri. How so? Epid. They call *one* the Laconian[3]. These names compel men to make auctions.

sage is much to the purpose. "The word 'impluvium' signifies a square open place which the Romans had in their houses to receive rain for their use; or a square courtyard, that received the rain at four water-spouts; from whence a habit they had, made with four sides or four pieces, was called 'vestimentum impluviatum.' Here Epidicus takes occasion from this to admire at a woman's being able to wear a courtyard on her back. Periphanes, carrying on the humour, tells him 'tis no wonder, since they frequently wear whole houses and lands, meaning the value of them." The word "impluvium" has been previously rendered "skylight," in the present Translation. See the Notes to the Miles Gloriosus, l. 159, where Periplecomenus complains of Sceledrus looking down his "impluvium" from the top of the house. The garment may, however, not improbably have been called "impluviatum," from its being of a greyish, or rain colour.

[1] *They declare it cannot be paid*)—Ver. 224. He means that their dupes or lovers cannot pay their taxes.

[2] *The wave pattern*)—Ver. 230. "Cumatile," from the Greek κῦμα, "a wave." These dresses were so called, probably, from their being undulated, or, as we call it, "watered." Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. 3, l. 177, speaks of dresses called "undulatæ," "resembling the waves;" as also does Varro. Some Commentators think that "undulatæ" means "sea-green," and Schmieder takes "cumatile" to mean the same. From its juxtaposition with "plumatile," "feather-pattern," it would seem that the pattern rather than the colour is alluded to. "Plumatile" is considered by some simply to mean embroidered; and "plumata" is clearly used in that sense by Lucan in the Pharsalia, B. 10, l. 125. For a list of the Roman ladies' dresses, see the Aulularia, l. 463, *et seq.*

[3] *The Laconian*)—Ver. 231. Probably the garments had their name from their resemblance to the colour of this breed of dogs. They were imported from Laconia, and hence called "Laconici." From an expression in the Epodes of Horace, Ode VI., l. 5-6, they appear to have been used as shepherds' dogs; but Warner, in a Note to his Translation, supposes them to have been of the greyhound species. So, in Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1, Theseus says:

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flewed, so sanded——

PERI. But do you say on as you commenced.

EPID. Two *other* women behind me began to speak thus between themselves; I, like my wont, went away a little distance from them; I pretended that I wasn't attending to their talk: I didn't quite hear all, and still I wasn't deceived in a word they said.

PERI. I long to hear it.

EPID. Then one of them said to the other with whom she was talking——

PERI. What?

EPID. Be quiet then, that you may hear. After they had caught sight of her whom your son is dying for: "Prithee how happily and luckily has it befallen that woman for her lover to be wishing to set her free." "Who is he?" said the other. She mentioned Stratippocles.

PERI. Troth now, I'm undone; what is it I hear of you?

EPID. That which *really* took place. After this, I myself when I heard them talking, began again to draw close towards them little by little, as though the crowd of people was pushing me, whether I would or no.

PERI. I understand. EPID. Then the one asked the other "How do you know?" "Why, because a letter has been brought her to-day from Stratippocles; that he has borrowed money on interest from a banker at Thebes; that it is ready and he himself has brought it for that purpose."

PERI. Tell on—I'm undone!

EPID. She said that she had heard so from her and from the letter *which she had seen.*

PERI. What am I to do now? I ask your advice, Apæcides.

AP. Let us find some clever, useful expedient; for he indeed, will either be here just now, or is here already.

EPID. If it were right for me to be wiser than you, I could give you some good advice, which you will praise, I fancy, both of you——

PERI. Then where is it, Epidicus?

EPID. Yes, and useful for this purpose.

AP. Why do you hesitate to mention it?

EPID. It's proper for yourselves, who are the wiser, to be the first to speak, *and* for me *to speak* afterwards.

PERI. Aye, aye, of course—come, say on.

EPID. But you'll laugh at me.

AP. On my word, we will not do *so.*

EPID. Well then, if it pleases you, use my advice; if it doesn't please you, find better. There's neither sowing nor reaping[1] for me in this matter; only that I do wish the same that you wish.

PERI. I return you thanks. Make us partakers in your wisdom.

EPID. Let a wife at once be chosen for your son; and so take vengeance on this music-girl whom he wants to liberate, *and* who is corrupting him for you; and so let it be managed, that even until her dying day she may remain a slave.

AP. It ought to be *so* managed.

PERI. I am ready to do anything, so long only as this may be brought about.

EPID. Well then, now there's an opportunity of doing so, before he comes into the city, as to-morrow he will be here; to-day he will not have come.

PERI. How do you know?

EPID. I do know, because another person told me, who came from there, that he would be here in the morning.

PERI. Then say you what we are to do.

EPID. I'm of opinion that you ought to do thus: *you must pretend* as though you were desirous to give her liberty to the music-girl for your own whim, and as though you were violently in love with her.

PERI. To what advantage does that tend?

EPID. Do you ask that? Why, that you may purchase her beforehand with money, before your son comes, and may say that you bought her to set her at liberty——

PERI. I understand. EPID. When she's bought, you must remove her somewhere out of the city; unless your own feelings are any way opposed.

PERI. O no, skilfully *suggested*.

EPID. But what *say* you, Apæcides?

AP. Why, what should I? Except that I think you've contrived it very cleverly.

EPID. Then, in consequence, all thoughts of marriage *with her* will be removed from him, so that he will make no difficulties as to what you wish.

[1] *Neither sowing nor reaping*)—Ver. 261. "Mihi istic nec seritur nec metitur." This proverbial saying (so well known to every student of the Eton Grammar) merely means, "I have no interest whatever in the matter."

Ap. Long life to you, wise as you are, it really does pleas us. Epid. Do you then skilfully do whatever you are goin to do.

Peri. I' faith, you speak to the purpose.

Epid. I have found, too, how this suspicion may be re moved from yourself.

Peri. Let me know it.

Epid. You shall know it; just listen.

Ap. He's come with a breast full of counsel.

Epid. There's need of a person to carry the money ther for the music-girl; but there's no equal necessity for you self to do it.

Peri. Why so? Epid. Lest he should think you a doing it for the sake of your son——

Peri. Cleverly *thought of!*

Epid. By which means you'll keep him away from her lest any difficulty might arise by reason of that suspicion.

Peri. What person shall we find suited to this purpose?

Epid. (*pointing to* Apæcides.) He will be the best; h will be able to take all due precautions, as he understan the laws and ordinances.

Peri. Epidicus, receive my thanks. But I'll attend to this with all care.

Epid. I'll find him and bring him here to you, to who the music-girl belongs; and I'll take the money along wi him. (*Pointing to* Apæcides.)

Peri. For how much, at the lowest, can she be bought?

Epid. What, she? Perhaps she might possibly be boug at the lowest for forty minæ; but if you give me more, I sha return it. There's no trickery in this matter. This mone too, of yours won't be locked up ten days.

Peri. How so? Epid. Why, because another you man is dying with love for this woman, one abounding money, a great warrior, a Rhodian, a spoiler of his foes[1], boaster; he'll buy her of you, and give the money with ple sure. You only do it; there's a large profit for you here.

Peri. I really pray the Gods *it may be so.*

Epid. You'll obtain your prayer. Ap. Why then, do

[1] *A Rhodian, a spoiler of his foes*)—Ver. 296. The Rhodians were consider wealthy, proud, and boastful.

you go in-doors and bring the money out here? I'll go visit the Forum. Epidicus, do you come thither.

EPID. (*to* APÆCIDES). Don't you go away *from there* before I come to you.

AP. I'll wait till then.

PERI. (*to* EPIDICUS). Do you follow *me* in-doors.

EPID. Go *and* count it out; I'll not detain you at all. (*Exit* APÆCIDES, *and* PERIPHANES *goes into his house.*)

SCENE III.—EPIDICUS, *alone.*

EPID. (*to himself*). I do think that in the Attic land there is no spot of land so fertile as is this Periphanes of ours; why, from the locked and sealed-up money-chest I summon forth silver just as much as I please. *But* this, i' troth, I am afraid of, that if the old man should come to know it, he'll be making parasites of elm-twigs[1], to be shaving me quite clean. But one matter and consideration disturbs me—what music-girl, one that goes out on hire, I'm to show to Apæcides. (*He muses.*) And that as well I've got: this morning the old gentleman bade me bring for him on hire some music-girl to his house here, to sing for him while he was performing a sacrifice[2]. She shall be hired, and be instructed beforehand in what way she's to prove herself cunning towards the old man. I'll away in-doors; I'll get the money out of the swindled old fellow. (*He goes into the house of* PERIPHANES.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES *and* CHÆRIBULUS, *from the house of the latter.*

STRAT. I'm distractedly in suspense and worn to the heart with waiting how the fair promises of Epidicus will turn out for me. I've been tormented too long. Whether there is to be anything, or whether there is not, I wish to know.

CHÆR. For all these resources you may *still* seek some other resources for yourself. For my part, I knew at the

[1] *Parasites of elm-twigs*)—Ver. 308. He alludes to the propensity of Parasites for devouring to the bone all who came in their way.

[2] *Performing a sacrifice*)—Ver. 313. It was the custom, while private persons were sacrificing to the Lares or household Gods, to have music performed upon the harp or the pipe.

first, or the instant, that there was no help for you in him[1].

STRAT. Upon my faith, I'm ruined!

CHÆR. You act absurdly in tormenting yourself in mind! By my troth, if I should catch him, I would never allow that slave of a fellow to be laughing at us with impunity.

STRAT. What can you expect him to do, you, who have such great wealth at home, *and* have not a coin of it, *as you say*, and have in yourself no resources for your friend?

CHÆR. I' faith, if I had had it, I should have proffered it with pleasure; but something in some manner[2], in some way in some direction, from some person, some hope *I have* for you that there'll be some *good* fortune *for you to share* with me.

STRAT. Woe to you, you sneaking fellow[3].

CHÆR. Why does it please you to abuse me?

STRAT. Why, because you are prating to me about something in some manner, from somewhere or other, from some persons, that nowhere exists, and I won't admit it to my ears. Of no more assistance are you unto me than he who never yet has been born. (*They stand near the door of the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.)

SCENE II.—*Enter* EPIDICUS, *from the house of* PERIPHANES *with a bag of money round his neck.*

EPID. (*to* PERIPHANES, *within the house*). You've done your duty then; it now befits me to do mine. Through this care *of mine*, you may be allowed to be at ease. (*In a lower voice.*) This, in fact, is now lost *to you;* don't at all be setting your hopes on it. (*Holding some of the coins in his hands.*) How very shining it is! You only trust me *for that*. This way I'm going to act, this way my *forefathers* have acted *before me*. O ye immortal Gods, what a brilliant day you have bestowed upon me in this! how propitious and how favourable to my requests! But why do I delay to take my

[1] *That there was no help for you in him*)—Ver. 322. "Nullam tibi esse in illo copiam."

[2] *Something in some manner*)—Ver. 328. This admirably shows how hard up the stingy Chæribulus is for an excuse.

[3] *You sneaking fellow*)—Ver. 330. "Murcide." Some editions have "muricide," "you mouse-killing fellow;" a capital name for a sordid, miserable creature.

departure hence, that I may bear this supply with lucky auspices to the colony[1]. I'm delaying while I'm standing *here*. But what means this? Before the house I see the two companions, my master and Chæribulus. (*Accosting them.*) What are you doing? Take this, will you. (*Gives* STRATIPPOCLES *the bag of money.*)

STRAT. How much is there in this?

EPID. As much as is enough, and more than enough; a superabundance; I've brought more by ten minæ than you owe to the Banker. So long as I please and obey you, I value my own back at a straw.

STRAT. But why so?

EPID. Because I shall make your father a bag-murderer[2].

STRAT. What kind of expression is that?

EPID. I don't at all care for your old-fashioned and every-day words; you chouse by purses full[3], but I'll chouse by bags full. For the procurer took away a whole lot of money for the music-girl (I paid it; with these hands I counted it out), her whom your father supposes to be his own daughter. Now, again, that your father may be deceived, and assistance be provided for you, I've discovered *a method*. In such a way have I persuaded the old gentleman—and had a talk to this effect, that, when you returned, you might not have possession of her[4]——

STRAT. Bravo!—bravo!

EPID. She's now at your house[5] in place of her.

[1] *To the colony*)—Ver. 342. He means the house of Chæribulus, which has just been peopled by his master.

[2] *A bag-murderer*)—Ver. 348. "Perenticidam." A word coined by the author for the occasion, on account of its resemblance to "parenticida," "a parricide."

[3] *Chouse by purses full*)—Ver. 350. Echard gives a particular meaning to this passage, and Warner seems to adopt his notion, which certainly seems far-fetched. The former says, in a Note, "Epidicus here carries on the fancy of 'perenticida,' and 'parenticide, and the Poet has luckily hit upon a line that exactly agrees with either. For the common punishment of parricides was to put them into a sack with a cock, a serpent, and an ape, and then throw them into the river. Now the word 'ductare' signifies equally 'to bring a man into punishment,' or 'to cheat him;' so that the phrase 'peratim ductare' is the same thing; only 'follis' was a much larger sack than 'pera.'" M. Guiet considers this passage to be spurious.

[4] *Possession of her*)—Ver. 355. Madame Dacier is of opinion that some lines are wanting here. Echard and Warner are also of that opinion.

[5] *She's now at your house*)—Ver. 356. That is, the first mistress of Stratippocles is at his father's house personating the lost daughter.

STRAT. I understand. EPID. Now he has given me Apæcides by way of guarantee in this matter (he's waiting for me at the Forum), as if to seem the purchaser.

STRAT. Not a bad precaution!

EPID. The cautious man's now taken in himself; your own father himself placed this purse around my neck[1]. He's making preparation, that immediately on your arrival home you shall be married.

STRAT. In one way *only* will he persuade me; if Orcus takes her away from me, who has been brought with me.

EPID. Now I've hit upon this scheme: I'll go by myself alone to the procurer's house; I'll instruct him, if any one comes to him, to say that the money has been paid him for the music-girl; inasmuch as, the day before yesterday, I paid it down with my own hands for this mistress of yours, whom your father takes to be his own daughter. Then the procurer, unknowingly, will be staking his accursed head, as though he had received the money for her who has now been brought *here* together with you.

CHÆR. You are more versatile than a potter's-wheel.

EPID. Now I'll get ready some artful music-girl, who's hired at a didrachm, to pretend that she has been purchased, *and* cleverly to trick the two old fellows: Apæcides, together with her, will bring her to your father.

STRAT. How adroitly managed!

EPID. Her, prepared beforehand with my devices, and provided with my schemes, I shall send *to him*. But I'm talking at too great length; you have delayed me too long: you now know these things how they are to be; I'll be off.

STRAT. Success attend you! (*Exit* EPIDICUS.)

CHÆR. He is very clever at artful tricks.

STRAT. Indeed, by his plans, he has saved me, that's sure.

CHÆR. Let's go hence into my house.

STRAT. *Yes*, and a little more joyfully than I came out of your house, by the courage and conduct of Epidicus, do I return into camp with the spoil. (*They go into the house.*)

[1] *This purse around my neck*)—Ver. 359. Purses containing large sums of money were generally slung round the neck by a string. See the Aulularia, l. 258 Asinaria, l. 661; and Truculentus, l. 648.

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Periphanes.

Peri. (*to herself*). Not only for the sake of the face were it right for men to have a mirror for themselves wherein to look at their faces; but *one* with which they might be enabled to examine the heart of discretion, *and* therefore be able to examine the resources of the mind; when they had looked in that, they might afterwards consider how they had once passed their lives in youth. Just as myself, for instance, who, for the sake of my son, began to torment myself in mind, as though my son had been guilty of some offence against me, or as though my own misdeeds had not been most heavy in my youth. In truth, we old fellows are out of our senses sometimes. This, in my own opinion at least, has proved advantageous. But my friend Apæcides is coming with the spoil. I'm glad that the negotiator has returned safe.

Scene II.—*Enter* Apæcides, *with a* Music-girl.

Peri. How goes it? Ap. The Gods and Goddesses are favouring you.

Peri. The omen pleases me. Ap. A person with whom all things go on prosperously. But do you order her to be taken in-doors.

Peri. (*going to the door of his house, and calling*). Hallo there! come out of doors here, some one. (*A* Servant *comes out.*) Take that woman into the house! And, do you hear?

Serv. What do you desire?

Peri. Take care you don't permit this woman to associate with my daughter, or to see her. Now do you understand? I wish her to be shut up apart in that little chamber; there's a great difference between the manners of a maiden and a courtesan. (*The* Servant *leads the* Music-girl *into the house.*)

Ap. You speak cleverly and judiciously; each man cannot keep too strict a guard upon the chastity of his daughter. Upon my faith, we certainly did forestall this woman from your son just in time.

Peri. Why so? Ap. Because another person told me that he had just seen your son here.

Peri. I' troth, he was stirring in this business.

Ap. Upon my faith, it really is so, clearly. You really have a clever servant, and worth any price.

Peri. At his weight in gold he would not be dear.

Ap. How well he kept[1] that Music-girl quite in ignorance that she was purchased for you; so full of joke and fun did he bring her hither along with him.

Peri. It's wonderful how that could be managed.

Ap. He said that you were going to offer a sacrifice at home for your son, because he had returned safe from Thebes.

Peri. He hit upon the right thing.

Ap. Yes, *and* he himself told her that she had been hired to assist you here in the sacrifice. He said that you were about to perform it, *and* that you had a sacrifice at home. But I then made pretence that I was ignorant, as it were, inasmuch as I made myself out half-witted[2].

Peri. Why yes; it was right *to do* so.

Ap. An important trial of a friend is going on at the Forum; I want to go as his advocate.

Peri. Go, and when you have leisure, return to me immediately.

Ap. I'll be here just now. (*Exit.*

Peri. (*to himself*). Nothing is there more opportune to a man than a friend in need; without labour of your own, what you want is done nevertheless. If I had commissioned any one upon this business, a less skilful person, and less fitted for this matter, he would have been gulled; and so, *grinning* with his white teeth, my son would have most deservedly laughed at me. But who is this I see coming this way, that with his swaggering makes his scarf to be streaming *in the wind?* (*He stands aside.*)

Scene III.—*Enter a* Captain, *with his* Servant.

Capt. (*to his* Servant). Take care not to pass by any house without asking where lives the old gentleman, Peri-

[1] *How well he kept*)—Ver. 411. The cunning of Epidicus is admirably shown here. He pretends to the old man that they together are deceiving the Music-girl, while, in reality, he is imposing on the old man.

[2] *Made myself out half-witted*)—Ver. 420. This in his wisdom he pretended, that she might not fancy that he was a cunning fellow, going to put a trick upon her, in combination with Epidicus.

phanes of Plothea[1]. Take care that you don't return to me without knowing it.

PERI. (*coming forward*). Young man, if I point out to you the person whom you are in search of, what thanks shall I get of you?

CAPT. In arms, by the might of war, I've deserved that all people ought to give me thanks.

PERI. You haven't found out, young man, a tranquil spot where to recount your virtues as you wish; for, if an inferior vaunts his battles to a superior, by his lips they become soiled; but this Periphanes of Plothea whom you are seeking, I am he, if you want him for anything.

CAPT. Him, you mean, who in his youth among kings in arms, by his skill in war, gained vast wealth?

PERI. Aye, if you were to hear of my achievements, dropping your hands you would run off home.

CAPT. I' faith, I'm rather in search of one to whom to speak of my own, than of one to be speaking of his to me.

PERI. This is not the place *for it*. Do you then look out for another person, into whom to stuff your scraps *of nonsense*[2]. (*Aside.*) And yet this is folly, for me to impute that to him as a fault, which I myself used to do in my youth when I was a soldier; in recounting my battles I used to tear out men's ears by the roots, when I had *once* begun.

CAPT. Lend your attention, that you may learn what I've come to you about. I've heard that you have purchased my mistress.

PERI. (*aside*). Heyday! now at last I know who he is; the officer whom Epidicus was telling me about a short time since. (*To the* OFFICER.) Young man, it is as you say; I have purchased *her*.

CAPT. I want a few words with you, if it is not inconvenient to you.

PERI. Upon my faith, I don't know whether it's convenient or not, until perhaps you say what you want.

[1] *Periphanes of Plothea*)—Ver. 433. "Plothenius." Most of the editions have here "Platænius" "of Platæa." As this was in Bœotia, the other is far more likely to be the right reading, Plothea being a Demus of Attica.

[2] *Your scraps of nonsense*)—Ver. 450. "Centones." These were properly patchwork tales, or poems, made up of scraps from various works.

CAPT. I want you to transfer her to me, *and* take the ransom. PERI. You may have her.

CAPT. But why should I hesitate to speak out to you? I wish at once to make her my freed-woman, that she may be my mistress[1].

PERI. I'll make short work with you; she was bought for me for fifty minæ of silver; if sixty minæ are paid down to me, I'll let the damsel employ your holidays[2], and so assuredly so, that, *if you like*, you may remove her from this country.

CAPT. Is she *then* purchased by me?

PERI. On those terms you may have her. You have made a good bargain. (*Going to the door of his house.*) Hallo there! bring out of doors the Music-girl you took in. The harp, too, as well, that was thrown in with her, I'll make you a present *of it* for nothing.

Enter a SERVANT, *from the house, leading out the* MUSIC-GIRL.

PERI. (*taking her by the hand and leading her to the* CAPTAIN). Come, take her, please.

CAPT. What madness possesses you? What mystery are you devising for me? Why don't you order the Music-girl[3] to be brought from in-doors?

PERI. Why, this is the Music-girl. There's no other one here.

CAPT. You can't impose on me. Why don't you bring out here the Music-girl Acropolistis?

PERI. This, I tell you, is she.

CAPT. This, I tell you, is not she. Do you suppose that I can't know my own mistress?

PERI. It was this Music-girl, I tell you, for whom my son was dying with love.

[1] *That she may be my mistress*)—Ver. 464. The swaggering, careless character of the Captain, is admirably depicted here, as he does not hesitate to tell a perfect stranger, and him an aged man, his intentions, at the possible risk of shocking him.

[2] *Employ your holidays*)—Ver. 468. The "feriæ," or "holidays," are mentioned in the Captivi, l. 473. See the Note to the passage.

[3] *Order the Music-girl*)—Ver. 476. Periphanes has ordered the girl who has just come, and whom he takes to be Acropolistis, to be brought out; whereas the Captain is in love with the first, who is passing for the old gentleman's daughter and this mistake occasions the dispute

CAPT. This is not she. PERI. How, not she?

CAPT. It is not. PERI. Where in the world, then, does she come from? For my part, i' faith, I certainly paid the money for her.

CAPT. Foolishly paid, I guess, and a mighty mistake.

PERI. Nay, but this is she; for I sent the servant who is in the habit of attending my son; he himself this moment purchased the Music-girl.

CAPT. Well then, this fellow has cut you up joint by joint, old gentleman, *this* servant of yours. PERI. How, cut me up?

CAPT. Such is my suspicion; for she has been palmed upon you for that Music-girl. Old gentleman, you've been bubbled clearly and cleverly. I shall now go seek her wherever she is. Warrior, farewell! (*Exeunt the* OFFICER *and* SERVANT.

PERI. (*stamping with rage*). Bravo, bravo! Epidicus You're a clever fellow! You have fought well—you're a man! you've wiped my nose when snivelling, worthless fellow that I am! (*To the* MUSIC-GIRL.) Did Apœcides purchase you to-day of the procurer? (*A pause.*) Come now, tell me.

MUS.-G. I never heard of that person before to-day, nor, indeed, was any one able to purchase me for any money; I've been free now for more than five years.

PERI. What business have you, then, at my house?

MUS.-G. You shall hear; I came, being hired to perform for an old gentleman while he was sacrificing.

PERI. I do confess that I am the most worthless of all men in Athens of Attica. But do you know Acropolistis the Music-girl?

MUS.-G. As well as my own self. PERI. Where does she live?

MUS.-G. Since she has been made free, I don't know for certain. PERI. Well now, I should like to know who has made her free, if you know?

MUS.-G. That which I have heard, you shall hear; I heard that Stratippocles[1], the son of Periphanes, had provided in his absence that she should be made free.

[1] *I heard that Stratippocles*)—Ver. 506. She discloses to him what she has heard as the fact, and which is the real state of the case. Although Acropolistis is in his house, in the character of his daughter, he, not knowing who she really is, is alarmed at hearing that his son has procured her liberation, which he has just taken so much pains to prevent.

PERI. By heavens, I'm undone[1], most clearly, if these things are true. Epidicus has disembowelled my purse!

MUS.-G. I've heard to that effect. Do you want me for anything else?

PERI. Away to perdition in the veriest torments, and off this instant!

MUS.-G. Won't you give me back my harp?

PERI. Neither harp nor pipes. Make haste, then, and escape from here, if the Gods love you!

MUS.-G. I'll be off. At a future time, however, you'll restore it, with the greater disgrace[2] *to yourself*. (*Exit.*

PERI. (*to himself*). What now? Shall I, who have been placed before so many edicts[3], allow him *to get off* with impunity? No; even though as much again should be required to be lost, I'll lose it rather than allow myself to be held in derision with impunity *and* plundered by them. That I should have been thus cheated openly to my face, and that I should have been set at nought before this *Apœcides*, who is famed as being the framer *and* founder of all the laws and ordinances! He too declares that he is a wise man! that the hammer, forsooth, should be wiser than the handle[4]! (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PHILIPPA, *at a distance.*

PHIL. (*to herself*). If a mortal being has aught of misery, through which, miserable creature, to be wretched from the heart, that same do I experience, for whom full many a woe unites in the same spot, which, *all*, at the same instant are

[1] *I'm undone*)—Ver. 508. Having now detected this piece of roguery of which Epidicus has been guilty.

[2] *With the greater disgrace*)—Ver. 514. Probably by being sued, and obliged to give it up, whether he will or no.

[3] *Before so many edicts*)—Ver. 515. "Qui in tantis positus sum sententiis." This passage has been explained various ways; but Madame Dacier seems justified in thinking that Gronovius has found the right meaning, and that the allusion is to the custom of placing the name of the proposer at the head of the ψηφίσματα, or public edicts of the Greeks; this of course implied that the proposer was a man of standing, and of some fair pretensions to a reputation for wisdom.

[4] *Than the handle*)—Ver. 523. He seems to compare Apœcides to the head of the hammer, and himself to the handle, and says that they are equally outwitted. He probably implies thereby that he has been in the habit of giving the impetus to Apœcides in the same way that the handle of the hammer does to the head.

beating against my breast. A multitude of troubles keep me in suspense. Poverty *and* misery alarm the thoughts of my heart; nor have I anywhere a spot of safety where to fix my hopes; in such a way has my daughter fallen into the power of the enemy[1]; nor do I know where she now is.

PERI. (*apart*). Who is this woman coming from a distance with a breast filled with alarms, and who *thus* bewails her lot?

PHIL. (*to herself*). It was told me that Periphanes was living in this neighbourhood.

PERI. (*apart*). She's mentioning me; need of hospitality has befallen her, I suppose.

PHIL. (*to herself*). I would be very willing to give a reward *to any one* who would point me out that man, or where he dwells.

PERI. (*apart*). I recognize her; for I think I have seen her before; where, I know not. Is it, or is it not she, whom my mind suspects her to be?

PHIL. (*seeing him*). Good Gods! I have seen this person before!

PERI. (*to himself*). It surely is she, a poor woman whom I remember having an intrigue with at Epidaurus.

PHIL. (*to herself*). Surely it is he, who at Epidaurus first violated my maiden modesty.

PERI. (*to himself*). She who had the daughter by me whom I've now got at home.

PHIL. (*to herself*). What if I accost him?

PERI. (*to himself*). I don't know whether to make up to her. If this is she——

PHIL. (*to herself*). But if it is the man, as length of years renders me doubtful——

PERI. (*to himself*). Length of time renders my mind uncertain. But if it is she, whom with some doubt I conjecture it to be, I'll accost her circumspectly.

PHIL. (*to herself*). A woman's artfulness must be employed by me.

PERI. (*to himself*). I'll address *her*.

[1] *Into the power of the enemy*)—Ver. 530. Though this has happened probably some time since, Philippa has not had an opportunity till now of coming in search of her daughter, by reason of the continuance of war. As soon as peace is made, she repairs to Athens.

PHIL. (*to herself*). I'll bring my powers of conversation to bear against him.

PERI. (*accosting her*). Health to you!

PHIL. *That* health I accept for me and mine.

PERI. What besides?

PHIL. Health to yourself; what you lent me, I return.

PERI. I don't impeach your punctuality. Don't I know you?

PHIL. If I know you, I'll move your feelings, so that you shall know me.

PERI. Where have I been in the habit of seeing you?

PHIL. You are unfairly hard *upon me.*

PERI. Why so? PHIL. Because you think it right that I should be the prompter of your memory.

PERI. You speak to the purpose.

PHIL. You say what's strange *to me*, Periphanes.

PERI. Ah now! that's better. Do you remember, Philippa——

PHIL. *Yes*, I remember that. PERI. At Epidaurus——

PHIL. Ah! you have moistened my burning breast with a little drop *of comfort.*

PERI. How I relieved the poverty of you, a poor young maiden, and your mother?

PHIL. What, are you he who for your own gratification brought heavy troubles upon me?

PERI. I am he. Health to you.

PHIL. I am in health, since I see you in health.

PERI. Give me your hand.

PHIL. (*extending her hand, which he takes*). Take it—you hold *by the hand* a woman distrest and full of woes.

PERI. What is it that disturbs your features?

PHIL. The daughter whom I had by you——

PERI. What of her? PHIL. When I had brought her up, I lost her; she fell into the hands of the enemy.

PERI. Keep your mind in quiet and at rest. Why look, she's here at my house safe and sound. For immediately I heard from my servant that she was a captive, instantly I gave the money for her to be purchased; he managed this affair as discreetly and frugally as in other matters he is egregiously—dishonest.

PHIL. Let me see her, whether it is she or no.

PERI. (*going to the door of his house*). Hallo there! you —Cantharа, this instant bid my daughter[1] come out before the house, that she may see her mother.

PHIL. My spirits now at last return to me.

SCENE V.—*Enter* ACROPOLISTIS, *from the house.*

ACRO. Why is it, father, that you have called me out before the house?

PERI. That you may see *and* accost your mother, and wish her health on her arrival, and *give* her kisses.

ACRO. (*looking about*). What mother of mine?

PERI. (*pointing to* PHILIPPA). She who, half dead, is following your gaze.

PHIL. Who is this that you are requesting to kiss me?

PERI. Your own daughter. PHIL. What, she?

PERI. She. PHIL. What —am I to kiss her?

PERI. Why not, her who was born of you?

PHIL. Man, you are mad. PERI. What, I?

PHIL. Yes, you. PERI. Why?

PHIL. Because this woman—I neither know nor understand who she is, nor have I beheld her with my eyes before this day.

PERI. I know why you are mistaken; because this woman has her dress and ornaments changed.

PHIL. Puppies have one smell[2], pigs quite another; I say that I do not know her, who she is.

PERI. (*stamping with rage*). Oh! by our trust in Gods and men, what *is this?* Am I following the calling of a Procurer, to be keeping strange women in my house, and to be emptying my house of my money? (*To* ACROPOLISTIS.) What are you to be calling me your father and kissing me? Why stand you stupidly *there?* Why do you keep silent?

[1] *Bid my daughter*)—Ver. 568. "Acropolistidem" is here inserted in the editions evidently by mistake, and is purposely omitted in this Translation. It was probably inserted by some careless or injudicious transcriber in the middle ages, in the place of "Telestidem," as Periphanes knows the girl in his house as Telestis, and fancies that she is his daughter. At the same time he knows that Acropolistis is the name of his son's mistress, whom he has so recently tried unsuccessfully (as he supposes) to get into his power.

[2] *Have one smell*)—Ver. 577. She means that all animals have an instinct by which they recognize their own young.

ACRO. What do you want me to say?

PERI. (*pointing to* PHILIPPA). She denies that she is your mother.

ACRO. Don't let her be so, if she don't choose. For my own part, whether she likes it or not, I shall be my mother's daughter still. It isn't right for me to compel this woman to be my mother if she doesn't like.

PERI. Why then did you call me father?

ACRO. That is your own fault, not mine; ought I not to call you father when you call me daughter? Her too, as well (*pointing to* PHILIPPA), if she were to call me daughter, I should call mother. She declares that I am not her daughter; then she is not my mother. In fine, this is no fault of mine; what I've been taught, I've told you all of it. Epidicus was my instructor.

PERI. I'm undone! I've upset my waggon[1]!

ACRO. Have I done anything amiss towards that?

PERI. Upon my faith, if I ever hear you call me father, I'll put an end to your life, you jade!

ACRO. I shan't call you *so*. When you want to be my father, then be *so;* when you don't want, don't be my father.

PHIL. (*to* PERIPHANES). What? Did you purchase her for that reason, because you supposed her to be your daughter? By what signs did you recognize her?

PERI. By none.

PHIL. Why did you suppose her to be our daughter?

PERI. My servant Epidicus told me so.

PHIL. What if it had seemed to your servant otherwise? Prithee, could you not have known?

PERI. How should I, who had never seen her after having once beheld her.

PHIL. Wretched creature, I'm quite undone! (*Begins to weep.*)

PERI. Don't weep, madam; go in-doors; be of good courage; I'll find her out.

PHIL. An Attic citizen from Athens here purchased her Indeed, they said it was a young man who had bought her.

PERI. I will find *her;* hold your peace. Only do go in-doors,

[1] *I've upset my waggon*)—Ver. 591. Evidently a proverbial expression borrowed from rustic life. "To upset a man's apple-cart," is used in cant phraseology in our day, as meaning to do a person a disservice.

and keep an eye upon this Circe[1], *this* daughter of the Sun. (*She goes into the house, followed by* ACROPOLISTIS.) All business laid aside, I'll give my attention to seeking for Epidicus. If I find him, I'll make this day become the final one for him. (*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES, *from the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.

STRAT. (*to himself*). The Banker[2] is inattentive to me, not to seek the money of me, or bring this woman who has been purchased out of the spoil. But see—here comes Epidicus. How's this, that in gloominess his brow is wrinkled?

Enter EPIDICUS, *at a distance.*

EPID. (*to himself*). If Jupiter unto himself were to take the eleven Gods[3] beside himself, even then, all of them would not be able to rescue Epidicus from torture. I've seen Periphanes buying the thongs; Apæcides was together with him; now, I do believe that *these* persons are in search of me. They have found it out; they know that they've been imposed upon.

STRAT. (*coming forward*). What are you about, my ready occasion?

EPID. That which a wretched fellow *is about.*

STRAT. What's the matter with you?

EPID. Why don't you prepare for me the necessaries for flight before I'm quite undone? For the two fleeced old gentlemen are hunting for me through the city; they are carrying in their hands handcuffs an inch and a half thick.

[1] *Upon this Circe*)—Ver. 603. He calls her a Circe, because she has laid a spell upon him, as it were by enchantments, for which Circe was famous. Perhaps, too, he calls her a daughter of the Sun, from his not knowing who her father really is, when he has so recently supposed himself to be so.

[2] *The Banker*)—Ver. 606. "Danista." This was from a Greek word, signifying a "banker," or "usurer." With an extraordinary degree of carelessness, Cotter takes it to be the proper name of a man, and calls him Danista.

[3] *The eleven Gods*)—Ver. 609. He alludes to the eleven who, with Jupiter, made the "Dii majores." They are thus enumerated in two rugged lines of Ennius:

Juno, Vesta, Ceres, Diana, Minerva, Venus, Mars,
Mercurius Jovi, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo.

STRAT. Be of good heart——

EPID. Of course I *will*, whose freedom is so close at hand[1].

STRAT. I will preserve you. EPID. I' faith, they'll do it better for me, if they catch me. But who's this young woman, this greyish old fellow, too, that's coming along?

The BANKER *and* TELESTIS *are seen at a distance.*

STRAT. This is the Banker, and this is the woman whom I purchased out of the spoil.

EPID. What, is this she?

STRAT. It is she. Isn't she just like what I told you? Look at her.

EPID. Is it she?

STRAT. Survey her, Epidicus. Even from her nail to the top of her hair she is most lovely! Is she not? Do look at her! Observe her! You'll be looking at a picture beautifully painted.

EPID. Judging from your words you are foretelling that my hide will be beautifully *painted; me*, whom Apelles and Zeuxis[2], the pair *of them*, will be painting with elm-tree pigments.

SCENE II.—*Enter the* BANKER *and* TELESTIS.

STRAT. (*to the* BANKER). Immortal Gods! I'm surprised at your slowness. The man that's spoken of *in the proverb* with swollen feet, would have got here sooner than you have arrived for me.

BAN. (*pointing to* TELESTIS). I' faith, 'twas she delayed me.

STRAT. If indeed you delayed for her sake, because she wished it, you have come too quickly.

BAN. Well, well, dispatch with me and count out the money, that I mayn't be detaining my friends.

STRAT. It has been counted out.

BAN. (*giving him a bag*). Take this bag; put it into it.

STRAT. You come discreetly *provided!* Wait till I bring out the money to you.

BAN. Make haste.

STRAT. It's at home. (*Goes into the house of* CHÆRIBULUS.)

[1] *Is so close at hand*)—Ver. 617. "Quoi libertas in mundo sita est." This expression, no doubt, is intended to be used ironically by Epidicus.

[2] *Apelles and Zeuxis*)—Ver. 625. See the Notes to the Pœnulus, l. 1289. He alludes to Periphanes and Apæcides, who will cause his back to be marked with elm-twigs.

EPID. (*looking steadily at* TELESTIS). Have I the use of my eyes quite unimpaired, or *is it* otherwise? Do I not behold in you, Telestis, the daughter of Periphanes, born at Thebes of your mother Philippa, *and* conceived at Epidaurus?

TEL. What person are you who are making mention of the name of my parents and my own?

EPID. Don't you know me? TEL. *Not*, indeed, so far as recurs to my mind just now.

EPID. Don't you remember my bringing you a crescent upon your birthday, and a little gold ring for your finger? (STRATIPPOCLES *returns with the money.*)

TEL. I remember it. What, are you that person?

EPID. I am, and (*pointing to* STRATIPPOCLES, *at a distance*) he there is your brother by another mother *and* the same father.

TEL. (*in agitation*). What of my father? Is he alive?

EPID. Be of calm and composed feelings; hold your peace.

TEL. The Gods will that from being lost I should be saved, if you speak the truth.

EPID. I have no occasion to be telling untruths to you.

STRAT. (*to the* BANKER). Take this money, Banker; here are forty minæ. If any *piece* shall be doubtful I'll change it. (*Gives him the money.*)

BAN. You do well. Kindly farewell. (*Exit.*

STRAT. (*to* TELESTIS). Now then you are my own——

TEL. Why yes—sister, i' faith, that you may know it as well. Greetings to you, brother.

STRAT. (*to* EPIDICUS). Is this woman in her senses?

EPID. In her senses, if she calls you her *brother*.

STRAT. How's this? Have I just now become her brother while going in-doors and coming out?

EPID. What good fortune there is, do you in silence keep your peace thereon and rejoice.

STRAT. Sister, you have *both* lost and found me!

EPID. Simpleton, hold your tongue! Through my endeavours, there's ready for you at home, in fact, a Music-girl for you to make love to; I too, through my endeavours, have restored your sister to liberty.

STRAT. Epidicus, I confess——

EPID. Be off into the house, and order the water to be

made warm[1] for her. The rest I'll let you know afterwards, when there's leisure.

STRAT. Follow me this way, sister.

EPID. I'll bid Thesprio[2] come across to you. But remember, if the old gentlemen are at all savage, you, with your sister, to run and help me.

STRAT. That will be easy. (*He and* TELESTIS *go into the house of* PERIPHANES.)

EPID. (*going to the door of the house of* CHÆRIBULUS). Thesprio, come this way through the garden. Come to my rescue at home! The matter's of importance! (*To himself.*) I care much less for the old fellows than *I did* just now. I'll return in-doors, that the strangers may be attended to on their arrival. I'll tell these same things that I know, in-doors to Stratippocles. I shall not take to flight; I'm determined to be there at home, and he shan't throw it in my teeth that he has been provoked by my running away[3]. I'll away in-doors; I've been talking too long. (*Goes into the house of* PERIPHANES.)

SCENE III.—*Enter* PERIPHANES *and* APÆCIDES, *with thongs in their hands.*

PERI. Hasn't this fellow quite made a laughing-stock of us two decrepit old people[4]?

AP. Why yes, I' faith, you've really kept me plagued in a shocking fashion.

[1] *The water to be made warm*)—Ver. 653. A bath was usually taken by the middle and upper classes immediately on arriving from a journey.

[2] *I'll bid Thesprio*)—Ver. 655. Thesprio only appears once, and that at the beginning of the Play. This is certainly a prevalent fault with Plautus, who does not make the most of his characters. Artotrogus, the Parasite, in the Miles Gloriosus, is lost to us after the First Scene. Sceparnio only appears in the First and Second Acts of the Rudens, and the honest Grumio is lost sight of after the First Act of the Mostellaria. It is not a sufficient excuse to plead that Artotrogus and Thesprio are what were called "personæ protaticæ," characters whose business it is to introduce the plot, and do no more; even though this example is followed by Terence, who similarly introduces Sosia in the Andria, Davus in the Phormio, and Philotis in the Hecyra.

[3] *By my running away*)—Ver. 663. "Pedibus." Literally, "by my feet."

[4] *Decrepit old people*)—Ver. 664. "Decrepitos." From the verb "decrepo," "to crackle," or "make a sputtering," as a candle does when going out, or the wick of a lamp when the oil fails.

PERI. Now do hold your tongue. *Only* let me catch the fellow!

AP. I'll tell you now, that you may know it. It's best for you to seek another companion; so much, while I've been following you, has the congested blood, from weariness, come down into the knees of poor me.

PERI. After how many fashions has this fellow made sport of me and you to-day! besides, how he has disembowelled my silver resources for me!

AP. Away with him from me; for surely he's the son of Vulcan in his wrath: wherever he touches, he sets all on fire; if you stand by him, he scorches you with his heat.

Enter EPIDICUS, *unperceived, from the house.*

EPID. (*to himself*). More than the twelve Gods, the immortal Gods as many as are in the heavens, are now assistants in my rescue, and are fighting on my side. As to whatever I have offended in, I have aid and assistance at home[1]. All my enemies I *quite* spurn by the heels[2].

PERI. (*looking about*). Where in the world shall I look for him?

AP. So long as you look for him without me, you may look for him even in the middle of the sea, as far as I'm concerned.

EPID. (*coming forward, and addressing* PERIPHANES). Why are you looking for me? Why are you taking this trouble? Why are you worrying him? (*Pointing to* APÆCIDES.) See, here I am. Have I run away from you? Have I betaken myself from the house? Have I hid myself from your sight? I don't entreat you either. Do you wish to bind me? Look then, I present my hands. (*Holding out his hands.*) You have got thongs; I saw you purchase them. Why do you delay now? Do bind me!

PERI. It's all over[3]. He gives bail to me of his own accord for his appearance.

[1] *Assistance at home*)—Ver. 675. He alludes to Stratippocles, Telestis, Philippa, Thesprio, and probably Chæribulus, who are all ready to take his part; and, indeed, have good reason to do so, from the opportune discovery which he has just made.

[2] *Spurn by the heels*)—Ver. 676. Ἀπολακτιζῶ. It has been more than once remarked that the use of Greek words was much affected by the Romans, in the same way that we make use of French phrases.

[3] *It's all over*)—Ver. 682. "Ilicet." Literally, "you may begone;" the word used when judicial proceedings had terminated.

EPID. Why don't you bind me?

AP. A wicked slave, upon my faith!

EPID. Really, Apæcides, I don't want you to intercede for me.

AP. You easily obtain your wish, Epidicus.

EPID. (*to* PERIPHANES). Are you going to do anything?

PERI. What, at your pleasure? EPID. Troth, at my own, indeed, and not at yours, are these *hands* to be bound by you to-day.

PERI. But I don't choose; I shan't bind them.

AP. (*to* PERIPHANES). He's preparing to throw a drag-net over you; he's framing some plan, I know not what.

EPID. You are causing delay to yourself, while I stand unbound; bind them, I tell you, bind them together.

PERI. But I choose rather to question you unbound.

EPID. But you shall know nothing.

PERI. (*turning to* APÆCIDES). What am I to do?

AP. What are you to do? Let him be complied with.

EPID. You are a worthy person, Apæcides.

PERI. Hold out your hands then.

EPID. (*holding out his hands*). They don't at all object; bind them fast together too. Don't be afraid. (PERIPHANES *binds his hands.*) *I'm* submissive. When the job is done, *then* pronounce your judgment[1].

PERI. *There*, that is good. EPID. Now then, to the point, with your enquiries of me; ask me what you please.

PERI. In the first place, with what assurance did you presume to say that she who was bought the day before yesterday was my daughter?

EPID. I chose to; on that assurance.

PERI. Do you say *so?* You chose to?

EPID. I do say *so*. Even lay me a wager that she is not the daughter——

PERI. A woman whom the mother declares she doesn't know?

EPID. Then, if she isn't the daughter of her mother, make me a bet *about it*, my didrachm to your talent[2].

PERI. Why, that's a *mere* catch. But who is this woman?

[1] *Pronounce your judgment*)—Ver. 692. "Arbitraminor" seems a better reading than "arbitramino."

[2] *My didrachm to your talent*)—Ver. 698. The moderate odds of three housand to one.

EPID. The mistress of your son, that you may know the whole matter.

PERI. Did I not give you the thirty minæ for my daughter?

EPID. I confess that they were given, and that with that money I purchased this Music-girl, your son's mistress, instead of your daughter. As to those thirty minæ, in fact, I imposed upon you.

PERI. For what reason did you play a trick upon me about that hired Music-girl?

EPID. I' faith, I really did do it, and I think it was rightly done.

PERI. In the last place, what has been done with the silver I gave *you?*

EPID. I'll tell you; I gave it to a person neither bad nor yet good[1]—your *son* Stratippocles.

PERI. Why did you dare to give it *him?*

EPID. Because it pleased me. PERI. (*stamping*). Plague on it! what insolence is this?

EPID. Am I to be bawled at just as if I were a slave?

PERI. (*ironically*). As you are a free man, I rejoice.

EPID. I have deserved to become so.

PERI. You—deserved? EPID. Go look in-doors; I'll let you know that this is the truth.

PERI. What's the matter? EPID. The thing itself will tell you *so* at once. Only do go in-doors.

PERI. Aye, aye! this is not without its meaning. Do you keep an eye on him, Apæcides. (*Goes into his house.*)

AP. What's the meaning of this, Epidicus?

EPID. I' faith, it's with the greatest injustice that I'm standing here bound, through whose aid his daughter has been discovered to-day.

AP. Do you say that you have found his daughter?

EPID. I have found *her*, and she is at home. But how hard it is, when, for services done, you reap a harvest of evil.

AP. What, her whom this day we've both been weary with seeking throughout the city?

EPID. I'm weary with finding, you weary with seeking.

[1] *Nor yet good*)—Ver. 706. "Indigno" is read here in some editions for "benigno," and is, perhaps, a better reading; though Epidicus may, possibly, as Rost suggests, intend to allude satirically to the undecided and versatile character of Stratippocles.

Enter PERIPHANES, *from the house.*

PERI. (*at the door, to those within*). Why do you entreat me thus earnestly in his behalf? For I find that he does deserve that I should be pleased to act according to his deserts. (*To* EPIDICUS.) Hold out your hands, you, that I may unbind them.

EPID. Don't you touch *them.* PERI. But do you present *them to me.*

EPID. I don't choose. PERI. You don't do right.

EPID. Upon my faith, I'll never allow myself to be unbound this day, unless you give me satisfaction.

PERI. You ask what's very fair and very just. Shoes, a tunic, *and* a cloak I'll give you.

EPID. What next, after that? PERI. Your freedom.

EPID. But after that? There's need for a new-made freed-man to pick a bit[1].

PERI. It shall be given; I'll find you food.

EPID. On my word, never this day shall you release me, unless you beg my *pardon.*

PERI. I do entreat you, Epidicus, to forgive me, if unawares in fault I've done anything wrong. But by way of return for this matter, be a free man.

EPID. Against my inclination do I grant you this pardon, but I'm compelled by necessity. Unbind them then, if you choose. (*He holds out his hands, which are unbound by* PERIPHANES, *and they go into his house.*)

The Company of ACTORS, *coming forward.*

This is that man who by his roguery[2] has gained his freedom. Clap your hands, and fare you well! Stretch your loins, and rise *from your seats.*

[1] *To pick a bit*)—Ver. 724. "Pappet." "Pappo" properly signifies "to eat pap," as children do.

[2] *By his roguery*)—Ver. 729. "Malitia," "artfulness," "trickery."

MOSTELLARIA;
OR, THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Dramatis Personæ.

THEUROPIDES, a merchant of Athens.
SIMO, an aged Athenian, his neighbour.
PHILOLACHES, son of Theuropides.
CALLIDAMATES, a young Athenian, friend of Philolaches.
TRANIO, servant of Philolaches.
GRUMIO, servant of Theuropides.
PHANISCUS, servant of Callidamates.
ANOTHER SERVANT of Callidamates.
A BANKER.
A BOY.

PHILEMATIUM, a music-girl, mistress of Philolaches.
SCAPHA, her attendant.
DELPHIUM, mistress of Callidamates.

Scene—Athens; before the houses of THEUROPIDES and SIMO.

THE SUBJECT.

While Theuropides is absent from home on business, his son Philolaches leads a dissolute life at home with his friend Callidamates and his own servant Tranio While they are in the midst of their carousals, the father of Philolaches unexpectedly arrives at Athens. Their first impulse is to leave the house immediately, but, Callidamates being in a state of helpless intoxication, they are prevented from so doing. In this dilemma, Tranio undertakes to rescue them. He requests them to remain perfectly quiet in the house, and not to stir out of it. The house is then shut up, and he sallies forth to meet Theuropides. He pretends to him that the house has been shut up for some months past, in consequence of its being haunted. In the midst of the conversation, he is accosted by a Banker, who duns him for the interest of some money which Philolaches has borrowed of him for the purpose of procuring the freedom of Philematium, his mistress. Theuropides enquires what the money was borrowed for, on which Tranio says that Philolaches has purchased a house with it. On Theuropides making further enquiries, Tranio says that he has bought the house in which Simo is living. On this, Theuropides wishes to examine this new purchase, and sends Tranio to request Simo to allow him to do so, if not inconvenient. Tranio obtains the permission, Simo being ignorant of the object, and they go over the house, Theuropides being much pleased with his son's bargain. Tranio is then sent by Theuropides into the country to fetch Philolaches thence, he having pretended that he is there. Shortly after, a servant of Callidamates comes to the house that is shut up to fetch his master home. Theuropides questions him, and then finds out the deception that has been practised upon him; and on receiving further information from Simo, who declares that he has not sold his own house, he resolves to punish Tranio. The latter, on finding this to be the case, runs to an altar for refuge. Callidamates, who is now sober, and has got out of the house by the back-gate, now makes his appearance, and, at his earnest intercession, pardon is granted by Theuropides to Philolaches and Tranio.

MOSTELLARIA[1]; OR, THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

PHILOLACHES has given liberty to (*Manumisit*) his mistress who has been bought *by him*, and he consumes all (*Omnem*) his substance in the absence of his father. When he returns, Tranio deceives the old man (*Senem*); he says that frightful (*Terrifica*) apparitions have been seen in the house, and (*Et*) that at once they had removed from it. A Usurer, greedy of gain (*Lucripeta*), comes up in the meantime, asking for the interest *of some money*, and again the old man is made sport of (*Lusus*); for *the servant* says that a deposit for a house which has been bought has been taken up (*Acceptum*) on loan. *The old man* enquires (*Requirit*) which it is; he says that of the neighbour next door. He then looks over (*Inspectat*) it. Afterwards he is vexed that he has been laughed at; still by (*Ab*) the companion of his son he is *finally* appeased.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter, from the house of THEUROPIDES, GRUMIO, *pushing out* TRANIO.

GRU. Get out of the kitchen, will you; out of it, *you* whip-scoundrel, who are giving me your cavilling talk amid the platters; march out of the house, you ruin of your master. Upon my faith, if I *only* live, I'll be soundly revenged upon you in the country. Get out, I say, you steam of the kitchen. Why are you skulking *thus?*

TRA. Why the plague are you making *this* noise here before the house? Do you fancy yourself to be in the country[2]? Get out of the house; be off into the country.

[1] *Mostellaria*) This is a word probably derived from "mostellum," the diminutive of "monstrum," a "spectre" or "prodigy." It was probably coined by Plautus to serve as the title of this Play, which is called by several of the ancient Commentators by the name of "Phasma," "the Apparition."

[2] *In the country*)—Ver. 7. Grumio appears to have been cook and herdsman

Go and hang yourself. Get away from the door. (*Striking him.*) There now, was it that you wanted?

Gru. (*running away*). I'm undone! Why are you beating me? Tra. Because you want it.

Gru. I must endure it. Only let the old gentleman return *home;* only let him come safe *home,* whom you are devouring in his absence.

Tra. You don't say what's either likely or true, you blockhead, as to any one devouring a person in his absence.

Gru. Indeed, you town wit, you minion of the mob, do you throw the country in my teeth? Really, Tranio, I do believe that you feel sure that before long you'll be handed over to the mill. Within a short period, i' faith, Tranio, you'll full soon be adding to the iron-bound race[1] in the country. While you choose to, and have the opportunity, drink on, squander his property, corrupt my master's son, a most worthy young man, drink night and day, live like Greeks[2], make purchase of mistresses, give them their freedom, feed parasites, feast yourselves sumptuously. Was it thus that the old gentleman enjoined you when he went hence abroad? Is it after this fashion that he will find his property well husbanded? Do you suppose that this is the duty of a good servant, to be ruining both the estate and the son of his master? For I do consider him as ruined, when he devotes himself to these goings on. *A person,* with whom not one of all the young men of Attica was before deemed equally frugal or more steady, the same is now carrying off the palm in the opposite direction. Through your management and your tutoring has that been done.

Tra. What the plague business have you with me or with what I do? Prithee, haven't you got *your* cattle in the country for you to look to? I choose to drink, to intrigue, to keep

combined, and perhaps generally employed at the country farm of Theuropides. On this occasion he seems to have been summoned to town to cook for the entertainment which Philolaches is giving to his friends.

[1] *The iron-bound race*)—Ver. 18. The gang of slaves, who, for their malpractices, are working in the country in chains.

[2] *Live like Greeks*)—Ver. 21. "Pergræcamini." Though the Scene is at Athens, Plautus consults the taste of a Roman Audience, as on many other occasions, in making the Greeks the patterns of riotous livers. Asconius Pedianus says that at these entertainments the Greeks drank off a cup of wine every time they named a Divinity or mentioned a friend.

my wenches; this I do at the peril of my own back, *and* not of yours.

Gru. Then with what assurance he does talk! (*Turning away in disgust.*) Faugh!

Tra. But may Jupiter and all the Deities confound you; you stink of garlick, you filth unmistakeable, you clod, you he-goat, you pig-sty, you mixture of dog and she-goat.

Gru. What would you have to be done? It isn't all that can smell of foreign perfumes, if you smell of them; or that can take their places at table above their master, or live on such exquisite dainties as you live upon. Do you keep to yourself those turtle-doves, *that* fish, *and* poultry; let me enjoy my lot upon garlick diet. You are fortunate; I unlucky. It must be endured. Let my good fortune be awaiting me, your bad yourself.

Tra. You seem, Grumio, as though you envied me, because I enjoy myself and you are wretched. It is quite my due. It's proper for me to make love, and for you to feed the cattle; for me to fare handsomely, you in a miserable way.

Gru. O riddle for the executioner[1], as I guess it will turn out; they'll be so pinking you with goads, as you carry your gibbet[2] along the streets one day, as soon as ever the old gentleman returns here.

Tra. How do you know whether that mayn't happen to yourself sooner than to me? Gru. Because I have never deserved it; you have deserved it, and you now deserve it.

Tra. Do cut short the trouble of your talking, unless you wish a heavy mischance to befall you.

Gru. Are you going to give me the tares for me to take for the cattle? If you are not, give me the money. Go on, still persist in the way in which you've commenced! Drink, live like Greeks, eat, stuff yourselves, slaughter your fatlings!

Tra. Hold your tongue, and be off into the country; I intend to go to the Piræus to get me some fish for the evening. To-morrow I'll make some one bring you the tares to the farm. What's the matter? Why now are you staring at me, gallows-bird?

[1] *Riddle for the executioner*)—Ver. 52. Riddled with holes by the scourge of the executioner.

[2] *You carry your gibbet*)—Ver. 53. Bearing his own cross; a refinement of torture which was too often employed upon malefactors.

Gru. I' faith, I've an idea that will be your own title before long.

Tra. So long as it is as it is, in the meantime I'll put up with that "before long."

Gru. That's the way; and understand this one thing, that that which is disagreable comes much more speedily than that which you wish for.

Tra. Don't you be annoying; now then, away with you into the country, and betake yourself off. Don't you deceive yourself, henceforth you shan't be causing me *any* impediment. (*Exit.*

Gru. (*to himself*). Is he really gone? Not to care one straw for what I've said! O immortal Gods, I do implore your aid, do cause this old gentleman of ours, who has now been three years absent from here, to return hither as soon as possible, before everything is gone, both house and land. Unless he does return here, remnants to last for a few months *only* are left. Now I'll be off to the country; but look! I see my master's son, one who has been corrupted from having been a most excellent young man. (*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Enter* Philolaches, *from the house of* Theuropides.

Phil. (*to himself*). I've often thought and long reflected on it, and in my breast have held many a debate, and in my heart (if any heart I have) have revolved this matter, and long discussed it, to what thing I'm to consider man as like, and what form he has when he is born? I've now discovered this likeness. I think a man is like unto a new house when he is born. I'll give my proofs of this fact. (*To the* Audience.) And does not this seem to you like the truth? But so I'll manage that you shall think it is so. Beyond a doubt I'll convince you that it is true what I say. And this yourselves, I'm sure, when you have heard my words, will say is no otherwise than just as I now affirm that it is. Listen while I repeat my proofs of this fact; I want you to be equally knowing with myself upon this matter. As soon as ever a house is built up, nicely polished off[1], carefully erected,

[1] *Polished off*)—Ver. 98. From this passage it would seem that pains were taken to give the houses a smooth and polished appearance on the outside.

and according to rule, people praise the architect and approve of the house, they take from it each one a model for himself. Each one *has* something similar, quite at his own expense; they do not spare their pains. But when a worthless, lazy, dirty, negligent fellow betakes himself thither with an idle family, then is it imputed as a fault to the house, while a good *house* is being kept in bad repair. And this is often the case: a storm comes on and breaks the tiles and gutters; then a careless owner takes no heed to put up others. A shower comes on *and* streams down the walls; the rafters admit the rain; the weather rots the labours of the builder; then the utility of the house becomes diminished; and yet this is not the fault of the builder. But a great part *of mankind* have contracted this *habit of* delay; if anything can be repaired by means of money, they are always still putting it off, and don't * * * do it until the walls come tumbling down[1]; *then* the whole house has to be built anew. These instances from buildings I've mentioned; and now I wish to inform you how you are to suppose that men are like houses. In the first place then, the parents are the builders-up of the children, and lay the foundation for the children; they raise them up, they carefully train them to strength, and that they may be good both for service and for view before the public. They spare not either their own pains or their cost, nor do they deem expense in that to be an expense. They refine them, teach them literature, the ordinances, the laws; at their own cost and labour they struggle, that others may wish for their own *children* to be like to them. When they repair to the army, they then find them some relation[2] of theirs as a protector. At that moment they pass out of the builder's hands. One year's pay has *now* been earned; at that period, then, a sample is on view how the building will turn out.

[1] *Walls come tumbling down*)—Ver. 114. Warner remarks that a sentiment not unlike this is found in Scripture, Ecclesiastes, x. 18: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." It may be also observed that the passage is very similar to the words of the parable of the foolish man who built his house upon sand, St. Matthew, vii. 26: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

[2] *Find them some relation*)—Ver. 127. In the first year of military service the Roman youths were placed under the tutelage of some relation or friend.

But I was always discreet and virtuous, just as long as I was under the management of the builder. After I had left him to follow the bent of my own inclinations, at once I entirely spoiled the labours of the builders. Idleness came on; that was my storm; on its arrival, upon me it brought down hail *and* showers, which overthrew my modesty and the bounds of virtue, and untiled them for me in an instant. After that I was neglectful to cover in *again;* at once passion like a torrent entered my heart; it flowed down even unto my breast, *and* soaked through my heart. Now both property, credit, fair fame, virtue, *and* honor have forsaken *me;* by usage have I become much worse, and, i' faith (so rotten are these rafters *of mine* with moisture), I do not seem to myself to be able possibly to patch up my house to *prevent it* from falling down totally once for all, from perishing from the foundation, *and* from no one being able to assist me. My heart pains me, when I reflect how I now am and how I *once* was, than whom in youthful age not one there was more active in the arts of exercise[1], with the quoit, the javelin, the ball, racing, arms, *and* horses. I *then* lived a joyous life[2]; in frugality and hardihood I was an example to others; all, even the most deserving, took a lesson from me for themselves. Now that I'm become worthless, to that, indeed, have I hastened through the bent of my inclinations. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* PHILEMATIUM *and* SCAPHA, *with all the requisites for a toilet.*

PHILE. On my word, for this long time I've not bathed in cold water with more delight *than just now;* nor do I think that I ever was, my *dear* Scapha, more thoroughly cleansed *than now.*

SCA. May the upshot of everything be *unto you* like a plenteous year's harvest.

PHILE. What has this harvest got to do with my bathing?

SCA. Not a bit more than your bathing *has to do* with the harvest.

PHILO. (*apart*). O beauteous Venus, this is that storm

[1] *In the arts of exercise*)—Ver. 147. "Arte gymnasticâ." Literally, "in the gymnastic art."

[2] *Lived a joyous life*)—Ver. 148. "Victitabam volup." Lambinus suggests that the true reading here is "haud volup," "not voluptuously."

of mine which stripped off all the modesty with which I was roofed; through which Desire and Cupid poured their shower into my breast; and never since have I been able to roof it in. Now are my walls soaking in my heart; this building is utterly undone.

PHILE. Do look, my Scapha, there's a dear, whether this dress quite becomes me. I wish to please Philolaches my protector, the apple of my eye.

SCA. Nay but, you set yourself off to advantage with pleasing manners, inasmuch as you yourself are pleasing. The lover isn't in love with a woman's dress, but with that which stuffs out[1] the dress.

PHILO. (*apart*). So may the Gods bless me, Scapha is waggish; the hussy's quite knowing. How cleverly she understands all matters, the maxims of lovers too!

PHILE. Well now? SCA. What is it?

PHILE. Why look at me and examine, how this becomes me.

SCA. Thanks to your good looks, it happens that whatever you put on becomes you.

PHILO. (*apart*). Now then, for that expression, Scapha, I'll make you some present or other to-day, and I won't allow you to have praised her for nothing who is *so* pleasing to me.

PHILE. I don't want you to flatter me.

SCA. Really you are a very simple woman. Come now, would you rather be censured undeservedly, than be praised with truth? Upon my faith, for my own part, even though undeservedly, I'd much rather be praised than be found fault with with reason, or that other people should laugh at my appearance.

PHILE. I love the truth; I wish the truth to be told me; I detest a liar.

SCA. So may you love me, *and* so may your Philolaches love you, how charming you are.

PHILO. (*apart*). How say you, you hussy? In what words did you adjure? "So may I love her?" Why wasn't "So may she *love* me" added as well? I revoke the present. What I just now promised you is done for; you have lost the present.

[1] *That which stuffs out*)—Ver. 164. That is, the body.

Sca. Troth, for my part I am surprised that you, a person so knowing, so clever, and *so* well educated, are not aware that you are acting foolishly.

Phile. Then give me your advice, I beg, if I have done wrong in anything.

Sca. I' faith, you certainly do wrong, in setting your mind upon him alone, in fact, and humouring him in particular in this way and slighting other men. It's the part of a married woman, *and* not of courtesans, to be devoted to a single lover.

Philo. (*apart*). O Jupiter! Why, what pest is this that has befallen my house? May all the Gods and Goddesses destroy me in the worst of fashions, if I don't kill this old hag with thirst, and hunger, and cold.

Phile. I don't want you, Scapha, to be giving me bad advice.

Sca. You are clearly a simpleton, in thinking that he'll for everlasting be your friend and well-wisher. I warn you *of that;* he'll forsake you by reason of age and satiety.

Phile. I hope not.

Sca. Things which you don't hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope. In fine, if you cannot be persuaded by words to believe this to be the truth, judge of my words from facts; consider *this* instance, who I *now* am, and who I *once* was. No less than your *are* now, was I *once* beloved, and I devoted myself to one, who, faith, when with age this head changed its hue, forsook and deserted me. Depend on it, the same will happen to yourself.

Philo. (*apart*). I can scarcely withhold myself from flying at the eyes of this mischief-maker.

Phile. I am of opinion that I ought to keep myself alone devoted to him, since to myself alone has he given freedom for himself alone.

Philo. (*apart*). O ye immortal Gods! what a charming woman, and of a disposition how chaste! By heaven, 'tis excellently done, and I'm rejoiced at it, that it is for her sake I've got nothing *left*.

Sca. On my word you really are silly.

Phile. For what reason?

Sca. Because you care for this, whether he loves you.

Phile. Prithee, why should I not care for it?

Sca. You now are free. You've now got what you wanted;

if he didn't still love you, as much money as he gave for your liberty, he'd lose.

PHILO. (*apart*). Heavens, I'm a dead man if I don't torture her to death after the most shocking fashion. That evil-persuading enticer to vice is corrupting this damsel.

PHILO. Scapha, I can never return him *sufficient* thanks for what he deserves of me; don't you be persuading me to esteem him less.

SCA. But take care and reflect upon this one thing, if you devote yourself to him alone, while now you are at this youthful age, you'll be complaining to no purpose in your aged years.

PHILO. (*apart*). I could wish myself this instant changed into a quinsy, that I might seize the throat of that old witch, and put an end to the wicked mischief-maker.

PHILE. It befits me now to have the same grateful feelings since I obtained it, as formerly before I acquired it, when I used to lavish caresses upon him.

PHILO. (*apart*). May the Gods do towards me what they please, if for that speech I don't make you free over again, and if I don't torture Scapha to death.

SCA. If you are quite assured that you will have a provision to the end, and that this lover will be your own for life, I think that you ought to devote yourself to him alone, and assume the character of a wife[1].

PHILE. Just as a person's character is, he's in the habit of finding means accordingly; if I keep a good character for myself I shall be rich enough.

PHILO. (*apart*). By my troth, since selling there must be, my father shall be sold much sooner than, while I'm alive, I'll ever permit you to be in want or go a-begging.

SCA. What's to become of the rest of those who are in love with you?

PHILE. They'll love me the more when they see me displaying gratitude to one who has done me services.

[1] *Assume the character of a wife*)—Ver. 220. "Capiundos crines." Literally, "the hair must be assumed." Festus says that it was usual on the occasion of the marriage ceremony, to add six rows of curls to the hair of the bride, in imitation of the Vestal virgins, who were patterns of purity, and were dressed in that manner. Hence the term "capere crines" came to signify "to become a wife."

PHILO. (*apart*). I do wish that news were brought me now that my father's dead, that I might disinherit myself of my property, and that she might be my heir.

SCA. This property *of his* will certainly soon be at an end; day and night there's eating *and* drinking, and no one displays thriftiness; 'tis downright cramming[1].

PHILO. (*apart*). I' faith, I'm determined to make trial on yourself for the first to be thrifty; for you shall neither eat nor drink anything at my house for the next ten days.

PHILE. If you choose to say anything good about him, you shall be at liberty to say it; if you speak otherwise than well, on my word you shall have a beating instantly.

PHILO. (*apart*). Upon my faith, if I had paid sacrifice to supreme Jove with that money which I gave for her liberty, never could I have so well employed it. Do see, how, from her very heart's core, she loves me! Oh, I'm a fortunate man; I've liberated *in her* a patron to plead my cause for me.

SCA. I see that, compared with Philolaches, you disregard *all* other men; now, that on his account I mayn't get a beating, I'll agree with you in preference, if you are quite satisfied that he will always prove a friend to you.

PHILE. Give me the mirror[2], and the casket with my trinkets, directly, Scapha, that I may be *quite* dressed when Philolaches, my delight, comes here.

SCA. A woman who neglects herself and her *youthful* age has occasion for a mirror; what need of a mirror have you, who yourself are in especial a mirror for a mirror.

PHILO. (*apart*). For that expression, Scapha, that you mayn't have said anything so pretty in vain, I'll to-day give something for your savings—to you, my Philematium.

PHILE. (*while* SCAPHA *is dressing her hair*). Will you see that each hair is nicely arranged in its own place?

SCA. When you *yourself* are *so* nice, do believe that your hair must be nice.

PHILO. (*apart*). Out upon it! what worse thing can pos-

[1] *'Tis downright cramming*)—Ver. 230. "Sagina plane est." "Sagina" was the term applied to the fattening or cramming of animals for the purpose of killing. The use of the term implies Scapha's notion of the bestial kind of life that Philolaches was leading.

[2] *Give me the mirror*)—Ver. 242. Probably a mirror with a handle, such as the servants usually held for their mistresses. There is something comical in the notion of a female coming out into the street to make her toilet.

sibly be spoken of than this woman? Now the jade's a flatterer, just now she was all contradictory.

PHILE. Hand me the ceruse[1].

SCA. Why, what need of ceruse *have you?*

PHILE. To paint my cheeks with it.

SCA. On the same principle, you would want to be making ivory white with ink.

PHILO. *(apart)*. Cleverly said that, about the ink and the ivory! Bravo! I applaud you, Scapha.

PHILE. Well then, do you give me the rouge.

SCA. I shan't give it. You really are a clever one. Do you wish to patch up a most clever piece with new daubing? It's not right that any paint should touch that person, neither ceruse, nor quince-ointment, nor any other wash. Take the mirror, then. *(Hands her the glass.)*

PHILO. *(apart.)* Ah wretched me!—she gave the glass a kiss. I could much wish for a stone, with which to break the head of that glass.

SCA. Take the towel and wipe your hands.

PHILE. Why so, prithee?

SCA. As you've been holding the mirror, I'm afraid that your hands may smell of silver; lest Philolaches should suspect you've been receiving silver somewhere.

PHILO. *(apart)*. I don't think that I ever did see any one procuress more cunning. How cleverly and artfully did it occur to the jade's imagination about the mirror!

PHILE. Do you think I ought to be perfumed with unguents as well?

SCA. By no means do so. PHILE. For what reason?

SCA. Because, i' faith, a woman smells best[2] when she smells of nothing at all. For those old women who are in the habit of anointing themselves with unguents, vampt up *creatures*, old hags, *and* toothless, who hide the blemishes of the person with paint, when the sweat has blended itself with the unguents, forthwith they stink just like when a cook has poured together a variety of broths; what they smell of, you

[1] *Hand me the ceruse*)—Ver. 252. White lead, or "cerussa," was used by the Roman women for the purpose of whitening the complexion. Ovid mentions it in his Treatise on the Care of the Complexion, l. 73.

[2] *A woman smells best*)—Ver. 267. Cicero and Martial have a similar sentiment; their opinion has been followed by many modern writers and other persons as well.

don't know, except this only, that you understand that badly they do smell.

PHILO. (*apart*). How very cleverly she does understand everything! There's nothing more knowing than this knowing woman! (*To the* AUDIENCE.) This is the truth, and a very great portion, in fact, of you know it, who have old women for wives at home who purchased you with their portions.

PHILE. Come now, examine my golden trinkets and my mantle; does this quite become me, Scapha?

SCA. It befits not me to concern myself about that.

PHILE. Whom then, prithee?

SCA. I'll tell you; Philolaches; so that he may not buy anything except that which he fancies will please you. For a lover buys the favours of a mistress for himself with gold and purple garments. What need is there for that which he doesn't want as his own, to be shown him still? Age is to be enveloped in purple; gold ornaments are unsuitable for a woman. A beautiful woman will be more beautiful naked than drest in purple. Besides, it's in vain she's well-drest if she's ill-conducted; ill-conduct soils fine ornaments worse than dirt. But if she's beauteous, she's sufficiently adorned.

PHILO. (*apart*). Too long have I withheld my hand. (*Coming forward.*) What are you about here?

PHILE. I'm decking myself out to please you.

PHILO. You are dressed enough. (*To* SCAPHA.) Go you hence in-doors, and take away this finery. (SCAPHA *goes into the house.*) But, my delight, my Philematium, I have a mind to regale together with you.

PHILE. And, i' faith, so I have with you; for what you have a mind to, the same have I a mind to, my delight.

PHILO. Ha! at twenty minæ that expression were cheap.

PHILE. Give me ten, there's a dear; I wish to let you have that expression bought a bargain.

PHILO. You've already got ten minæ with you; or reckon up the account: thirty minæ I gave for your freedom——

PHILE. Why reproach me *with that?*

PHILO. What, I reproach you with it? Why, I had rather that I myself were reproached with it; no money whatever for this long time have I ever laid out equally well.

PHILE. Surely, in loving you, I never could have better employed my pains.

PHILO. The account, then, of receipts and expenditure fully tallies between ourselves; you love me, I love you. Each thinks that it is so deservedly. Those who rejoice at this, may they ever rejoice at the continuance of their own happiness. Those who envy, let not any one henceforth be ever envious of their blessings.

PHILE. (*pointing to a couch on the stage*). Come, take your place, then. (*At the door, to a* SERVANT, *who obeys.*) Boy, bring some water for the hands; put a little table here. See where are the dice. Would you like some perfumes? (*They recline on the couch.*)

PHILO. What need is there? Along with myrrh I am reclining. But isn't this my friend who's coming hither with his mistress? 'Tis he; it's Callidamates; look, he's coming. Capital! my sweet one, see, our comrades are approaching; they're coming to share the spoil.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* CALLIDAMATES, *at a distance, drunk, and* DELPHIUM, *followed by a* SERVANT.

CALL. (*to his* SERVANT). I want you to come for me[1] in good time to the house of Philolaches; listen you; well then! those are your orders. (*Exit* SERVANT.) For from the place where I was, thence did I betake myself off; so confoundedly tired was I there with the entertainment and the discourse. Now I'll go to Philolaches to have a bout there he'll receive us with jovial feelings and handsomely. Do I seem to you to be fairly drenched, my bubsy?

DEL. You ought always to live pursuing this course of life.

CALL. Should you like, *then*, for me to hug you, and you me? DEL. If you've a mind to do so, of course.

CALL. You are a charming one. (*He stumbles.*) Do hold me up, there's a dear.

DEL. (*holding him by the arm*). Take care you don't fall. Stand up.

CALL. O! you are the apple of my eye. I'm your fosterling, my honey. (*He stumbles.*)

DEL. (*still holding him up*). Only do take care that you

[1] *You to come for me*)—Ver. 306. Though none of the Editions say so, it is not improbable that this is said to Phaniscus, who, in the sequel, comes to fetch Callidamates home. The duties of the "adversitor" have been alluded to in a previous Note.

don't recline in the street, before we get to a place where a couch is ready laid.

CALL. Do let me fall. DEL. *Well,* I'll let you. (*Lets go.*)

CALL. (*dragging her as he falls*). But that as well which I've got hold of in my hand.

DEL. If you fall, you shan't fall without me falling with you. Then some one shall pick us both up as we lie (*Aside.*) The man's quite drenched.

CALL. (*overhearing*). Do you say that I am drenched, my bubsy?

DEL. Give me your hand; I really do not want * * you hurt.

CALL. (*giving his hand*). There now, take it.

DEL. Come, move on with me.

CALL. Where am I going, do you know?

DEL. I know.

CALL. It has just come into my head: why, of course I'm going home for a booze.

DEL. Why yes, really now I do remember that.

PHILO. Won't you let me go to find them, my life? Of all persons I wish well to him especially. I'll return just now. (*Goes forward towards the door.*)

PHILE. That "just now" is a long time to me.

CALL. (*going to the door and knocking*). Is there any person here?

PHILO. 'Tis he.

CALL. (*turning round*). Bravo! Philolaches, good day to you, most friendly to me of all men.

PHILO. May the Gods bless you. (*Pointing to a couch.*) Take your place, Callidamates. (*He takes his place.*) Whence are you betaking yourself?

CALL. Whence a drunken man *does.*

PHILO. Well said. But, my Delphium, do take your place, there's a dear. (*She takes her place on a couch.*)

CALL. Give her something to drink. I shall go to sleep directly. (*Nods and goes to sleep.*)

PHILO. He doesn't do anything wonderful or strange. What shall I do with him then, my dear?

DEL. Let him alone just as he is.

PHILO. Come, you *boy.* Meanwhile, speedily pass the goblet round, beginning with Delphium.

SCENE V.—*Enter* TRANIO, *at a distance.*

TRA. (*to himself*). Supreme Jove, with all his might and resources, is seeking for me and Philolaches, my master's son, to be undone. Our hopes are destroyed; nowhere is there any hold for courage; not *even* Salvation[1] *now* could save us if she wished. Such an immense mountain of woe have I just now seen at the harbour: my master has arrived from abroad; Tranio is undone! (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Is there any person who'd like to make gain of a little money, who could this day endure to take my place in being tortured? Where are those fellows hardened to a flogging, the wearers-out of iron chains, or those, who, for the consideration of three didrachms, would get beneath besieging towers[2], where some are in the way of having their bodies pierced with fifteen spears? I'll give a talent to that man who shall be the first to run to the cross *for me;* but on condition that twice his feet, twice his arms[3] are fastened there. When that shall have been done, then ask the money down of me. But am I not a wretched fellow, not at full speed to be running home?

PHILO. Here come the provisions; see, here's Tranio; he's come back from the harbour.

TRA. (*running*). Philolaches!

PHILO. What's the matter? TRA. Both I and you——

PHILO. What about "Both I and you?"

TRA. Are undone!

PHILO. Why so? TRA. Your father's here.

PHILO. What is it I hear of you?

TRA. We are finished up. Your father's come, I say.

PHILO. (*starting up.*) Where is he, I do entreat you?

TRA. He's coming.

PHILO. Coming? Who says so? Who has seen him?

TRA. I saw him myself, I tell you.

[1] *Not even Salvation*)—Ver. 342. See the Captivi, l. 535, and the Note to the passage.

[2] *Beneath besieging towers*)—Ver 348. "Falæ" were wooden towers, placed on the top of walls or fortified places; of course the attack of these would imply extreme danger to those who attempted it.

[3] *Twice his feet, twice his arms*)—Ver. 351. Some suppose that by "bis pedes, bis brachia," he means that two nails were to be driven into each leg and foot. It seems more probable that he means two for the feet and two for the hands.

PHILO. Woe unto me! what am I about?

TRA. Why the plague now do you ask me what you are about? Taking your place at table, *of course.*

PHILO. Did you see him? TRA. I my own self, I tell you.

PHILO. For certain? TRA. For certain, I tell you.

PHILO. I'm undone, if you are telling the truth.

TRA. What good could it be to me if I told a lie?

PHILO. What shall I do now?

TRA. (*pointing to the table and couches*). Order all these things to be removed from here. (*Pointing.*) Who's that asleep there?

PHILO. Callidamates. TRA. Arouse him, Delphium.

DEL. (*bawling out in his ear*). Callidamates! Callidamates! awake! CALL. (*raising himself a little*). I am awake; give me something to drink.

DEL. Awake; the father of Philolaches has arrived from abroad. CALL. *I hope* his father's well.

PHILO. He is well indeed; but I am utterly undone.

CALL. You, utterly undone? How can that be?

PHILO. By heavens! do get up, I beg of you; my father has arrived.

CALL. Your father has come? Bid him go back again. What business had he to come back here so soon?

PHILO. What am I to do? My father will, just now, be coming and unfortunately finding me amid drunken carousals, *and* the house full of revellers and women. It's a shocking bad job, to be digging a well at the last moment, just when thirst has gained possession of your throat; just as I, on the arrival of my father, wretch that I am, am now enquiring what I am to do.

TRA. (*pointing at* CALLIDAMATES). Why look, he has laid down his head and gone to sleep. Do arouse him.

PHILO. (*shaking him*). Will you awake now? My father, I tell you, will be here this instant.

CALL. How say you? Your father? Give me my shoes, that I may take up arms. On my word, I'll kill your father this instant.

PHILO. (*seizing hold of him*). You're spoiling the *whole* business; do hold your tongue. (*To* DELPHIUM.) Prithee, do carry him off in your arms into the house.

CALL. (*To* DELPHIUM, *who is lifting him up*). Upon my

faith, I'll be making an utensil of you just now, if you don't find me one. (*He is led off into the house.*)

PHILO. I'm undone!

TRA. Be of good courage; I'll cleverly find a remedy for this alarm. PHILO. I'm utterly ruined!

TRA. Do hold your tongue; I'll think of something by means of which to alleviate this for you. Are you satisfied, if on his arrival I shall so manage your father, not only that he shall not enter, but even that he shall run away to a distance from the house? Do you only be off from here in-doors, and remove these things from here with all haste.

PHILO. Where am I to be? TRA. Where you especially desire: with her (*pointing to* PHILEMATIUM); with this girl, *too*, you'll be. (*Pointing to* DELPHIUM.)

DEL. How then? Are we to go away from here?

TRA. Not far from here, Delphium. For carouse away in the house not a bit the less on account of this.

PHILO. Ah me! I'm in a sweat with fear as to how these fine words are to end! TRA. Can you not be tranquil in your mind, and do as I bid you?

PHILO. I can be. TRA. In the first place of all, Philematium, do you go in-doors; and you, Delphium.

DEL. We'll both be obedient to you. (*They go into the house.*)

TRA. May Jupiter grant it so! Now then, do you give attention as to what I'd have attended to. In the first place, then, before anything, cause the house to be shut up at once. Take care and don't let any one whisper a word in-doors.

PHILO. Care shall be taken. TRA. Just as though no living being were dwelling within the house.

PHILO. Very well. TRA. And let no one answer, when the old gentleman knocks at the door.

PHILO. Anything else?

TRA. Order the master-key[1] of the house to be brought me at once from within; this house I'll lock here on the outside.

[1] *Order the master-key*)—Ver. 395. "Clavem—Laconicam;" literally, "the Laconian key." This was a kind of key originally invented by the Spartans, by means of which a door could be locked from the outside, but not from within. According to some, this key was called "Laconica," from its rough appearance, in allusion to the inelegant exterior of the Spartans. In his Thesmophoriazusæ, Aristophanes informs us that these keys had three wards.

PHILO. To your charge I commit myself, Tranio, and my hopes. (*He goes into the house, and the things are removed from the stage.*)

TRA. (*to himself*). It matters not a feather whether a patron or a dependant is the nearest at hand for that man who has got no courage in his breast. For to every man, whether very good or very bad, even at a moment's notice, it is easy to act with craft; but this must be looked to, this is the duty of a prudent man, that what has been planned and done in craftiness, may all come about smoothly and without mishap; so that he may not have to put up with anything by reason of which he might be loth to live; just as I shall manage, that, from the confusion which we shall here create, all shall really go on smoothly and tranquilly, and not produce us any inconvenience in the results. (*Enter a* BOY, *from the house.*) But, why have you come out? I'm undone! (*The* BOY *shows him the key.*) O very well, you've obeyed my orders most opportunely.

BOY. He bade me most earnestly to entreat you some way or other to scare away his father, that he may not enter the house.

TRA. Even more, tell him this, that I'll cause that he shan't venture even to look at the house, *and* to take to flight, covering up his head[1] with the greatest alarm. Give me the key (*taking it*), and be off in-doors, and shut to the door, and I'll lock it on this side. (*The* BOY *goes into the house, and* TRANIO *locks the door.*) Bid him now come forthwith. For the old gentleman here while still alive this day will I institute games[2] in his presence, such as I fancy there will never be for him when he's dead. (*Moving away.*) I'll go away from the door to this spot; hence, I'll look out afar in which direction to lay the burden on the old fellow on his arrival. (*Exit to a little distance.*)

[1] *Covering up his head*)—Ver. 414. With the ancients, when either ashamed or alarmed at anything, it was the custom to throw a part of the dress over the head, as a hood.

[2] *Will I institute games*)—Ver. 417. He plays on the double meaning of "ludos," which means either "tricks," or "funeral games' in honor of the dead, according to the context.

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Theuropides, *followed by* Attendants.

Theu. (*to himself*). Neptune, I do return extreme thanks to thee that thou hast just dismissed me from thee, *though* scarce alive. But if, from this time forward, thou shalt only know that I have stirred a foot upon the main, there is no reason why, that instant, thou shouldst not do with me that which thou hast now wished to do. Away with you, away with you from me henceforth for ever after to-day; what I was to entrust to thee, all of it have I *now* entrusted.

Enter Tranio, *overhearing him.*

Tra. (*apart*). By my troth, Neptune, you've been much to blame, to have lost this opportunity so fair.

Theu. After three years, I've arrived home from Ægypt. I shall come a welcome *guest* to my household, I suppose.

Tra. (*apart*). Upon my faith, he might have come a much more welcome one, who had brought the tidings you were dead.

Theu. (*looking at the door*). But what means this? Is the door shut in the daytime? I'll knock. (*Knocks at the door.*) Hallo, there! is any one going to open this door for me?

Tra. (*coming forward, and speaking aloud*). What person is it that has come *so* near to our house?

Theu. Surely this is my servant Tranio.

Tra. O Theuropides, my master, welcome; I'm glad that you've arrived in safety. Have you been well all along?

Theu. All along, as you see.

Tra. That's very good.

Theu. What about yourselves? Are you *all* mad?

Tra. Why so?

Theu. For this reason; because you are walking about outside; not a born person is keeping watch in the house, either to open or to give an answer. With kicking with my feet I've almost broken in the pannels?

Tra. How now? Have you been touching this house?

Theu. Why shouldn't I touch it? Why, with kicking it, I tell you, I've almost broken down the door.

Tra. What, you touched it?

THEU. I touched it, I tell you, and knocked at it.

TRA. Out upon you! THEU. Why so?

TRA. By heavens! 'twas ill done.

THEU. What is the matter? TRA. It cannot be expressed how shocking and dreadful a mischief you've been guilty of.

THEU. How so?

TRA. Take to flight, I beseech you, and get away from the house. Fly in this direction, fly closer to me. (*He runs towards* TRANIO.) What, did you touch the door?

THEU. How could I knock, if I didn't touch it?

TRA. By all that's holy, you've been the death——

THEU. Of what person? TRA. Of all your family.

THEU. May the Gods and Goddesses confound you with that omen.

TRA. I'm afraid that you can't make satisfaction for yourself and them.

THEU. For what reason, or what new affair is this that you *thus* suddenly bring me *news of?*

TRA. And (*whispering*) hark you, prithee, do bid those people to move away from here. (*Pointing to the* ATTENDANTS *of* THEUROPIDES.)

THEU. (*to the* ATTENDANTS). Move away from here.

TRA. Don't you touch the house. Touch you the ground[1] as well. (*Exeunt the* ATTENDANTS.

THEU. I' faith, prithee, do speak out now.

TRA. Because it is now seven months that not a person has set foot within this house, *and* since we once for all left it.

THEU. Tell me, why so?

TRA. Just look around, whether there's any person to overhear our discourse.

THEU. (*looking around*). All's quite safe.

TRA. Look around once more.

THEU. (*looking around*). There's nobody; now then, speak out. TRA. (*in a loud whisper*). The house has been guilty of a capital offence[2].

THEU. I don't understand *you.* TRA. A crime, I tell you, ha

[1] *Touch you the ground*)—Ver. 457. The ancients were in the habit of reverentially touching the earth, when engaged in any affairs that related to the dead or the infernal Deities.

[2] *Guilty of a capital offence*.—Ver. 464. 'Capitalis res facta est;" meaning that a murder had been committed in it.

been committed *there*, a long while ago, one of olden time and ancient date.

THEU. Of ancient date? TRA. 'Tis but recently, in fact, that we've discovered this deed.

THEU. What is this crime, or who committed it? Tell me.

TRA. A host slew his guest, seized with his hand; he, I fancy, who sold you the house.

THEU. Slew *him?*

TRA. And robbed this guest of his gold, and buried this guest there in the house, on the spot.

THEU. For what reason do you suspect that this took place?

TRA. I'll tell *you;* listen. *One day*, when your son had dined away from home, after he returned home from dining; we all went to bed, *and* fell asleep. By accident, I had forgotten to put out my lamp; and he, all of a sudden, called out aloud——

THEU. What person? My son?

TRA. Hist! hold your peace: just listen. He said that a dead man came to him in his sleep——

THEU. In his dreams, then, you mean?

TRA. Just so. But only listen. He said that he had met with his death by these means——

THEU. *What*, in his sleep?

TRA. It would have been surprising if he had told him awake, who had been murdered sixty years ago. On some occasions you are absurdly simple. But look, what he said: "I am the guest of Diapontius, from beyond the seas; here do I dwell; this has been assigned me as my abode; for Orcus would not receive me in Acheron, because prematurely I lost my life. Through confiding was I deceived: my entertainer slew me here, and that villain secretly laid me in the ground without funereal rites, in this house, on the spot, for the sake of gold. Now do you depart from here; this house is accursed, *this* dwelling is defiled." The wonders that here take place, hardly in a year could I recount them. Hush, hush! (*He starts.*)

THEU. Troth now, what has happened, prithee?

TRA. The door made a noise. Was it he that was knocking?

THEU. (*turning pale*). I have not *one* drop of blood! Dead men are come to fetch me to Acheron, while alive!

TRA. (*aside*). I'm undone! those people there will mar my plot. (*A noise is heard from within.*) How much I dread, lest he should catch me in the fact.

THEU. What are you talking about to yourself? (*Goes near the door.*)

TRA. Do get away from the door. By heavens, fly, I do beseech you.

THEU. Fly where? Fly yourself, as well.

TRA. I am not afraid: I am at peace with the dead.

A VOICE (*from within*). Hallo! Tranio[1].

TRA. (*in a low voice, near the door*). You won't be calling me, if you are wise. (*Aloud, as if speaking to the* APPARITION.) 'Tis not I that's guilty; I did not knock at the door.

THEU. Pray, what is it that's wrong? What matter is agitating you, Tranio? To whom are you saying these things?

TRA. Prithee, was it you that called me? So may the Gods bless me, I fancied it was this dead man expostulating because you had knocked at the door. But are you still standing there, and not doing what I advise you?

THEU. What am I to do? TRA. Take care not to look back. Fly; cover up your head!

THEU. Why don't you fly?

TRA. I am at peace with the dead.

THEU. I recollect. Why then were you so dreadfully alarmed just now?

TRA. Have no care for me, I tell you; I'll see to myself. You, as you have begun *to do*, fly as quick as ever you can; Hercules, too[2], you will invoke.

THEU. Hercules, I do invoke thee! (*Runs off.*)

TRA. (*to himself.*) And I, *as well*, old fellow, that this day he'll send some heavy mishap upon you. O ye immortal

[1] *Hallo! Tranio*)—Ver. 502. Weise's Edition gives these words to Theuropides. Rost, no doubt rightly, suggests that these words are spoken by Philolaches from inside (perhaps in a low voice, to ask Tranio how matters are going on). On this, Tranio turns it to good account, by pretending that the Ghost is calling out to him for his supposed impiety in daring to knock at the door.

[2] *Hercules, too*)—Ver. 514. Hercules having slain so many monsters, was naturally regarded as a Deity likely to give aid in extreme danger.

Gods, I do implore your aid. Plague on it! what a mess I have got into to-day. (*Exit.*

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter a Banker, *at the end of the stage.*

Ban. (*to himself*). I never knew any year worse for money upon interest, than this year has turned out to me. From morning even until night, I spend my time in the Forum; I cannot lend out a coin of silver to any one.

Enter Tranio.

Tra. (*apart*). Now, faith, I am clearly undone in an everlasting way! The Banker's here who found the money with which his mistress was bought. The matter's all out, unless I meet him a bit beforehand, so that the old man may not at present come to know of this. I'll go meet him. But (*seeing* Theuropides) I wonder why he has so soon betaken himself homeward *again*. I'm afraid that he has heard something about this affair. I'll meet him, and accost him. But how dreadfully frightened I am! Nothing is more wretched than the mind of a man with a *guilty* conscience, such as possesses myself. But however this matter turns out, I'll proceed to perplex it still further: so does this affair require.

Enter Theuropides.

Tra. (*accosting him*). Whence come you?

Theu. I met that person from whom I bought this house.

Tra. Did you tell him anything about that which I was telling you?

Theu. I' faith, I certainly told him everything.

Tra. (*aside*). Woe to unfortunate me! I'm afraid that my schemes are everlastingly undone!

Theu. What is it you are saying to yourself?

Tra. Why nothing. But tell me, prithee, did you *really* tell him?

Theu. I told him everything in its order, I tell you.

Tra. Does he, then, confess about the guest?

Theu. Why no; he utterly denies it.

Tra. Does he deny it?

Theu. Do you ask me again? I should tell you if he

had confessed it. What now are you of opinion ought to be done?

Tra. What is my opinion? By my troth, I beg of you, appoint an arbitrator together with him; but take you care that you appoint one who will believe me; you'll overcome him as easily as a fox eats a pear[1].

Ban. (*to himself*). But see, here's Tranio, the servant of Philolaches, *people* who pay me neither interest nor principal on my money. (*Goes towards* Tranio, *who steps forward to meet him.*)

Theu. (*to* Tranio). Whither are you betaking yourself?

Tra. I'm going no whither. (*Aside.*) For sure, I am a wretch, a rascal, one born with all the Gods my foes! He'll now be accosting me in the old man's presence. Assuredly, I am a wretched man; in such a fashion both this way and that do they find business for me. But I'll make haste and accost him. (*Moves towards the* Banker.)

Ban. (*apart*). He's coming towards me. I'm all right I've some hopes of my money; he's smiling.

Tra. (*to himself*). The fellow's deceived. (*To the* Banker. I heartily bid you hail, my *friend* Saturides[2].

Ban. And hail to you. What about the money?

Tra. Be off with you, will you, you brute. Directly you come, you commence the attack[3] against me.

Ban. (*apart*). This fellow's empty-handed.

Tra. (*overhearing him*). This fellow's surely a conjurer.

Ban. But why don't you put an end to this trifling?

Tra. Tell me, then, what it is you want.

Ban. Where is Philolaches?

Tra. You never could have met me more opportunely than you have met me. Ban. How's that?

Tra. (*taking him aside*). Step this way.

Ban. (*aloud*). Why isn't the money repaid me?

[1] *As a fox eats a pear*)—Ver. 543. This may either mean, very easily indeed, or not at all. It is not clear that a fox will eat a pear; but if he does, his teeth will go through it with the greatest ease. Not improbably, Tranio uses the expression for its ambiguity.

[2] *Friend Saturides*) — Ver. 552. A nickname coined by the author, from "satur," "brimful," of money, probably.

[3] *Commence the attack*)—Ver. 554. "Pilum injecisti." Literally, "you have thrown the dart." "To throw the dart" was a common expression, signifying "make the first attack;" as the darts were thrown before recourse was had

TRA. I know that you have a good voice; don't bawl out so loud. BAN. (*aloud*). I' faith, I certainly shall bawl out.

TRA. O, do humour me *now*.

BAN. What do you want me to humour you in?

TRA. Prithee, be off hence home.

BAN. Be off? TRA. Return here about mid-day.

BAN. Will the interest be paid then?

TRA. It will be paid. Be off.

BAN. Why should I run to and fro here, or use or waste my pains? What if I remain here until mid-day in preference?

TRA. Why no; be off home. On my word, I'm telling the truth. Only do be off.

BAN. (*aloud*). Then do you pay me my interest. Why do you trifle *with me* this way?

TRA. Bravo! faith. Really now, do be off; do attend to me.

BAN. (*aloud*). I' faith, I'll call him now by name.

TRA. Bravo! stoutly done! Really you are *quite* rich now when you bawl out.

BAN. (*aloud*). I'm asking for my own. In this way you've been disappointing me for these many days past. If I'm troublesome, give me back the money; I'll go away *then*. That expression[1] puts an end to all replies.

TRA. (*pretending to offer it him*). *Then*, take the principal[2].

BAN. (*aloud*). Why no, the interest; I want that first.

TRA. What? Have you, you fellow most foul of all fellows, come here to burst yourself? Do what lies in your power. He's not going to pay you; he doesn't owe it.

BAN. Not owe it?

TRA. Not a tittle, indeed, can you get from here. Would you prefer for him to go abroad, *and* leave the city in exile, driven hence for your sake? Why then, in preference let him pay the[3] principal.

[1] *That expression*)—Ver. 574. By "hoc verbum" he probably alludes to the expression, "reddite argentum, "down with the money."

[2] *Take the principal*)—Ver. 575. He finds he must say something, so he says this, although he has no money with him. He knows, however, that the usurer will first insist on the interest being paid, because if he takes the principal, it will be a legal waver of his right to claim the interest.

[3] *Let him pay the*)—Ver. 581. "Quin sortem potius dare licet?" is the reading here, in Weise's Edition; but the line seems hopelessly incorrect.

Ban. But I don't ask for it.

Theu. (*calling out to* Tranio, *from a distance*). Hark you! you whip-knave, come back to me.

Tra. (*to* Theuropides). I'll be there just now. (*To the* Banker.) Don't you be troublesome: no one's going to pay you; do what you please. You are the only person, I suppose, that lends money upon interest. (*Moves towards* Theuropides.)

Ban. (*bawling aloud*). Give me my interest! pay me my interest! you pay my interest! Are you going to give me my interest this instant? Give me my interest!

Tra. Interest here, interest there! The old rogue knows how to talk about nothing but interest. I do not think that ever I saw any beast more vile than you.

Ban. Upon my faith, you don't alarm me now with those expressions. This is of a hot nature; although it is at a distance off, it scorches badly[1].

Tra. Don't you be troublesome; no one's going to pay you; do what you please. You are the only person, I suppose, that lends money upon interest.

Theu. (*to* Tranio). Pray, what interest is this that he is asking for?

Tra. (*in a low voice, to the* Banker). Look now; his father has arrived from abroad, not long since; he'll pay you both interest and principal; don't you then attempt any further to make us your enemies. See whether he puts you off.

Ban. Nay but, I'll take it, if anything's offered.

Theu. (*to* Tranio, *coming towards him*). What do you say, *then*——? Tra. What is it you mean?

Theu. Who is this? What is he asking for? Why is he thus rudely speaking of my son Philolaches in this way, and giving you abuse to your face? What's owing him?

Tra. (*to* Theuropides). I beg of you, do order the money to be thrown in the face of this dirty brute.

Theu. I, order it?

[1] *It scorches badly*).—Ver. 592. This line is given by Gruter to Theuropides, by Acidalius to Tranio, and by Lambinus to the Banker. The latter seems the most appropriate owner of it; and he probably alludes, aside, to the effects of his pressing in a loud voice for the money. Tranio is introduced as using the same expression, in l. 650; but there can be no doubt that the line, as there inserted, is spurious.

TRA. Order the fellow's face to be pelted with money.

BAN. (*coming nearer*). I could very well put up with a pelting with money.

THEU. (*to* TRANIO). What money's this?

TRA. Philolaches owes this person a little.

THEU. How much? TRA. About forty minæ.

BAN. (*to* THEUROPIDES). Really, don't think much of that; it's a trifle, in fact.

TRA. Don't you hear him? Troth now, prithee, doesn't he seem just suited to be a Banker—a generation that's most roguish?

THEU. I don't care, just now, for that, who he is *or* whence he is; this I want to be told me, this I very much wish to know—I heard from him that there was interest owing on the money as well.

TRA. Forty-four minæ are due to him. Say that you'll pay it, that he may be off.

THEU. I, say that I'll pay it?

TRA. Do say so. THEU. What, I?

TRA. You yourself. Do only say so. Do be guided by me. Do promise. Come now, I say; I beg of you.

THEU. Answer me; what has been done with this money?

TRA. It's safe. THEU. Pay it yourselves then, if it's safe.

TRA. Your son has bought a house.

THEU. A house? TRA. A house.

THEU. Bravo! Philolaches is taking after his father! The fellow now turns to merchandize. A house, say you?

TRA. A house, I tell you. But do you know of what sort?

THEU. How can I know?

TRA. Out with you! THEU. What's the matter?

TRA. Don't ask me *that*. THEU. But why so?

TRA. Bright as a mirror, pure brilliancy *itself*.

THEU. Excellently done, upon my faith! Well, how much did he agree to give for it?

TRA. As many great talents as you and I *put together* make; but these forty minæ he paid by way of earnest. (*Pointing to the* BANKER.) From him he received what we paid the other man. Do you quite understand[1]? For after

[1] *Do you quite understand*)—Ver. 629. Warner suggests, that by using this expression before the Banker, he intends to make a secret of the house being haunted, and that he keeps up the mystery in the succeeding line.

this house was in such a state as I mentioned to you, he at once purchased another house for himself.

THEU. Excellently done, upon my faith!

BAN. (*touching* TRANIO). Hark *you*. Mid-day is now close at hand.

TRA. Prithee, do dismiss this puking fellow, that he mayn't worry us to death. Forty-four minæ are due to him, both principal and interest.

BAN. 'Tis just that much; I ask for nothing more.

TRA. Upon my faith, I really could have wished that you had asked more, *if only* by a single coin.

THEU. (*to the* BANKER). Young man, transact the business with me.

BAN. I'm to ask it of you, you mean?

THEU. Come for it to-morrow.

BAN. I'll be off, *then;* I'm quite satisfied if I get it to-morrow. (*Exit.*

TRA. (*aside*). A plague may all the Gods and Goddesses send upon him! so utterly has he disarranged my plans. On my word, no class of men is there more disgusting, or less *acquainted* with fair dealing than the banking *race.*

THEU. In what neighbourhood did my son buy this house?

TRA. (*aside*). Just see that, now! I'm undone!

THEU. Are you going to tell me that which I ask you?

TRA. I'll tell you; but I'm thinking what was the name of the owner. (*Pretends to think.*)

THEU. Well, call it to mind, then.

TRA. (*aside*). What am I to do now, except *put* the lie upon this neighbour of ours next door? I'll say that his son has bought that house. I' faith, I've heard say that a lie piping-hot is the best *lie;* this is piping-hot; although it is at a distance off, it scorches badly. Whatever the Gods dictate, that am I determined to say.

THEU. Well now? Have you recollected it by this?

TRA. (*aside*). May the Gods confound that fellow!—no this *other* fellow, rather. (*To* THEUROPIDES.) Your son has bought the house of this next-door neighbour *of yours.*

THEU. In real truth? TRA. If, indeed, you are going to pay down the money, then in real *truth;* if you are not going to pay it, in real truth he has not bought it.

THEU. He hasn't bought it in a very good situation.

TRA. Why yes, in a very good one.

THEU. I' faith, I should like to look over this house; just knock at the door, and call some one to you from within, Tranio.

TRA. (*aside*). Why just look now, again I don't know what I'm to say. Once more, now, are the surges bearing me upon the self-same rock. What now? I' faith, I can't discover what I am now to do; I'm caught in the fact.

THEU. Just call some one out of doors; ask him to show us round.

TRA. (*going to the door of* SIMO's *house*). Hallo there, you! (*Turning round*) But there are ladies here; we must first see whether they are willing or unwilling.

THEU. You say what's good and proper; just make enquiry, and ask. I'll wait here outside until you come out.

TRA. (*aside*). May all the Gods and Goddesses utterly confound you, old gentleman! in such a fashion are you thwarting my artful plans in every way. Bravo! very good! Look, Simo himself, the owner of the house, is coming out of doors. I'll step aside here, until I have convened the senate of council in my mind. Then, when I've discovered what I am to do, I'll join him. (THEUROPIDES *and* TRANIO *stand at a distance from* SIMO's *house, in opposite directions,* THEUROPIDES *being out of sight.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* SIMO, *from his house.*

SIM. (*to himself*). I've not enjoyed myself better at home this year *than I have to-day,* nor has at any time any meal pleased me better. My wife provided a very nice breakfast for me; now she bids me go take a nap. By no means! It instantly struck me that *it didn't so happen* by chance. She provided a better breakfast than is her wont; *and then,* the old lady wanted to draw me away to my chamber. Sleep is not good[1] after breakfast—out upon it! I secretly stole away from the house, out of doors. My wife, I'm sure, is now quite bursting *with rage* at home.

TRA. (*apart*). A sore mischance is provided for this old

[1] *Sleep is not good*)—Ver. 681. It was a custom with the Romans to take a nap at noon, after the "prandium." The modern Italians have the same practice, and call it the "siesta." Simo has his private reasons for thinking that this nap is not wholesome in his own case

fellow by the evening; for he must both dine and go to bed in-doors in sorry fashion.

Sim. (*continuing*). The more I reflect upon it in my mind: if any person has a dowried *wife*, sleep has no charms for him. I detest going to take a nap. It's a settled matter with me to be off to the Forum from here, rather than nap it at home. And, i' faith (*to the* Audience), I don't know how your *wives* are in their behaviour; this *wife of mine*, I know right well how badly she treats me, *and* that she will prove more annoying to me hereafter than she has been.

Tra. (*apart*). If your escape, old gentleman, turns out amiss, there'll be no reason for you to be accusing any one of the Gods; by very good right, you may justly lay the blame upon yourself. It's time now for me to accost this old fellow. 'Tis down upon him[1]. I've hit upon a plan whereby to cajole the old fellow, by means of which to drive grief[2] away from me. I'll accost him. (*Accosting him.*) May the Gods, Simo, send on you many blessings! (*Takes him by the hand.*)

Sim. Save you, Tranio! Tra. How fare you?

Sim. Not amiss. What are you about?

Tra. Holding *by the hand* a very worthy man.

Sim. You act in a friendly way, in speaking well of me.

Tra. It certainly is your due.

Sim. But, i' faith, in you I don't hold a good servant *by the hand.*

Theu. (*calling from a distance, where he is not perceived by* Simo). Hark you! you whip-knave, come back to me.

Tra. (*turning round*). I'll be there just now.

Sim. Well now, how soon——?

Tra. What is it? Sim. The usual goings-on.

Tra. Tell me then, these usual goings-on, what are they?

Sim. The way that you *yourselves* proceed. But, Tranio, to say the truth, according as men are, it so befits you to humour them; reflecting, at the same time, how short life is.

Tra. What *of all this?* Dear me, at last, after some diffi-

[1] *Down upon him*)—Ver. 698. "Hoc habet." Literally, "he has it;" a term used by the Spectators, when a gladiator received a wound at the gladiatorial games.

[2] *By means of which to drive grief*)—Ver. 699. He plays upon the resemblance of the words "dolo" and "dolorem."

culty, I perceive that you are talking about these goings-on of ours.

Sim. I' faith, you *people* are living a merry life, just as befits you: on wine, good cheer, nice dainty fish, you enjoy life.

Tra. Why yes, so it was in time past, indeed; *but* now these things have come to an end all at once. Sim. How so?

Tra. So utterly, Simo, are we all undone!

Sim. Won't you hold your tongue? Everything has gone on prosperously with you hitherto.

Tra. I don't deny that it has been as you say; undoubtedly, we have lived heartily, just as we pleased; but, Simo, in such a way has the breeze now forsaken our ship——

Sim. What's the matter? In what way?

Tra. In a most shocking *way*.

Sim. What, wasn't it hauled ashore[1] in safety?

Tra. Ah me! Sim. What's the matter?

Tra. Ah wretched me! I'm utterly undone!

Sim. How so? Tra. Because a ship has come, to smash the hull of our ship.

Sim. I would wish as you would wish, Tranio, *for your own sake*. But what is the matter? Do inform me.

Tra. I will inform you. My master has arrived from abroad.

Sim. In that case, the cord will be stretched for you; thence to the place where iron fetters clink; after that, straight to the cross.

Tra. Now, by your knees, I do implore you, don't give information to my master.

Sim. Don't you fear; he shall know nothing from me.

Tra. Blessings on you, my patron.

Sim. I don't care for clients of this description for myself.

Tra. Now as to this about which our old gentleman has sent me.

Sim. First answer me this that I ask you. As yet, has your old gentleman discovered anything of these matters?

Tra. Nothing whatever.

Sim. Has he censured his son at all?

[1] *Wasn't it hauled ashore*)—Ver. 723. It was the custom, when ships were not in use, especially in the winter time, to draw them up on shore, by means of rollers placed beneath them.

Tra. He is as calm as the calm weather is wont to be. Now he has requested me most earnestly to beg this of you, that leave may be given him to see over this house of yours.

Sim. It's not for sale. Tra. I know that indeed; but the old gentleman wishes to build a woman's apartment[1] here in his own house, baths, too, and a piazza, and a porch.

Sim. What has he been dreaming of?

Tra. I'll tell you. He wishes to give his son a wife as soon as he can; for that purpose he wants a new apartment for the women. But he says that some builder, I don't know who, has been praising up to him this *house of yours*, as being remarkably well built; now he's desirous to take a model from it, if you don't make any objection——

Sim. Indeed, he is really choosing a plan for himself from a piece of poor workmanship.

Tra. *It was* because he heard that here the summer heat was much modified; that this house was wont to be inhabited each day all day long.

Sim. Why really, upon my faith, on the contrary, while there's shade in every direction, in spite of it, the sun is always here from morning till night: he stands, like a dun, continually at the door; and I have no shade anywhere, unless, perhaps, there may be some in the well.

Tra. Well now, have you one from Sarsina, if you have no woman of Umbria[2]?

Sim. Don't be impertinent. It is just as I tell you.

Tra. Still, he wishes to look over it.

Sim. He may look over it, if he likes. If there is anything that takes his fancy, let him build after my plan.

Tra. Am I to go and call *this* person hither?

Sim. Go *and* call him.

Tra. (*to himself, as he goes to the other side of the stage to*

[1] *A woman's apartment*)—Ver. 741. "Gynæceum." This was a name borrowed from the Greeks, for the apartments in the house which were especially devoted to the use of the females.

[2] *No woman of Umbria*)—Ver. 756. This is a poor pun upon the different acceptations of the word "umbra," which may signify, according to the context, "shade," or "a woman of Umbria." Simo means it in the former, while Tranio chooses to take it in the latter sense. Simo does not like this attempt at wit, and tells him not to be impertinent. We may here observe, that Plautus was born at Sarsina, a town of Umbria.

call THEUROPIDES). They say that Alexander the Great and Agathocles[1] achieved two very great exploits; what shall be the lot of myself, a third, who, unaided, am achieving deeds imperishable? This old fellow is carrying his pack-saddle, the other one, as well. I've hit upon a novel trade for myself, not a bad one; whereas muleteers have mules to carry pack-saddles: I've got men to carry the pack-saddles. They are able to carry heavy burdens; whatever you put upon them, they carry. Now, I don't know whether I am to address him. I'll accost him, *however*. (*Calling aloud.*) Hark you, Theuropides!

THEU. (*coming forward*). Well; who's calling me?

TRA. A servant most attached to his master. Where you sent me, I got it all agreed to.

THEU. Prithee, why did you stay there so long?

TRA. The old gentleman hadn't leisure; I was waiting until then.

THEU. You keep up that old way of yours, of being tardy.

TRA. Hark you! if you please reflect upon this proverb: to blow and swallow[2] at the same moment isn't easy to be done; I couldn't be here and there at the same time.

THEU. What now?

TRA. Come and look, and inspect it at your own pleasure.

THEU. Very well, you go before me.

TRA. Am I delaying *to do so?* THEU. I'll follow after you.

TRA. (*as they advance*). Look, the old gentleman himself is awaiting you before the door, but he is concerned that he has sold this *house*.

THEU. Why so?

TRA. He begs me to persuade Philolaches to let him off.

THEU. I don't think *he will*. Each man reaps on his own farm[3]. If it had been bought dear, we shouldn't have had permission to return it on his hands. Whatever profit there is, it's proper to bring it home. It don't, now-a-days, befit men to be showing compassion.

TRA. I' faith, you are losing time while you are talking. Follow *me*.

[1] *Agathocles*)—Ver. 761. Agathocles rose from the station of a potter to be king of Sicily.

[2] *To blow and swallow*)—Ver. 777. Or "exhale and inhale." A proverbial expression, very similar to that in use with us, that "a person cannot blow hot and cold at the same time."

[3] *Reaps on his own farm*)—Ver. 785. A country proverb, meaning "every one for himself."

THEU. Be it so. TRA. (*to* THEUROPIDES). I'll give you my services. (*Pointing.*) There's the old gentleman. (*To* SIMO.) Well now, I've brought you *this* person.

SIM. I'm glad that you've arrived safely from abroad, Theuropides. THEU. May the Gods bless you.

SIM. Your servant was telling me that you were desirous to look over this house.

THEU. Unless it's inconvenient to you.

SIM. Oh no; *quite* convenient. Do step in-doors and look over it. THEU. (*pausing*). But yet—the ladies——

SIM. Take you care not to trouble yourself a straw about any lady. Walk in every direction, wherever you like, all over the house, just as though it were your own.

THEU. (*apart to* TRANIO). "Just as though —— ?"

TRA. (*whispering*). Oh, take care that you don't throw it in his teeth now in his concern, that you have bought it. Don't you see him, how sad a countenance the old gentleman has?

THEU. (*apart*). I see. TRA. (*apart*). Then don't seem to exult, and to be overmuch delighted; *in fact*, don't make mention that you've bought it.

THEU. (*apart*). I understand; and I think you've given good advice, and that it shows a humane disposition. (*Turning to* SIMO.) What now?

SIM. Won't you go in? Look over it at your leisure, just as you like.

THEU. I consider that you are acting civilly and kindly.

SIM. Troth, I wish to do so. Should you like some one to show you over.

THEU. Away with any one to show[1] me over. I don't want him. SIM. Why? What's the matter?

THEU. I'll go wrong, rather than any one should show me over.

TRA. (*pointing*). Don't you see, this vestibule before the house, and the piazza, of what a compass it is?

THEU. Troth, really handsome!

TRA. Well, look *now*, what pillars there are, with what strength they are built, and of what a thickness.

THEU. I don't think that I *ever* saw handsomer pillars.

[1] *Away with any one to show*)—Ver. 804. He says this, not liking the mention of the word "perductor," which, beside meaning an "attendant" or "one to escort," signifies a "pander" or "procurer." So in the next line, "perducto" means "to show over" or "to act the procurer."

Sim. I' faith, they were some time since bought by me at such a price!

Tra. (*aside, whispering*). Don't you hear "They were *once*"? He seems hardly able to refrain from tears.

Theu. At what price did you purchase them?

Sim. I gave three minæ for the two, besides the carriage. (*He retires to some distance.*)

Theu. (*after looking close at them, to* Tranio). Why, upon my word, they are much more unsound than I thought them at first.

Tra. Why so? Theu. Because, i' faith, the woodworm has split them both from the bottom.

Tra. I think they were cut at an improper season; that fault damages them; but even as it is, they are quite good enough, if they are covered with pitch. But it was no foreign pulse-eating artisan[1] did this work. Don't you see the joints in the door? (*Pointing.*)

Theu. I see them. Tra. Look, how close together they are sleeping.

Theu. Sleeping? Tra. That is, how they wink, I intended to say. Are you satisfied?

Theu. The more I look at each particular, the more it pleases me.

Tra. (*pointing*). Don't you see the painting, where one crow[2] is baffling two vultures? The crow stands there; it's pecking at them both in turn. This way, look, prithee, towards me[3],

[1] *Foreign pulse-eating artisan*)—Ver. 817. From the use of the word "pultiphagus," he probably alludes to Carthaginian workmen, who were very skilful at working in wood. In the Pœnulus, Hanno the Carthaginian is called "patruus pultiphagonides," "the pulse-eating kinsman." If this is the meaning, it is pretty clear that he is not speaking in praise of the workmanship. Some, however, think that as, in early times, the lower classes at Rome lived upon "puls," "pap" or "pottage," the Scene being at Athens, Roman workmen are alluded to; if so, he may mean to speak in praise of the work, and to say that no bungling artists made the doors. See the Note in p. 355. The joints are said to wink, from the close conjunction of the eyelids in the act of winking.

[2] *Where one crow*)—Ver. 821. By the "crow," he means himself; and by the "vultures," the two old men. Simo is probably standing at some distance off; and knowing that his master's sight is not good, he feels that he may deride him with impunity.

[3] *Towards me*)—Ver. 822. "Ad me." Theuropides thinks he means, 'in my direction;" whereas Tranio really means, "look 'at me,' and you will see the crow;" though he does not intend that his master shall take it in that sense.

that you may be able to see the crow. (THEUROPIDES *turns towards him.*) Now do you see it?

THEU. (*looking about*). For my part, I really see no crow there.

TRA. But do you look in that direction, towards yourselves, since you cannot discover the crow, if perchance you may be able to espy the vultures. (THEUROPIDES *turns towards* SIMO.) Now do you see *them?*

THEU. Upon my faith, I don't see them.

TRA. But I *can see* two vultures.

THEU. To make an end of it with you, I don't see any bird at all painted here.

TRA. Well then, I give it up. I excuse you; it is through age you cannot see.

THEU. These things which I can *see*, really they do all please me mightily.

SIM. (*coming forward*). Now, at length, it's worth your while to move further on. THEU. Troth, you give good advice.

SIM. (*calling at the door*). Ho there, boy! take *this person* round this house and the apartments. But I myself would have shown you round, if I hadn't had business at the Forum.

THEU. Away with any one to show me over. I don't want to be shown over. Whatever it is, I'd rather go wrong than any one should show me over.

SIM. The house I'm speaking of.

THEU. Then I'll go in without any one to show me over.

SIM. Go, by all means.

THEU. I'll go in-doors, then.

TRA. (*holding him back*). Stop, please; let me see whether the dog——

THEU. Very well then, look. (TRANIO *looks into the passage.*)

TRA. There is one. THEU. (*looking in*). Where is it?

TRA. (*to the dog*). Be off and be hanged! 'St, won't you be off to utter perdition with you? What, do you still linger? 'St, away with you from here!

SIM. (*coming nearer to the door*). There's no danger. You only move on. It's as gentle[1] as a woman in childbed. You may boldly step in-doors wherever you like. I'm going hence to the Forum.

[1] *It's as gentle*)—Ver. 840. This, probably, is intended to refer to the statue of a dog lying down in the vestibule, and not a real one. Pictures of dogs, with cave canem" written beneath, were sometimes painted on the wall near the door

THEU. You've acted obligingly. Good speed to you. (*Exit* SIMO.) Tranio, come, make that dog move away from the door inside, although it isn't to be feared.

TRA. Nay but (*pointing*), you look at it, how gently it lies. Unless you'd like yourself to appear troublesome and cowardly——

THEU. Very well, just as you like.

TRA. Follow me this way then.

THEU. For my part, I shall not move in any direction from your feet. (*They go into the house.*)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter PHANISCUS.

PHA. (*to himself*). Servants who, though they are free from fault, still stand in awe of punishment, those same are wont to be serviceable to their masters. But those who fear nothing, after they have merited punishment, hit upon foolish plans for themselves: they exercise themselves in running; they take to flight. But, if they are caught, they acquire from punishment a hoard, which by good means they cannot. They increase from a very little, *and* from that they lay by a treasure. The resolution that's in my mind is to be determined to be on my guard against punishment, before my back comes to lose its state of soundness. As hitherto it has been, so does it become my hide *still* to be, without a bruise, and such that I should decline its being beaten. If I have any control over it, I shall keep it well covered up[1]. When punishment is being showered down on others, don't let it be showered down on me. But as servants wish their master to be, such is he wont to be. He is good to the good, bad to the bad. But now at our house at home there do live so many rogues, lavish of their property[2], bearers of stripes. When they are called to go fetch their master, "I shan't go: don't be plaguing *me;* I know where you are hurrying off to," *is the reply.* "Now, faith, you mule, you're longing to go to pasturage out of doors[3]." With better deserts, this advantage

[1] *Well covered up*)—Ver. 865. He alludes to the practice of stripping disobedient slaves, for the purpose of flogging them.

[2] *Lavish of their property*)—Ver. 870. That is, of their backs.

To pasturage out of doors)—Ver. 876. This was probably a proverbial

have I reaped from them, *and*, in consequence, I have come from home. I alone, out of *so* many servants, am going to fetch my master. When, to-morrow, my master comes to know this, in the morning he will chastise them with bull's-hide spoils. In fine, I care less for their backs than for my own. Much rather shall they be bull's-hide-scourged than I be rope-scourged[1]. (*Moves on.*)

Enter another SERVANT.

SER. Hold you and stop this instant. Phaniscus! look round, I say!

PHA. (*not turning round*). Don't be annoying to me.

SER. Do see how scornful the monkey is!

PHA. I am so for myself; I choose to be. Why do you trouble yourself about it? (*Walking on.*)

SER. Are you going to stop this instant, you dirty parasite? PHA. (*turning round*). How am I a parasite?

SER. Why, I'll tell you: you can be drawn anywhere by victuals. Do you give yourself airs, because your master's so fond *of you?*

PHA. (*rubbing his eyes*). O dear, my eyes do ache[2].

SER. Why so?

PHA. Because the smoke's *so* troublesome.

SER. Hold your tongue, will you, *you clever* workman, who are in the habit of coining money out of lead[3].

PHA. You cannot compel me to be abusive to you. My master knows me.

SER. Why, really, his own pillow[4] he ought to know, *for resting on when drunk.*

phrase for going to the "thermopolium," the "hot liquor-shop" or "tippling-house," so much frequented by the slaves. See the Trinummus, l. 1013, and the Note to the passage.

[1] *Bull's-hide-scourged—rope scourged*)—Ver. 882. "Bucædæ—restio." The latter word properly signifies "a ropemaker." The former is probably coined by Plautus.

[2] *My eyes do ache*)—Ver. 890. Phaniscus probably means to say, that the sight of him is as annoying to his eyes as smoke can be.

[3] *Money out of lead*)—Ver. 892. According to Erasmus, (Adagia Chil. v. Cent. 1,) this was a proverbial expression among the Romans, signifying the ability to put on a specious appearance.

[4] *His own pillow*)—Ver. 894. There is an indelicate allusion in this line; and another turn has been given to it in the Translation.

PHA. If you were sober, you wouldn't be abusive.

SER. Am I to give heed to you, when you won't to me?

PHA. But, you rascal, you come along with me to fetch him.

SER. Troth now, Phaniseus, prithee, do leave off talking about these matters.

PHA. I'll do *so*, and knock at the door. (*Knocks at the door of the house of* THEUROPIDES.) Hallo there! is there any person here to protect this door from a most serious injury? (*Knocking again.*) Is any one, is any one, I say, coming out here and going to open it? Why, really, no one comes out here. Just as befits *such* worthless fellows, so they are. But on that account, I've the more need to be cautious that no one may come out and use me ill. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* TRANIO *and* THEUROPIDES, *from the house of* SIMO.

TRA. What's your opinion of this bargain?

THEU. I am quite delighted.

TRA. Does it seem to you to have been bought too dear?

THEU. I' faith, I'm sure that I never anywhere saw a house thrown away, this one only excepted.

TRA. Does it please you, *then?*

THEU. Does it please me, do you ask me? Why yes, upon my faith, it really does please me very much.

TRA. What a fine set of rooms for the women! What a porch!

THEU. Exceedingly fine. For my part, I don't think that there is any *porch* larger than this in the public buildings.

TRA. Why, I myself and Philolaches have taken the measure of all the porches in the public buildings.

THEU. *Well,* what then?

TRA. *This* is far larger than all of them.

THEU. Immortal Gods—a splendid bargain! On my word, if he were now to offer six great talents of silver, ready money, for it, I would never take it.

TRA. Upon my faith, if you were inclined to take it, I would never let you.

THEU. My money has been well invested upon this purchase.

TRA. Boldly confess that by my advice and prompting it was done, who urged him to take up the money of the

Banker upon interest, which we paid this person by way of deposit.

THEU. You've saved the whole ship. Eighty minæ[1], you say, are owing for it?

TRA. Not a coin more. THEU. He may have it to-day.

TRA. By all means so, that there may be no dispute arising; or else pay them over to me, I'll then pay them over to him.

THEU. But still, don't let there be any taking me in, if I do give them to you.

TRA. Could I venture to deceive you in deed or word even in jest only?

THEU. Could I venture not to be on my guard against you, so as not to trust anything to you?

TRA. Why, have I ever imposed upon you in anything, since I was your *servant?*

THEU. But I've taken good care *of that;* I owe thanks to myself and my own judgment for that. If I'm only on my guard against you solely, I'm quite wise enough.

TRA. (*aside*). I agree with you.

THEU. Now be off into the country; tell my son that I've arrived.

TRA. I'll do as you wish.

THEU. Run with all speed; bid him come to the city at once together with you.

TRA. Very well. (*Aside.*) Now I'll betake myself this way by the back-door to my boon-companions; I'll tell them that things are quiet here, and how I have kept him away from here. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.—THEUROPIDES, PHANISCUS, *and another* SERVANT.

PHA. (*coming forward*). Really, I don't hear either the sound of revellers here, as once it was, nor yet the music-girl singing, nor any one else. (*Goes towards the door.*)

THEU. What's the matter here? What are these people seeking at my house? What do they want? What are they peeping in for?

PHA. I shall proceed to knock at the door. (*Knocks.*)

[1] *Eighty minæ*)—Ver. 919. Forty having been already paid (according to his story) as a deposit, and there being 120 minæ in two talents.

Hallo there, unlock *the door!* Hallo, Tranio! are you going to open it, I say?

THEU. (*advancing*). What story's this, *I wonder?*

PHA. (*aloud*). Are you going to open it, I say? I've come to fetch my master Callidamates.

THEU. Harkye, you lads! what are you doing there? Why are you breaking down that door?

PHA. Our master's at a drinking-party here.

THEU. Your master at a drinking-party here?

PHA. I say so. THEU. You're carrying the joke too far, *my* lad.

PHA. We've come to fetch him.

THEU. What person? PHA. Our master. Prithee, how often must I tell you?

THEU. There's no one living here *my* lad; for I do think that you are a decent lad.

PHA. Doesn't a young gentleman *called* Philolaches live in this house?

SER. (*aside*). This old fellow's crack-brained, surely.

PHA. You are entirely mistaken, respected sir[1]; for unless he moved from here to-day or yesterday, I know for certain that he's living here.

THEU. Why, no one has been living here for these six months past.

SER. You are dreaming. THEU. What, I?

SER. You. THEU. Don't you be impertinent. Let me speak to the lad. (*Pointing to* PHANISCUS.)

PHA. No one lives *there?* O dear——

THEU. It's the fact.

PHA. Really! why, yesterday and the day before, four, five, six days ago, all along, *in fact*, since his father went abroad from here, eating and drinking have never ceased for a single three days here.

THEU. What is it you say?

PHA. That eating and drinking have never stopped for a single three days here, bringing in wenches, living like Greeks, hiring harpists *and* music-girls.

THEU. Who was it did this?

PHA. Philolaches. THEU. What Philolaches?

[1] *Respected sir*)—Ver. 944. "Pater." Literally, "father."

PHA. ...e whose father I take to be Theuropides.

THEU. (*apart*). O dear, O dear! I'm utterly undone, if he says the truth in this. I'll continue to question him still Do you say that this Philolaches, whoever he is, has been in the habit of drinking here together with your master?

PHA. Here, I tell you.

THEU. *My* lad, contrary to your appearance, you are a fool. See now, please, that you've not perchance been dropping in somewhere for an afternoon's whet[1], and have been drinking there a little more than was enough.

PHA. What do you mean? THEU. Just what I say: don't be going by mistake to other persons' houses.

PHA. I know where I ought to go, and the place to which I was to come. Philolaches lives here, whose father is Theuropides; and who, after his father went away to trade, made free a music-girl here.

THEU. Philolaches, say you? PHA. Just so; Philematium, I mean.

THEU. For how much? SER. For thirty talents.

PHA. *No*, by Apollo[2]; you mean minæ.

THEU. Do you say that a mistress was purchased for Philolaches for thirty minæ?

PHA. I do say so. THEU. And that he gave her her freedom?

PHA. I do say so. THEU. And that after his father had departed hence abroad, he has been carousing here continually with your master?

PHA. I do say *so*. THEU. Well, has he made purchase of the house next door here?

PHA. I don't say *so*. THEU. Has he given forty minæ, too, to this person, to be as a deposit?

PHA. Nor yet do I say *so*.

THEU. Ah me! you've proved my ruin!

PHA. Aye, and he has proved the ruin of his father.

THEU. You prophesy the truth! I could wish it false!

PHA. A friend of his father, I suppose?

[1] *An afternoon's whet*)—Ver. 958. "Merendam." According to some, this meal was the same as the "prandium," or "breakfast;" while others take it to have been a slight meal or luncheon, taken at about four or five in the afternoon.

[2] *No, by Apollo*)—Ver. 965. Μα τὸν Ἀπόλλω. He uses a Greek adjuration.

THEU. Ah me! Upon my faith, you do pronounce him *to be* a wretched father.

PHA. Why really, this is nothing at all—thirty minæ, in comparison with the other expenses he has incurred in good living. He has ruined his father. There's one servant there, a very great scoundrel, Tranio *by name;* he could even waste the revenue of a Hercules[1]. On my word, I'm sadly distrest for his father; for when he comes to know that things have gone on thus, a hot coal will be scorching his breast, poor man.

THEU. If, indeed, this is the truth.

PHA. What am I to gain, that I should tell a lie? (*Knocks again at the door.*) Hallo, you! is any one coming to open this *door?*

SER. Why do you knock in this way, when there's no one in the house?

PHA. I fancy that he's gone elsewhere to carouse. Now then, let's begone. (*They move as if going.*)

THEU. What, *my* lad, are you off then? Liberty's the overcoat for your back[2].

PHA. Nothing have I with which to cover my back, except to pay respect and service to my master.

(*Exeunt* PHANISCUS *and* SERVANT.

THEU. (*to himself*). By my troth, I am undone! What need is there of talking? According to the words I have heard, I surely haven't lately voyaged hence to Ægypt, but even to some desolate land and the most remote shores have I been borne about, so much am I at a loss to know where I now am. But I shall soon know; for see, here's the person of whom my son bought the house.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* SIMO.

THEU. What are you about?

SIM. I'm coming home from the Forum.

[1] *The revenue of a Hercules*)—Ver. 976. It was the custom with many to devote to Hercules the tenth part of their possessions. Consequently, the revenues belonging to the Temples of this Deity would be especially large.

[2] *The overcoat for your back*)—Ver. 982. Schmieder thinks this is said insultingly to Phaniscus. It would, however, appear otherwise: Phaniscus having no "pænula," or "overcoat," on, Theuropides, who thinks him a very worthy fellow, says, "My good fellow, your freedom would make you a very fine overcoat."

THEU. Has anything new been going on at the Forum to-day?

SIM. Why yes. THEU. What is it, pray?

SIM. I saw a dead man being carried to burial.

THEU. Dear me! that is something new!

SIM. I saw one who was dead being carried out to burial[1]. They said that he had been alive but just before.

THEU. Woe to that head of yours *for your nonsense!*

SIM. Why are you, *thus* idling about, enquiring after the news? THEU. Because I've just arrived from abroad.

SIM. I'm engaged out to dine: don't suppose I shall invite you[2]. THEU. I' faith, I don't want.

SIM. But, to-morrow, unless any person invites me first, I'll even dine with you.

THEU. I' faith, and that, too, I don't want. Unless you are engaged *with something* of greater importance, lend me your attention.

SIM. By all means. THEU. You have received, as far as I understand, forty minæ of Philolaches.

SIM. Never a coin, so far as I know.

THEU. What? *Not* from my servant Tranio?

SIM. Much less *is* that *the case.*

THEU. Which he gave you by way of deposit?

SIM. What are you dreaming about?

THEU. What, I? Why, really, 'tis yourself, who hope that, by dissembling in this manner, you'll be able to make void this bargain.

SIM. Why, what *do you mean?* THEU. The business that, in my absence, my son transacted with you here.

SIM. How did your son, in your absence, transact any business with me? What pray, or on what day?

THEU. I owe you eighty minæ of silver.

SIM. Not to me, indeed, upon my faith; but *still*, if you do owe them, give them me. Faith must be kept. Don't be attempting to deny it.

[1] *Being carried out to burial*)—Ver. 991. It is supposed that in this reply he plays upon the question of Theuropides, who uses the word "processit" in his question, which may either mean, "what has been going on?" or "what procession has there been?

[2] *I shall invite you*)—996. He alludes to the universal custom of giving friends a "cœna viatica" or welcome entertainment, on arriving from off a journey.

THEU. Assuredly, I shall not deny that I owe them: and I shall pay them. Do you take care how you deny that you received the forty from him.

SIM. Troth now, prithee, look this way at me, and answer me. He said that you were wishful to give a wife to your son; for that reason, he said that you intended building on your own *premises.*

THEU. I, intended building here? SIM. So he told me.

THEU. Ah me! I'm ruined outright! I've hardly any voice left[1]. Neighbours, I'm undone, ruined quite!

SIM. Has Tranio been causing any confusion?

THEU. Yes; he has thrown everything into confusion. He has made a fool of me to-day in a disgraceful manner.

SIM. What is it you say?

THEU. This matter is just as I am telling you: he has this day made a fool of me in an outrageous manner. Now I beseech you that you'll kindly aid me, and lend me your assistance.

SIM. What would you have?

THEU. I beg of you, come this way together with me.

SIM. Be it so. THEU. Lend me the assistance of your slaves and some scourges.

SIM. Take them *by all means.*

THEU. At the same time I'll tell you about this, in what a fashion he has this day imposed upon me. (*They go into the house of* SIMO.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. (*to himself*). The man that shall prove timid in critical matters, will not be worth a nutshell. And, really, to say what that expression, "worth a nutshell," means, I don't know. But after my master sent me into the country to fetch his son hither, I went that way (*pointing*) slily through the lane to our garden. At the entrance to the garden that's in the lane, I opened the door; and by that road I led out all the troop, both men and women. After, from being in a state of siege, I had led out my troops to a place of safety, I

[1] *I've hardly any voice left*)—Ver. 1019. "Vocis non habeo satis." Literally "I have not voice enough."

adopted the plan of convoking a senate of my comrades, and when I had convoked it, they forthwith banished me from the senate. When I myself perceived that the matter must be decided by my own judgment, as soon as ever I could, I did the same as many others do, whose affairs are in a critical or a perplexed state; they proceed to render them more perplexed, so that nothing can be settled. But I know full well, that now by no means can this be concealed from the old man. But how's this, that our next neighbour's door makes a noise? Why, surely this is my master: I'd like to have a taste of his talk. (*Goes aside, out of sight of* THEUROPIDES.)

Enter THEUROPIDES, *from* SIMO'S *house.*

THEU. (*in the doorway, speaking to* SIMO'S SLAVES). Do you stand there, in that spot within the threshold; so that, the very instant I call, you may sally forth at once. Quickly fasten the handcuffs *upon him.* I'll wait before the house for this fellow that makes a fool of me, whose hide I'll make a fool of in fine style, if I live.

TRA. (*apart*). The affair's all out. Now it's best for you, Tranio, to consider what you are to do.

THEU. (*to himself*). I must go to work to catch him cleverly and artfully when he comes here. I'll not disclose to him my feelings all at once; I'll throw out my line; I'll conceal the fact that I know anything of these matters.

TRA. (*apart*). O cunning mortal! not another person in Athens can be pronounced more clever than he. One can no more this day deceive him than *he can* a stone. I'll accost the man; I'll address him.

THEU. (*to himself*). Now I do wish that he would come here.

TRA. (*apart*). I' faith, if me indeed you want, here I am ready at hand for you. (*Comes forward.*)

THEU. Bravo! Tranio, what's being done?

TRA. The country people are coming from the country: Philolaches will be here in a moment.

THEU. I' faith, he comes opportunely for me. This neighbour of ours I take to be a shameless and dishonest fellow.

TRA. Why so?

THEU. Inasmuch as he denies that he knows you.

TRA. Denies it? THEU. *And declares* that you never gave him a single coin of money.

Tra. Out with you, you are joking me, I do believe; he doesn't deny it.

Theu. How so? Tra. I am sure now that you are joking; for surely he doesn't deny it.

Theu. Nay but, upon my faith, he really does deny it; or that he has sold this house to Philolaches.

Tra. Well now, pray, has he denied that the money was paid him?

Theu. Nay more, he offered to take an oath to me, if I desired it, that he had neither sold this house, nor had *any* money him paid been. I told him the same *that you told me.*

Tra. What did he say? Theu. He offered to give up all his servants for examination.

Tra. Nonsense! On my faith, he never will give them up.

Theu. He really does offer *them.*

Tra. Why then, do you summon him to trial.

Theu. Wait a bit; I'll make trial as I fancy. I'm determined on it. Tra. Bring the fellow here to me.

Theu. What then, if I go fetch some men?

Tra. It ought to have been done already; or else bid the *young* man to demand possession of the house.

Theu. Why no, I want *to do* this first—to put the servants under examination[1].

Tra. I' faith, I think it ought to be done. Meantime, I'll take possession of this altar[2]. (*Runs to the altar.*)

Theu. Why so? Tra. You can understand nothing. Why, that those may not be able to take refuge here whom he shall give up for examination, I'll keep guard here for you; so that the examination may not come to nothing.

Theu. Get up *from the altar.* Tra. By no means.

Theu. Prithee, don't you take possession of the altar.

Tra. Why so?

Theu. You shall hear; why, because I especially want

[1] *Servants under examination*)—Ver. 1073. "Quæstioni." "Examination by torture;" which was the method used by the Romans for extracting confessions from slaves.

[2] *Take possession of this altar*)—Ver. 1074. When a person took refuge at an altar, he could not be brought to justice, or have violence offered to his person. According to some writers, there were always two altars on the stage of Comedy, one on the right hand, sacred to Apollo, and one on the left, devoted o that Divinity or Hero in honor of whom the Play was being acted.

this, for them to be taking refuge there. Do let *them;* so much the more easily shall I get him fined before the judge.

Tra. What you intend to do, do it. Why do you wish to sow further strife? You don't know how ticklish a thing it is to go to law.

Theu. Just get up, (*beckoning*) this way; it's, then, to ask your advice upon something *that I want you.*

Tra. Still, as I am, I'll give my advice from this spot: my wits are much sharper when I'm sitting[1]. Besides, advice is given with higher sanction from holy places[2].

Theu. Get up; don't be trifling. Just look me in the face. Tra. (*looking at him*). I am looking.

Theu. Do you see me? Tra. I do see—that if any third person were to step in here, he would die of hunger.

Theu. Why so? Tra. Because he would get no profit; for, upon my faith, we are both artful ones.

Theu. I'm undone! Tra. What's the matter with you?

Theu. You have deceived me. Tra. How so, pray?

Theu. You've wiped me clean[3]. Tra. Consider, please, if it wasn't well done; is your nose running *still?*

Theu. Aye, all my brains besides have you been wiping out of my head as well. For all your villanies I have discovered from their very roots; and not from the roots, indeed, i' faith, but even from beneath the very roots. Never this day, by my troth, will you have planned *all this* without being punished. I shall at once, you villain, order fire and faggots[4] to be placed around you.

Tra. Don't do it; for it's my way to be sweeter boiled than roasted.

[1] *Sharper when I'm sitting*)—1083. Warner suggests that a little raillery is intended here, upon the custom of sitting when dispensing justice and paying adoration to the Gods.

[2] *With higher sanction from holy places*)—Ver. 1084. The ancients made use of sacred places for the purpose of debating on affairs of importance in, as being likely to add weight and authority to their judgment. The Roman Senate often met in the Temples, and there administered justice and gave audience to ambassadors.

[3] *You've wiped me clean*)—Ver. 1089. "Emungo," "to wipe the nose" for a person, also meant "to cheat" or "impose upon him;" probably, by reason of the state of helplessness it implied in the party who was so treated.

[4] *Order fire and faggots*)—Ver. 1099. Though a suppliant could not be removed from the altar by force, still it was allowable to burn him away, by surrounding him with fire.

THEU. Upon my faith, I'll make an example of you.

TRA. Because I please you, you select me for an example.

THEU. Say *now:* what kind of a person did I leave my son, when I went away from here?

TRA. *One* with feet *and* hands, with fingers, ears, eyes, *and* lips. THEU. I asked you something else *than that.*

TRA. For that reason I now answer you something else. But look, I see Callidamates, the friend of your son, coming this way. Deal with me in his presence, if you want anything.

SCENE II.—*Enter* CALLIDAMATES, *at a distance.*

CALL. (*to himself*). When I had buried all drowsiness[1], and slept off the debauch, Philolaches told me that *his* father had arrived here from abroad; in what a way too *his* servant had imposed upon the man on his arrival; he said that he was afraid to come into his presence. Now of our company I am deputed sole ambassador, to obtain peace from his father. And look, most opportunely here he is. (*Accosting* THEUROPIDES.) I wish you health, Theuropides, and am glad that you've got back safe from abroad. You must dine here with us to-day. Do so.

THEU. Callidamates, may the Gods bless you. For your dinner I offer you my thanks.

CALL. Will you come then? TRA. (*To* THEUROPIDES.) Do promise him; I'll go for you, if you don't like.

THEU. Whip-scoundrel, laughing at *me* still?

TRA. What, because I say that I'll go to dinner for you?

THEU. But you shan't go. I'll have you carried to the cross, as you deserve.

TRA. Come, let this pass, and say that I shall go to the dinner. Why are you silent?

CALL. (*to* TRANIO). But why, you greatest of simpletons, have you taken refuge at the altar?

TRA. He frightened me on his arrival. (*To* THEUROPIDES.)

[1] *Buried all drowsiness*)—Ver. 1102. Generally we hear of a person "being buried in sleep;" but Callidamates considers that a drunkard, when he awakes from his sleep, "buries slumber." It is not unlike the words of Shakspeare, in Macbeth: "Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

Say now, what I have done *amiss*. Look, now there's an umpire for us both; come, discuss *the matter*.

Theu. I say that you have corrupted my son.

Tra. Only listen. I confess that he has done amiss; that he has given freedom to his mistress; that in your absence he has borrowed money at interest; that, I admit, is squandered away. Has he done anything different to what sons of the noblest families do?

Theu. Upon my faith, I must be on my guard with you; you are too clever a pleader.

Call. Just let me be umpire in this matter. (*To* Tranio.) Get up; I'll seat myself there.

Theu. By all means: take the management of this dispute to yourself. (*Pushes him to one side of the altar.*)

Tra. Why, this is *surely* a trick. Make me, then, not to be in a fright, and yourself to be in a fright in my stead.

Theu. I consider now everything of trifling consequence, compared with the way in which he has fooled me.

Tra. I' faith, 'twas cleverly done, and I rejoice that it was done. Those who have white heads ought at that age to be wiser.

Theu. What am I now to do if my friend Demipho or Philonides——

Tra. Tell them in what way your servant made a fool of you. You would be affording most capital plots for Comedies.

Call. Hold your tongue awhile; let me speak in my turn.—Listen. Theu. By all means.

Call. In the first place of all then, you know that I am the companion of your son; he has gone to my house, for he is ashamed to come into your presence, because he knows that you are aware what he has done. Now, I beseech you, do pardon his simplicity and youthfulness. He is your *son;* you know that this age is wont to play such pranks; whatever he has done, he has done in company with me. We have acted wrong: the interest, principal, and all the sum at which the mistress was purchased, all of it we will find, *and* will contribute together, at our own cost, not yours.

Theu. No mediator could have come to me more able to influence me than yourself. I am neither angry with him[1],

[1] *Neither angry with him*)—Ver. 1142. "Ili," "with him;" evidently meaning Philolaches.

nor do I blame him for anything: nay more, in my presence, wench on, drink, do what you please. If he's ashamed of this, that he has been extravagant, I have sufficient satisfaction.

CALL. I'm quite ashamed *myself.*

TRA. He grants pardon thus far; now then, what is to become of me?

THEU. Filth, tied up as you hang, you shall be beaten with stripes.

TRA. Even though I am ashamed[1]?

THEU. Upon my faith, I'll be the death of you, if I live!

CALL. Make this pardon general; do, pray, forgive Tranio this offence, for my sake.

THEU. I would more readily put up with your obtaining any other request of me than that I should forbear sending to perdition this fellow for his most villanous doings.

CALL. Pray, do pardon him. TRA. Do pardon me?

THEU. Look there, don't you see how the villain sticks there? (*Pointing to the altar.*)

CALL. Tranio, do be quiet, if you are in your senses.

THEU. Only do you be quiet in urging this matter. I'll subdue him with stripes, so that he shall be quiet.

CALL. Really, there is no need. Come now, do allow yourself to be prevailed upon.

THEU. I wish you would not request me.

CALL. Troth now, I do entreat you.

THEU. I wish you would not request me, I tell you.

CALL. It's in vain you wish me not; only do grant this one pardon for his offence, pray, for my sake, I do entreat you.

TRA. Why make this difficulty? As if to-morrow I shouldn't be very soon committing some other fault; then, both of them, both this one and that, you'll be able to punish soundly.

CALL. Do let me prevail upon you.

THEU. Well then, have it *so;* begone, unpunished! (TRANIO *jumps down from the altar.*) There now, (*pointing to* CALLIDAMATES) return him thanks for it. (*Coming forward.*) Spectators, this Play is finished; grant *us your* applause[2].

[1] *Though I am ashamed*) —Ver. 1146 This piece of impudence is very characteristic of Tranio.

[2] *Grant us your applause*) —Ver. 1160. We may here remark that The Intriguing Chambermaid, one of Fielding's Comedies is founded upon this entertaining Play.

FRAGMENTS
OF THE WRITINGS OF PLAUTUS.

PART I.—*Fragments found quoted from Plays now extant, but which are not to be found there.*

In the "Amphitryon."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

And to us no other person than a servant——

By good rights a pot of cinders ought to be broken about your head.

Don't you be requiring a pot full of water to be poured upon your head.

My master Amphitryon *is* busy.

Seek now a physician for yourself upon the approach of the malady. Why, surely you are either possessed or harassed by sprites[1]. Upon my faith, you are a wretched man! Go look for a physician.

What? She who in my absence has made her person common?

You positively swore that you had said it to me in jest.

Who cannot determine which of us two is Amphitryon.

If this has not happened just as I assert that it has happened; I plead not my cause, but do not accuse me of criminality.

Seized by the throat, I hold this thief caught in the fact.

Dig there twice sixty ditches in a day.

Stop his breath.

Quoted by Priscian:

Even now have you an opportunity of going.

Quoted by Festus:

By night I went to the harbour in a spy-boat.

In the "Asinaria."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Who will make even wretched me famous by his crimes.

My comrade, I suppose, will be here.

[1] *Possessed or harassed by sprites*) "Larvatus aut territus." The same expression occurs in the Menæchmi, l. 890.

In the "Aulularia."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Neither night nor day was I ever at rest; now I'll go to sleep.

Really, I have neither taken nor touched with any pleasure.

A tipsy man is wont to be cured by sleep.

Those who set raw herbs before me, *and* give pickled fish.

I dug ten ditches in a day.

Surely this headstrong fellow has appointed a guard.

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

How I did gull the fellow.

Quoted by Porphyrius, a Commentator on Horace:

Myrtle [masculine], myrtle [feminine][1].

In the "Captivi."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

The cap that he had, he took off, and raised it towards the heavens.

In the "Casina."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

I'm undone; he'll now be setting my loins at the value of a straw.

I'll go in-doors to my wife, and submit my back to punishment.

Quoted by Cledonius:

I'm quite tired.

In the "Miles Gloriosus."

Quoted by Fulgentius:

In such a way do you keep us and our household in a worry.

In the "Pœnulus."

Quoted by Charisius:

An ill-omened bird came in the evening.

In the "Pseudolus."

Quoted by Servius, in his Commentary on the Æneid:

Unless, perchance, at some time you break out of prison, your house.

[1] *Myrtle [feminine])* This is quoted to show that "myrtus" and "myrta" have the same signification.

In the "Rudens."

Quoted by Priscian:

A little man, made of potter's clay and of mud.

Quoted by Diomedes:

Carry away the pots.

In the "Stichus."

Quoted by Charisius:

Is not this at the public charge——?

In the "Truculentus."

Quoted by Priscian:

I've lost my goods, *and* I've found ills: from yourselves I have become estranged.

PART II.—*Fragments of Plays now lost.*

From the "Achari Studium[1];" or, "Zeal of Acarus."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Whom, by stratagem, I have beggared after wealth so great.

From the "Agroicus;" or, "Country Clown."

Quoted by Festus and Nonius Marcellus:

Like a wolf am I strong in the shoulders; my loins I have unhurt.

From the "Addictus[2];" or, "Man Condemned."

Quoted by an anonymous Commentator on the Georgics of Virgil, B. 1, l. 124:

I'd much rather do my work than go to sleep. I dread the lethargy.

From the "Artamon[3];" or, "Ship's Mainsail."

Quoted by Festus:

Now I'm at liberty to say whatever I please; there's no one left behind.

[1] *Achari Studium*) What is the meaning of this is uncertain, and it is doubtful whether it was a Play written by Plautus.

[2] *Addictus*) Aulus Gellius tells us that this was one of the Comedies which was written by Plautus when he was in the service of a baker.

[3] *Artamon*) It is not improbable that this Play was so called from the name of one of the characters. Some Commentators, according to Limiers, have thought that it might be the Asinaria under another name, because the wife o

An unguent, which would have made bilge-water in the nostrils of the muleteers.

From the "Astraba[1];" or, "Clitellaria," "the Bearer of the Pack-saddle."

Quoted by Varro:

Follow, follow, Polybadiscus; I wish to gain my expectations.

Polyb. I' faith, I certainly do follow; for with pleasure do I follow what I hope for.

Factious women make provisions dear instead of cheap for the men.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

You really bore me through with an auger.

To betake himself to his heels forthwith from this neighbourhood.

Quoted by Festus:

Let it be well bored; and add dovetail cramps.

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Winnowings of corn[2].

Quoted by Varro and Festus:

Not like her are the wan snails[3] here, twopenny[4] haunters of the theatres, singular creatures.

Quoted by Varro and Aulus Gellius:

Wheezing, tender-footed, shrivel-skinned, diminutive creatures.

Quoted by Festus and Priscian:

With ankles worn out, with saffron-coloured legs.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

With hair cut short, and close-cropped ears.

Away with your evils; I stand in need of good.

Demænetus, in that Play, is called "Artemona." Some think that it was Play written by Plautius or Acutius.

[1] *Astraba*) Probably so called from the name of one of the characters. Nonius Marcellus mentions this Play as written by Plautus.

[2] *Winnowings of corn*) "Apluda."

[3] *Wan snails*) Limaces. See the Bacchides, l. 19.

[4] *Twopenny*) "Diobolaria." Literally, "that may be bought for two obols. See the Notes to the Pœnulus.

Quoted by Festus:

Like the drawing-beam of a well, or the Grecian javelin[1], you go to and fro on even ground.

But why don't you go, if you are going? You are too slow in your pace.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

I' faith, mother, I've been more trained by you for lying down than for running: for that reason I'm somewhat slow.

Quoted by Fulgentius, on the Purity of Virgil:

What? Are you afraid of your mistress, lest she should strike you with her sleeve?

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

She keeps me at a distance from her very great riches, her fair and ample portion.

I' troth, I'll clear myself of all, even to croaking hoarseness.

You, who, as it were, are cleaning out the alleys of the butcher.

I'll go in-doors: for really it's the part of a prostitute, for a Courtesan to be standing in the street alone.

They have been mindful of their duty.

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Can you not, fellow, do a bold deed? There are plenty of others who can do it: really I do not care for myself to be considered a daring man.

Quoted by Priscian:

What, are you then my dear little mother?

My own dear sister born.

If, indeed, you request according to *my* means, according to my limited circumstances.

You, old gentlemen, are wont to be the finders of very pleasant jobs *for us*.

I could neigh after this little mare, if she were left by herself with me alone.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

For such a smell of new wine has reached my nostrils.

[1] *Grecian javelin*) "Pilum Græcum." The true reading is probably "pila Græca," "the Grecian ball," in allusion to the Greek ball, called "harpastum," a "hand-ball" or "catch-ball."

Quoted by Priscian :

Do you require me to answer? 'Tis unfair. It always becomes me voluntarily to make my terms with the men; that's the calling I follow. Promising is good for nothing.

From the "Baccharia[1]."

Quoted by Macrobius :

What mortal is there that ever was blessed with such good fortune as I now am, for whose stomach this procession is moving along? Even this sturgeon[2], which has hitherto lain hidden from me in the sea, whose side with my teeth I shall just now stow away into my own sides.

From the "Bis Compressa," "The Woman Twice Seduced:" by some called "Bœotia[3]," "The Bœotian Woman."

Quoted by Aulus Gellius :

May the Gods confound that man who first disclosed the hours, and who first, in fact, erected a sun-dial here; who, for wretched me, minced the day up into pieces. For when I was a boy, this stomach was the sun-dial, *one* much better and truer than all of these; when that used to warn me to eat,

[1] *Baccharia*) It is doubtful what this word means: whether it alludes to Bacchus or the Bacchanals, or whether to the plant called by us "fox-glove," which was said by the ancients to be much used in enchantments.

[2] *Sturgeon*) "Acipenser." This was a fish highly esteemed by the Romans.

[3] *Bœotia*) This passage is preserved by Aulus Gellius, B. 3, c. 3, who tells us that it is an extract from the speech of a Parasite. Linnius says that Antiphanes was the author of this Comedy, in the Greek, which he called Βοιωτιὰ. "The Bœotian Woman," and that it was translated into Latin by Plautus. Plautus introduces into it a piece of raillery on the invention of sun-dials, the use of which had been recently introduced into Rome. Warner has the following Note: "Salmasius has observed, that the first sun-dial in Rome was placed there A.U.C. 499: and that as Plautus lived in the time of the second Punic War, which was about A.U.C. 535, the invention of sun-dials might by him be looked upon as a modern one. But what the Parasite says afterwards, that the city was full of them, is contradicted by ancient authors, who assure us that there was but a single one in Rome at that time; and that was brought from Sicily. The exaggerations of the Parasite must be attributed, then, to the ill-humour he is in. It appears from Aulus Gellius, B. 3, c. 3, that The Woman Twice Debauched, and The Bœotian, are two distinct Comedies; and that the first of these, the name only of which remains, was not written by Plautus. As to the second, it has been thought that it was written by one Aquilius; but Aulus Gellius maintains that these lines are very worthy of Plautus, and thinks, at the same time, that he can discover in them his humour and taste."

except when there was nothing *to eat*. Now, even when there is something *to eat*, it's not eaten, unless the sun chooses: and to such a degree now, in fact, is the city filled with sun-dials, *that* the greater part of the people are creeping along the streets shrunk up with famine.

From the "Calceolus," or "Little Slipper."

Quoted by Macrobius:

He said that a thin-shelled nut-tree[1] was hanging over his tiles.

From the "Carbonaria," or "Charcoal Manufactory."

Quoted by Priscian:

Close by the altar itself I concealed the gold.

Quoted by Festus:

I want gammon of bacon, sow's udders, the belly-piece, the brawn, the kernels of the throat.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Bearing my gibbet I shall be carried through the city; afterwards I shall be nailed to the cross.

From the "Cæcus[2]," "The Blind Man;" or, "Prædones," "The Plunderers."

Quoted by Sospiter Charisius:

Not anything at all was done except with art, nor was anything placed there without luxuriousness, gold, ivory, silver, pictures, purple, spoils, and statues.

And never shall you get her away from me against my will.

To view the games with magnificence and pomp.

He is abroad[3].

I wish his farm was worth as much again as it is worth.

Such are the robbers; they spare no one whatever.

[1] *Thin-shelled nut-tree*) "Molluscam nucem." De l'Œuvre, the Delphin Editor, says that this means "a peach-tree." It does not appear, though, on what authority he affirms to that effect.

[2] *Cæcus*) Paræus thinks that this was not a Comedy written by Plautus, but by another writer, named Accius.

[3] *He is abroad*) "Peregre est." This may also mean "he is from abroad," or "he is a foreigner."

I wish you to be a witness that it is carefully done. The enemies are withdrawn; the stones are removed.

If he does not readily confess where the gold is, we will cut off his limbs with a saw.

I have not done otherwise than I ought.

A. Who are you who that are leading me?

B. Mu[1]!

A. I' troth, I am undone! it is the African.

From the "Colax[2]," "The Flatterer."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

He had a golden goblet of eight pounds' weight; *the other* would not accept it.

Found by Angelo Mai among the Fragments of Plautus:

Those who, giving their word, by breaking it, have deceived him who trusted them; crafty flatterers who are near the King, who in their speeches say one thing to the King, *but* mean quite otherwise in their minds.

From the "Commorientes[3];" or, "The Men Dying Together."

Quoted by Priscian:

Headlong I'll jump into the pit.

From the "Condalium[4];" or, "The Slave's Ring."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

Shall I bear this thus early in the morning, like one out of his senses? Light the torches.

Festus says, under the word "Pro," Plautus uses "Pro!" in the "Condalium," as an exclamation of surprise.

[1] *Mu*) An interjection used by one grumbling or rebuking.

[2] *Colax*) This Play was written in Greek by Menander, and translated into Latin by Plautus, or, according to some, by Nævius. Terence, in the Prologue to the Eunuchus, mentions both as having translated it.

[3] *Commorientes*) Terence, in the Prologue to the Adelphi, l. 5, tells us that this Comedy was written by Diphilus, who called it Συναποθνησκοντές, "The Men who Died Together," and which Plautus translated, and called "Commorientes." Varro quotes the opinion of Accius, that this Play was not written by Plautus, but by Aquilius. The words of Terence are, however, apparently quite conclusive.

[4] *Condalium*) This word occurs twice in the Trinummus: see l. 1014, and the Note. According to Athenæus, Menander wrote this Play in Greek, and called it Δακτύλιον, 'The Ring." Aulus Gellius is of opinion that Plautus did not translate it.

From the "Cornicularia[1]."

Quoted by Diomedes the Grammarian :

Let the house be scented like Arabia.

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ :

He who for ten years has served the King Demetrius.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus :

A fair and prosperous combat has this day befallen us.
Lydus, my companion, health of my life, prithee, my cap.

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ :

Why do we delay to institute our games? See, here's our Circus[2].

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus :

Who love my maid-servant Hedylium as their own eyes.
May Laverna make my hands famed in thefts.

From the "Dyscolus[3]."

Quoted by Festus :

I am a virgin; not yet have I learned to repeat the words used at weddings[4].

From the "Fœneratrix;" or, "The Female Usurer."

Quoted by Festus :

Hark you! What, in a foreign land, a freed-woman is reported to have said to her patroness, that same do I say to you: "Freed-woman, hail to you! Take that thump, Papyria[5].

[1] *Cornicularia*) As "cornicula" means a "chough," or "little crow," this word may possibly be a stronger diminutive of the same word, somewhat similar to the words "Asinaria," "Mostellaria," "Aulularia," and "Cistellaria," used by Plautus.

[2] *Here's our Circus*) A passage very similar to this is found in the Miles Gloriosus, l. 991.

[3] *Dyscolus*) Apparently meaning, "The Peevish Man." Parœus thinks that this Play was not written by Plautus.

[4] *Used at weddings*) "Verba nupta." This is probably in allusion to the loose songs which were sung by boys and girls at the door of the chamber of the new-married couple. Ovid alludes to them in the Fasti, B. 3, l. 674-5. "Now it remains for me to say why the girls sing indecent songs; for they assemble, and repeat by rote indelicate abuse."

[5] *Papyria*) The meaning of this passage is not very evident. Warner has the following remarks on it. "The original is 'Vapula, Papyria,' which

Quoted by Diomedes the Grammarian:

Which I shall ransack thoroughly.

From the "Fretum[1]," "The Straits."

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Now this is just the ram's answer[2] which is given at the great games: I shall perish if I don't do it[3]; if I do, I shall get a beating.

From the "Frivolaria[4]," "The Trifles."

Quoted by Sospater Charisius:

Let us discourse leisurely.

Quoted by Priscian and Festus:

He was to me the bile, the dropsy, the cough, the chilly fever[5].

Quoted by Festus and Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

A. Follow me this way, will you, all you legions of Laverna. Light armed soldiers, where are you?

B. See, here they are. A. Where are the supernumeraries[6]?

D. See, here we are. A. Come, then, fall back, all of you, as the veterans[7] are wont to do.

Festus says, is a proverbial expression, by which those who were made free were given to understand that their masters or mistresses had still some authority over them." Linniers says that "papyria" is from "papyrus," the name of a tree, whose branches are very supple and easily bended. Marolles, with some others, supposes it to be a proper name, and translates it accordingly.

[1] *Fretum*) The Straits of Gibraltar were sometimes so called by the Romans, *par éminence*. The Greeks similarly called them πορθμὸς.

[2] *Ram's answer*) This, perhaps, means an answer which, like the head of a ram, strikes on both sides. Some would read it "Arictini," and think that it means the answer given by a buffoon named Arictinus. It may allude to the games in the Circus, and the hardships of the gladiators, who perhaps were, in certain cases, reduced to the necessity of either dying on the one hand, or of being punished by their masters on the other.

[3] *If I don't do it*) Linniers remarks that this is like a passage in the Story of Susanna, in the Apocrypha, v. 22: "If I do this thing, it is death unto me; and if I do it not, I cannot escape your hands."

[4] *Frivolaria*) Priscian reads this "Fribularia," "The Seller of Trifles," or "The Pedlar."

[5] *The chilly fever*) "Febris querquera." Probably the quartan ague.

[6] *The supernumeraries*) "Accensi." These were the same as the "adscriptivi." See the Menæchmi, l. 184, and the Note to the passage.

[7] *The veterans*) "Triarii." These were the oldest and most experienced troops of the Roman armies, who stood behind the "hastati" and "principes," in a half-kneeling posture, ready to rise and charge the enemy in case of emergency

Quoted by Festus:

You must do it actively, what you do do, *and* not sluggishly

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

And I shall get the better of all the female hired mourners[1] in screaming.

Quoted by Festus:

Then first her breasts, like two twin-brothers, were beginning to swell; this I meant to say, like two twin-sisters. What need is there of talking?

Quoted by Priscian:

O friend Cephalio! out of many my only one.

Quoted by Festus:

Take the haunch of lamb[2].

From the "Fugitivi[3]," "The Fugitives."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

A. Well, well, see the weals, what great ones they are!
B. Now I've looked. What's the matter?

From the "Gastron," "The Good Cheer."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

Meat from off the haunches, it is veal; you shall have a dinner.

From the "Hortulus," "The Little Garden."

Quoted by Festus:

Let the crier[4] be there with a wreath; and for what he'll fetch, let him be sold.

From the "Kakistus[5]."

Quoted by Fulgentius:

I had rather that he was fastened to the fishing-boat, that he might be always fishing, even though there were a very great tempest.

[1] *Female hired mourners*) "Præficas." See the Truculentus, l. 493.

[2] *Haunch of lamb*) "Strebulum agninum." "Strebulus" was said to be the name given to the meat about the haunches of the victims.

[3] *Fugitivi*) This Play is by some Commentators supposed to have been written by Turpilius, and not by Plautus.

[4] *The crier*) The "præco," or "crier," acted as an auctioneer; and, according to Festus, slaves were crowned with a wreath when put up for sale.

[5] *Kakistus*) Probably the name of a character in the Play, and derived from the Greek, signifying "a most worthless fellow." Paræus thinks that this Play was not written by Plautus, but by another writer named Accius.

From the "Lenones Gemini," "The Twin Procurers."

Quoted by Festus and Priscian:

This boy is grieved that he is put up for sale.

From the "Medicus[1]," "The Physician."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

I looked in a mirror: I observed my cloak.

Cheese for a Parasite may be scraped with sticks.

Quoted by Priscian:

At home I left a virgin past her prime.

From the "Nervolaria[2]."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

With a file I forthwith sharpened the rasp.

Quoted by Festus:

They hinder me from doing my business in another quarter.

Very speedily may we be made free.

It becomes a gallant to be profusely prodigal.

Wine very weak; because it makes them infirm either in body or in mind.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Both of them are in love to madness.

From the "Parasitus Piger," "The Lazy Parasite;" or "Lipargus."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

From thence, well drenched, at early dawn I began to proceed straight homeward on my way.

Quoted by Festus:

Both decked out with great praises; in fine, we are both not worth a nutshell.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Add mussels, sea-urchins, *and* oysters[3].

Quoted by Priscian:

I don't want a drone in my hive, to eat up the food of the bees.

[1] *Medicus*) No ancient author positively affirms that this Play was written by Plautus, but it is generally attributed to him by the Commentators.

[2] *Nervolaria*) Marolles is of opinion that this is a diminutive, from "nervus," which has many meanings; among others, a "thong," "cord," or "chain," for prisoners.

[3] *And oysters*) These three names of shell-fish occur in the Rudens, l. 297

From the "Phagon[1]," "The Glutton."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

The honor of the minced meat, the gammons, *and* the kernels of pig's throat is gone.

From the "Plocion[2]," "The Dealer in Tow."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

For he has a red forehead; *he's* slender *and* thin[3].

From the "Saturio[4]."

Festus says, "Plautus in his Saturio mentions that the Romans used to eat, that is fed upon, the flesh of puppies."

Pliny the Elder, in his 29th Book, doubtless alludes to this Play, when he says, "The Comedies of Plautus give proof that puppies' flesh was used at the public feasts."

Quoted from Festus:

She cannot be drawn back, whichever way she has once proceeded.

A. I see it has fared ill with you.

B. Why, he was as smooth as a kidney.

Get a reinforcement of a hundred people, to amuse you at home.

From the "Scytha Liturgus[5]," "The Scythian Body-Guard."

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

You are a woman, dear wife! be off; I understand you; I know you are a caviller.

Quoted by Festus:

So she might afterwards produce me deformed children;

[1] *Phagon*) According to Limiers, some of the learned are of opinion that this Play is the same as the Pœnulus.

[2] *Plocion*) This Play is said to receive its name from the Greek πλοκιώνης, "a dealer in tow."

[3] *And thin*) "Habrus" is the word used here in Weise's edition, instead of "labris," the former reading. The meaning of the word is probably quite unknown; a guess has been made from the context.

[4] *Saturio*) Probably so called from one of the characters in the Play. There is a Parasite of that name introduced in the Persa.

[5] *Liturgus*) Warner has the following Note: "The Scythians were called 'Liturgi,' from the Greek λειτουργὸς, as they were heretofore the same in courts as the Swiss guards are now in the court of France, or the yeomen of the guard with us. By some passages in Athenæus, it appears that this piece was translated from the Greek of Antiphanes."

either a bandy-legged, or a knock-kneed, or a bow-legged, or a squint-eyed, or a tusk-toothed son[1].

From the "Trigemini," "The Three Twins."

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Had I not run away, he would have bitten me through the middle, I do believe.

From the "Vidularia[2]."

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Wherever he saw each stalk, he plundered all.

Quoted by Priscian:

A slave, I know not who, leaped out of the myrtle grove.

This is a poor affair.

Tell me, if you please, who the woman is, whom you desire to make your wife.

A mussel is placed before it; but I'll tell what the mark is.

Attend to me, both of you, please. Put down the wallet here.

I will keep it as though you had given it as a deposit. I shall return it to neither.

Until this matter is decided.

I don't object to the deposit.

Penury, mourning, sorrow, poverty, cold, hunger.

Bacchanals of that description have made a Pentheus[3] of our ship.

Now, as we've left the wallet as a deposit.

Now will the servant coax my father out of the money.

[1] *A tusk-toothed son*) This passage is in some editions found inserted in the Miles Gloriosus, after line 722.

[2] *Vidularia*) Probably meaning the "wallet," or "bag," being a diminutive from "vidulus," "a wallet." Warner has this Note: "Limiers observes, that some Commentators have been of opinion that this piece was the same as the Rudens, on account of the chest in that Comedy, and the bag in this, being one of the principal incidents. But they have since found out that they are different pieces. For in an ancient MS., after the word 'Truculentus,' are the words 'incipit Vidularia,' 'here begins Vidularia,' which is a proof that this piece immediately followed the other. It is certain that the subject is but little different from the Rudens, as may be gathered from the few fragments which are left of it."

[3] *Pentheus*) He was torn to pieces by the Bacchanals, led on by his mother Agave, and his aunts Ino and Autonoë. See the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. 3, l. 720, *et seq.*

Aye this, that this is my country, and that this man is my father; but that person is the father of the Soterini.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

I had rather that those who belong to me should die, than be beggars: good men pity the one; bad men laugh at the other.

The impression seemed right; his ring I compared with it.

Why many words? We have contended enough.

Quoted by Fulgentius Planciades, and (according to Marcellus) by another Grammarian, whose name is unknown:

Order him to be sewed up in a sack[1], and to be thrown into the deep, if you wish for provisions to be cheap.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

As I was fishing there, with my three-pronged fork I struck the wallet.

Quoted by Junius Philargyrius, in his Commentary on the Eclogues of Virgil:

For I've heard say that a woman once brought forth a lion.

PART III.—*Passages quoted from Plays of Plautus, the Names of which are lost.*

Quoted by Varro, De Linguâ Latinâ:

In the fish-pond, where there are various things.

A smoke-making Epeus[2], who has victuals cooked for our troops.

The odious fellow has been dinning the ears of all the household.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

For your father never had even any intercourse with her.

Quoted by Festus:

You may be off post haste.

Now, for your deserts, is your hide made *so* thick.

[1] *In a sack*) Parricides were punished at Rome by being sewed up in a sack with an ape, a dog, a cock, and a viper, and then thrown into the sea.

[2] *Smoke-making Epeus*) He probably alludes to the resemblance of some one to the ingenious workman Epeus, who built the wooden horse which aided in the destruction of Troy. See the Bacchides, l. 937.

May the Gods prosper it! Take the purse; in it there will be thirty minæ.

I do believe that, among men, there is nothing more swift than fame.

He is a fool, considering his age and the white hue of his head.

Are my eyes dim? Is not this our Hermio?

He has forsworn warfare.

You slip in upon me daily, just like a beaver among the willows.

When Plautus says, "Herbam do" [I give you grass], he means, "I own myself subdued." This is a characteristic of the ancient and pastoral life; for those who in the fields were contending in races or trials of strength, when they were subdued, plucked some grass from that spot on which the contest took place, and presented it to the adversary.

Quoted by Festus:

Has a fever ever seized upon you?

I value not a rush your Muneral[1] or your Lenonian Law, whether it had been proposed or not.

Caught in your treachery. I' faith, you're fitting your neck with the chain.

But I see pickled fish in vessels like fish-ponds, good oysters, lobsters, *and* crabs[2], plump sea-urchins, shells for the fish-ponds.

Don't I know you, you seaman's scribe[3], you impudent slave's collar?

You would not disoblige him, if you are at all wise in the eyes of the Persians.

Whether you hold it sacred or profane, it matters little.

Full of sores, loaded with fetters, branded with irons, filthy.

Quoted by Nonius Marcellus:

Swarms of dormice.

[1] *Muneral*) The Cincian or Muneral Law was a "plebiscitum" passed in the time of M. Cincius Alimentus, prohibiting advocates from taking fees of their clients for pleading their causes. The Lenonian Law, probably like the "Lex Julia," defined what constituted the offence of "lenocinium," or "procuring."

[2] *Lobsters and crabs*) "Camarum et tagenia." This is, perhaps, not the meaning of the words; but it is not exactly known what fish are meant under these names.

[3] *Seaman's scribe*) The profession of a secretary or clerk was looked upon with some contempt. Possibly, by the present term something of the cringe genus is meant.

But the Procurer's coming out of doors. Here in a secret place I'll pick up his conversation.

Why do you mutter to yourself, and torment yourself?
Nor yet, sword, dare you to grind your teeth at me?

Quoted by Fulgentius:

I care a straw for what you do.

Quoted by Donatus, in his Commentary on the Phormio of Terence:

Make money of it.

Quoted by Junius Philargyrius, in his Commentary on the Georgics of Virgil:

They hasten to prepare the breakfast.

Quoted by Pontanus, in his Commentary on Macrobius:

He does not eat to gather strength, but he desires to gather strength that he may eat.

Quoted by Donatus, in his Commentary on the Hecyra of Terence:

Perhaps suspect that they are in love.

Paulus Diaconus, quoting from Festus, mentions "Thocus," as used by Plautus to signify a kind of seat.

Quoted by Festus:

Surely you have ever held me as of the greatest consequence in your affairs.

Quoted by Diomedes the Grammarian:

What, am I to be sold to him?

Quoted by Charisius:

Be inside there, until I come back again.

Charisius says: "'Butu batta.' These words Plautus has used as signifying a 'mere nothing,' and a 'trifling matter,' as in the glossaries of the ancients, 'battati' is a certain quivering and effeminate sound of the voice."

Quoted by Servius, in his Commentary on the Æneid, B. 1, l. 178:

I'll write on your body with elm-tree rods.

On the Æneid, B. 1, l. 480:

I never come to the city; except when the Garment *of Minerva*[1] is borne in procession.

[1] *Garment of Minerva*) "Peplum." For an account of this, see the Prologue to the Mercator, l. 67.

On the Æneid, B. 3, l. 42:

To defile the hands.

On the Æneid, B. 6, l. 295:

The bird itself brings about its own death.

On the Æneid, B. 6, l. 228:

I'll lead you about as one possessed.

On the Æneid, B. 12, l. 519:

This woman is poor.

From a Fragment of Festus:

Begone then.

Quoted by an ancient Commentator on Horace, Sat. B. 2 s. 5, l. 11:

Cilix, Lyciscus, Sosia, Stichus, Parmeno, come out, and bring each a stick in his hand.

Quoted by Porphyrius, in his Commentary on the Odes of Horace:

This weak old woman portends danger.

Quoted by Phocas the Grammarian:

To my father surely.

Quoted by Diomedes the Grammarian:

There is one: she has cut the head off.

Quoted by Macrobius:

With me dwell disease, maladies[1], *and* debt.

Quoted by Aulus Gellius:

How is this? My cloak is creased—I am not properly drest.

Come you forth, Davus; come, sprinkle *some water*. I want this vestibule to be clean. My Venus is about to come; it should not be dusty.

Quoted by Festus:

You have no Syrus.

I hardly can survive the griefs which, ah wretched me! wax stronger day by day.

Quoted by Priscian:

Who is such a one of the number of his daughters.

[1] *Disease, maladies*) "Patagus, morbus." Petit says that these words should be joined together; and that they signified a disease. Perhaps it was supposed to be caused by the stunning noise made by the Corybantes, or Priests of Cybele, on their brazen drums, when they celebrated the Festival of that Goddess

Priscian says that in the writings of Plautus, the word "pullaria," means "the right hand."

Festus says that Plautus uses "vesperna" to signify "cœna," or "the afternoon's meal."

Quoted in a fragment of Festus:

A. A sow's stomach * * (I'll call it by its own name "scrutillus.") * * *

B. I myself to-day * * if I had eaten anything—should perhaps have drunk.

Quoted by M. Valerius Probus the Grammarian:

This is my stall.

He also says that one word with the termination "dur," is found in Plautus, "magadur."

Quoted by Fulgentius:

Bring out the casket with the trinkets.

Quoted by Pontanus, on the Commentary "In Somnium Scipionis" of Macrobius:

He exposes his scars, and tells of his dangers.
While the little birds begin their song in spring.
To repel religious scruples from himself.

PART IV.—*Fragments of the Plays of Plautus which have been more recently discovered by Angelo Mai*[1].

Of the "Cistellaria."

* * But still don't you quite put your fists in my power * * * Neither is it just for Gods or men to do so, though I may be hereafter. She who was placed under my charge, and entrusted to my honor, who was to pass her life with me, with me in marriage * * Let her enter into the compact; take her I must, and not put her aside. * * * * But what do you advise me now? * * * * Where are the things I commanded? Surely * * * 'tis not enough, I think, to have advised the guilty. In acting this way, whether are you mad, prithee, or are you dreaming in your love? * * * * Who do not wish me to bring * * a

[1] *Angelo Mai*) These Fragments were discovered by the learned Mai in a Palempsist MS. in the Ambrosian Library; and prove that many of the Plays of Plautus have come down to us in a very imperfect state. Those Fragments only are here presented to the Reader, which admit of a somewhat connected meaning.

coat of mail: after that, many with lances, many light-armed skirmishers, many *of them*, with many *others*. These things you * * did say to me. Prithee, did I not say the same? Just now, indeed, i' faith, you did say so, not indeed in my presence. You are a juggler, since, indeed, you are not here, and *are* out of your senses. I see that you are greatly suffering from the poison of love, young man[1]: for that reason do I wish you the more to be advised. Advise *me*. Take you care, will you, never to go to war with love. What shall I do? Go to the house[2] of her mother; clear yourself, protest on oath, blandly supplicate her with prayers, and entreat her not to be angry with you. I' faith, I'll clear myself of all, even to croaking hoarseness[3]. * * * * Troth, if so it were, indeed, that my clever little woman were decked out, although I am an old gelding, at me, even now, I fancy she would neigh[4]. I could *do the same* for this little mare, if she alone were left with me by herself[5]. It happens very opportunely for me, that Alcesimarchus has returned. For no one, when alone, is wont to be very unwilling. * * Don't be alone * * But when I put a construction on her speeches, on my faith, 'tis she, as I guess, who has corrupted my son. * * What if I accost her, and accuse her of evil and mischief? Allurements or * *

In the "Miles Gloriosus:"

Between lines 185 and 186, read: "So that she really does not fall short at all of a woman's astuteness[6]."

A few mutilated lines of the "Vidularia" were found by Mai, which are incapable, from their disjointed nature, of

[1] *Young man*) The reader, on referring to the Play, will find that Alcesimarchus must be the person here addressed.

[2] *Go to the house*) This is clearly in reference to the visit which Alcesimarchus pays to the house of Melænis, the supposed mother of Silenium.

[3] *Croaking hoarseness*) This line has hitherto appeared in the Editions, as a Fragment from the Clitellaria. The similarity of names has no doubt caused the mistake.

[4] *Would neigh*) No doubt Demipho says this.

[5] *With me by herself*) This line is also found quoted among the Fragments of the Clitellaria, clearly by mistake.

[6] *Woman's astuteness*) This line is rejected by Ritschel, as a gloss. It is probably borrowed from the Heeyra of Terence, Act II., sc. 1, l. 3.

any connected translation; with the exception of the following line:

I'll stand here, and watch if any one *accosts* my friend.

Of the "Kakistus," some fragments were discovered by Mai; a few lines of which only admit of any translation:

On my word, you have this day related to me your woes, many in number, and on that account * * especially, and more openly, * * * because I had compassion on you. There is that young man whom all * * * * * Pay me no interest * * * * For I ask for one to lend on interest. * * *

The various readings discovered by Angelo Mai have, in all cases, been examined, and, as far as possible, made available by the Editors of the several Editions from which the present Translation has been made.

ERRATA IN VOL I.

Page 51, line 36, *for* "Tristia, El. 13," *read* "Tristia, B. v., El. 13."
" 54, " 31, *for* "congratulate in," *read* "congratulate him in."
" 101, " 40, *for* "Oudendorf," *read* "Oudendorp."
" 165, " 35, *for* "aquan," *read* "aquam."
" 231, " 37, *for* "David," *read* "Daniel."
" 400, " 22, *for* "salutigeruti," *read* "salutigeruli."
" 464, " 21, *for* "cauterio," *read* "canterio."
" 535, " 40, *for* "rerum," *read* "reum."

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THE END.

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